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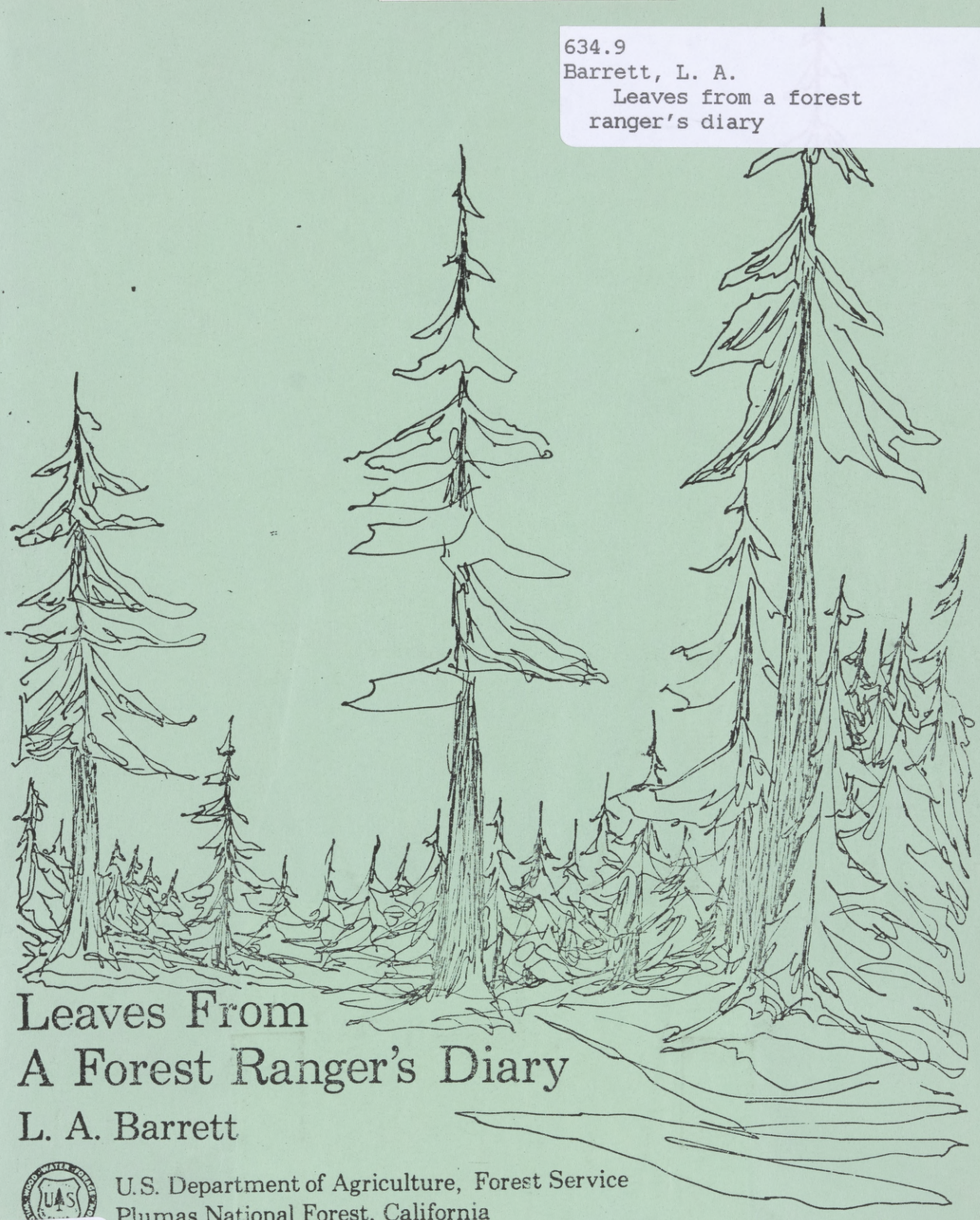

Leaves From A Forest Ranger's Diary

L. A. Barrett

U.S. Department of Agriculture, Forest Service
Plumas National Forest, California

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LEAVES FROM A FOREST RANGER'S DIARY

L. A. BARRETT

1940

Altho I was always partial to the mountains and woods, and spent much time in them in my boyhood days, my first real start toward forest work came when I joined a General Land Office survey party at Mountain View, Oklahoma in May 1902. This party of five consisted of "Senor" Johnson, Chief of Party, "Doc" Beeman of Cincinnatti, "Son" Stiles and "Jack" Alden of Washington, D. C., and the writer from California.

For seven weeks our party dodged tornadoes and fought "chiggers" in the Wichita Hills of Oklahoma; then jumped to the Yellowstone Park for some boundary survey work; from here to the Red Desert of Wyoming below Rock Springs, and then to the Ouray and Battlement Mesa country in Colorado. The last of the year was spent in making an appraisal of some old Army posts in New Mexico and down on the Rio Grande in Texas below El Paso. While on the latter job some of the then famous Texas Rangers gave some assistance on the work.

This was all hard work with miles of hiking over rough terrain every day. The party was usually far from civilization and the hours long. Sunday was just the same as any other day. But it was good healthy work, the party was congenial, and we spent a really enjoyable summer and fall. I shall always remember the experience with this fine bunch of young fellows, all but one of whom has been lost track of in recent years.

There were many interesting and amusing experiences connected with this work. While waiting at Mountain View for the balance of the party to assemble, I had my first experience with a tornado. I was stopping temporarily in the only hotel in this new town. This hotel was a two story board and batten building that had been hurriedly thrown up, and was not very substantial. One afternoon a dark green tornado cloud showed up in the northwest and everybody began looking for a place to get underground. In hurrying up to my room to get my few belongings, I passed the door of a room where an elderly man everybody called "uncle" was throwing things into a trunk. In a joking mood I stuck my head in the open door and said, "What's the matter uncle, are you going to move?" The old man went over to the window, took a look at the dark green cloud and said, "Well, I don't know, but if I do I want all my stuff to land in one place."

Fortunately for us, the tornado missed Mountain View, but it did cut a swath across the country two miles north of town.

Some seven weeks later while camped in the Wichita Hills we were not so fortunate. The edge of a tornado struck camp one night and scattered it all over the scenery. Our cow-puncher-cook-teamster clung to the ridgepole of the cook tent until every guy rope gave way, and the tent sailed away in the breeze that was snapping off oak trees on all sides.

The year preceding our survey the last of the big open Indian Reservations had been opened to homesteading; most of the homesteaders coming from the adjoining states of Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri and Texas. Some of these homesteaders were for grabbing as much land as possible. Most of them were suspicious of their neighbors. As a consequence some of the temporary section corners that had been set by other survey parties the year before were found to have been moved or destroyed. One day a particularly flagrant case of this kind was discovered, and it was necessary to set another temporary corner, pending the time when a suitable stone for the permanent marker could be obtained.

While making the retracement one homesteader who was most interested in the location of this monument had been following the party around. When he heard the Chief say that the party would be back in a few days to set a permanent stone, he inquired if there would be any objection if he got a good stone for the place. Since this would save the party the trouble of hauling in a stone he was told "to fly at it". Returning several days later we found that he had procured a stone about five feet long and one foot in diameter. It took three men an hour to dig a hole four feet deep and a couple of feet in diameter; to upend the stone into the hole, and to make the proper marks on the stone indicating section, township and range. When this job was completed with the help of the homesteader, he wiped the sweat off his brow and said, "Now I can track the "Blank Blank" man who packs that corner off. This is one survey marker that will be in place for a long time.

OKLAHOMA GOLD RUSH

The same year there was a gold rush into the Oklahoma hills. Most of the prospectors came from the same four adjoining states. Few of them knew the difference between gold and iron. All were highly enthusiastic about the mineral possibilities.

One day the party came on a homesteader who was hoeing some scraggly looking cotton. Scattered over the field were several typical mineral location monuments. So we stopped to talk with the old man who was hoeing cotton. One of the boys asked, "Are the miners bothering you any?" "Oh, hell no", answered the homesteader. "The miners ain't botherin' me any. It's these damned prospectors." Well, said one of the boys as he picked up a piece of the native red grey granite, which was supposed to be literally "lousy" with gold, "What do you think this rock will assay?" The old man looked at the piece of rock a moment and replied, "As close as I can figger out it will run about two thousand pounds to the ton in rock." But, he continued, "there is an assayer over at the new town of Roosevelt that can get gold out of anything, and he says that this is all awfully rich ore."

Just to find out whether the homesteader was correct, one of the boys pounded up some pieces of an old earthenware jug that had been used for a rifle target, and that was laying on a hillside near camp. This concentrate was taken to the Roosevelt assayer, and a few days later his report was received. It showed $13.20 per ton in gold, and a piece of lead. This last was the

only part that was not faked. There probably was some lead left on the broken jug by the soft nosed bullets with which it had been shattered.

It is such fake assayers as this one who frequently keep up the excitement at so called rich now mineral strikes. This was one of those cases. The mining boom died a natural death. But not until a number of "suckers" had been well "skinned".

The most exciting experience in Oklahoma was in the crossing of Medicine Creek with a four horse team and dead ox wagon one day in June.

The creek was in flood when we drove up on the bank and looked across at the one lone wagon track that came out on the other bank. After much argument it was decided to drive in and see how things looked. So in we plunged, horses, covered wagon and all, going out of sight in 10 or 12 feet of water. But the momentum of the plunge carried the rig across to the opposite bank, where we managed to get the horses unhooked before they drowned. Then came the job of unloading a submerged wagon and spreading the camp equipment out to dry, working the while in a blazing sun, and a temperature of over 100 in the shade. Since this job took several hours, we were well sunburned survey party when the work was completed. About the only part of our bodies not sunburned was the soles of our feet.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SURVEYS

In July the party was working on the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park. As teamster and cook the party had an old ex-Indian scout named George Recco. George was a good cook, and was also very proficient with profanity and tall stories.

One day when moving camp a stop was made for the noon lunch at Lewis Lake, which is in the southwest part of the Park. A couple of the boys got out their fishing tackle and soon caught some nice fish. One of the fishermen showed his catch to George. He only sniffed and said, "why those are just minnows", you can't catch the big ones in there with any such a "dude outfit". Well, what do you use", inquired the fisherman. Well, sir, says George, "I cuts me down a good dead lodgepole pine for a fishin pole, and I uses a piece of telephone wire for a string, and a hay hook for a hook. Then I uses a slab of bacon for bait, and with that layout I can bring in the big ones". The party could not wait for George to show how it was done. In August camp was made near the southwest corner of the Park in a region of swampy mountain meadows and dense lodgepole pine thickets. Mosquitos were so bad that it was necessary to wear a mosquito net over our sombreros and leather gauntlets on hands and wrists.

In going to and from camp the members of the party took turns in carrying the transit, which was rather heavy. One evening at quitting time there was an argument as to which was the shortest route back to camp. I argued for one route, the rest of the party for another. The result was that I headed for camp alone, carrying the transit, while the rest of the party went back together by another route.

I was hiking along thru the timber as rapidly as possible when I came out into a small, timber surrounded meadow in the center of which, with its back to me was a large cinnamon bear, busily engaged in tearing to pieces an old log in a search for grubs. The bear was so busy that it did not see me until I was about 50 feet away. Probably scenting me, it whirled around, took one quick look at the strange object with a veil over its head and a shiny object on its shoulder, gave one tremendous "woof" and lit out for the timber at full speed. The bear was soon out of sight, but for some time its course could be followed by the cracking of the dead limbs that covered the forest floor and that were broken in its flight.

At this time fully half of the Yellowstone Park was a wilderness, much of it not being served with roads and trails.

Tourists then followed the beaten routes, traveling mainly by horse stage from hotel to hotel, taking from five to seven days to make the round trip that is now possible in a day.

Most of the visitors came from a distance, there being only a light travel of sage brush tourists, as those from adjacent states were called. These local visitors mainly stopped at public camps which were provided with few improvements.

In 1902 the Park roads were narrow and winding, barely noticeable in the general view. Today, as elsewhere as many of the scenic spots of the country, they are wide, straight and seldom very scenic.

Near the northeast corner of the park our party passed three elderly men who were camped in a dense group of small spruce trees. Though it was snowing at the time, they had not erected the tent they had with them. Inquiry as to why they sat on the tent instead of under it brought the "Arkansas roof" reply that when it was snowing they could not put it up, and when it quit snowing they did not need it". Since the stormy weather continued for a couple of days we often wondered if they weakened and erected the tent while it was still storming.

The Yellowstone trip is remembered for three reasons: One was the July 4 snowstorm encountered at 10,000 feet elevation at the northeast corner of the Park. This snowstorm was accompanied by thunder and lightning. Another remembrance is of the millions of mosquitos and horse-flies that made daylight hours a misery in the southwest part of the Park. Last, but best, was the moonlight fight between the cook and a large cinnamon bear.

There were seven in the survey party including George Reeco, the cook and teamster. Travel was in a four horse dead ox wagon. In the back end of the wagon was a complete kitchen outfit fixed up on the style of the Arizona Chuck Wagon, much used in years gone by on the stock ranges of the southwest.

In 1902 the southwest part of the Yellowstone was a wilderness very seldom visited by tourists. It was full of game of all kinds, including elk, moose

and bear, the latter being quite bold at times in coming around camp at night.

The cook looked exactly like Joe Jefferson's characterization of Rip Van Winkle. George had long white hair and whiskers and wore red flannel underwear. He made a practice of sleeping under the folding table that was hinged onto the tail end of the wagon on one side, and was supported by a couple of folding legs on the other side.

One day George boiled a fine, large ham, so that there would be ham sandwiches in the lunches taken out on the survey line. Just before turning in on this particular night George took the ham off the fire, laid it on a tin plate to cool, and placed it on the chuck wagon table under which he slept.'

Camp was in a small, open glade, surrounded by dense lodgepole pine timber. The wagon was near the center of the glade. All of the party except George were sleeping about 100 feet from the wagon and campfire. It was a beautiful night with a full moon which silvered the grass that was coated with a light coat of frost.

Sometime after midnight the camp was awakened by a terrible racket, a mixture of growls from some animal, and a perfect string of profanity from George. Everyone was out of the blankets in a moment to learn the cause of the trouble. Over by the tail end of wagon was old George, bare headed and bare-footed, with his long white hair and beard glistening in the moonlight. He was clad only in the red flannel union suit, and was armed with a 12 foot long, iron shod range pole, with which he was lustily prodding in the ribs a large cinnamon bear, meantime calling it all of the bad names in his "cuss word" vocabulary. The bear stood several hard jabs, but seeing reenforcements coming, lit out for the timber at full speed.

The crew flocked to George's aid and sought to learn the cause of the row. It seems that Mr. bear had smelled the ham, had come up to the wagon, and in attempting to carry it off had knocked it from the table onto George's head. This 10 pound jolt brought George up with a jerk, and he came up fighting mad. The first weapon he saw was the range pole that was lying on the ground alongside the wagon. He made good use of this as a lance.

Before turning in again George wired a long, sharp butter knife to the range pole, and laid it beside his bed. As he crawled under the blankets he said, "if that blank, blank bear comes back again I'll prod him next time so that he will feel it".

The combination of bright moonlight, frosty grass, dark surrounding forest, and old George with his long white hair and beard and long underwear, dancing around a big yellow bear, made about the most amusing picture that I ever saw. It would have been a scream in the movies, altho George's talk would have had to be softened down a lot to get by the censors.

George was a real character. He made as good biscuits in a dutch oven as I ever ate anywhere, and he was 100 percent efficient with profanity. George had two lines of talk. When he was "dude wrangling" a bunch of tourists around the Park his language was very proper. But he sure made up for it when he got out with a party in which there were no women. George was as nearly impervious to the bite of mosquitos and flies as a clothing store dummy. Many times while on this Yellowstone job the rest of the party wished for an "alligator" hide like George. It was the color of smoke and as tough as parchment.

While the party was on this work the famous sheep and cattle war of July 1902 occurred in the Big Sandy Region of Wyoming. Several thousand sheep were killed by cattlemen during this stock war, but the party was so cut off from newspapers and outside news that it was several weeks before we learned all of the facts. This stock war was the source of much discussion wherever the party went that fall in Wyoming.

ON THE RED DESERT

The cook on the Red Desert work below Rock Springs, Wyoming, was another real character. It was learned about the time that the work was finished that he had a very shady reputation, in fact was suspected of having been in on a train robbing job the year before. While with us he was satisfactory in every way.

This survey work was along the Green River. Nearly every day it was necessary to cross the river. It was the fall of the year, the nights were cold, we had no boat, and it was no particular snap wading or swimming the river twice a day. We finally made it a point to pile up a lot of sage brush on the opposite side of the river from camp, and would set this on fire after crossing the stream in the morning, thus having a fire to dry off and dress by.

One of our camps here was almost in the dooryard of a rancher who grazed sheep in that region. The ranchers family consisted of "Pa and Ma" and two grown daughters. Our party spent several evenings at the ranch house. As they had a piano and one of our boys was a good violinist while another could make a guitar hum we had a lot of music. This so pleased the ranchers family that they told us that they would put on a dance before we left that neighborhood.

But the survey work was finally completed, and nothing more having been said about a dance we packed up most of our equipment and turned in about dark one evening so as to get an early start for the long and dusty drive next day.

We had just gotten a good start on the nights sleep when about two dozen men and women, young and old, descended on the camp and woke us up with an invitation to a dance.

Excuses got us nowhere. They said, "If you don't come out we will drag you out, clothes or no clothes. You boys are a necessary part of the dance".

The affair ended up by our party dancing all night at the ranch house. After a 6 a.m. breakfast at the same place, we finished packing the wagon and hit the road for Rock Springs, a pretty tired and sleepy outfit.

From western Wyoming the party moved down to the Battlement Mesa and Uncompahgro Plateau region of Western Colorado. There was also some work done at high elevations above Ouray, and some in the Disappointment Creek country near the Utah line.

On the latter work it was necessary to tie in to the original public land survey which was supposed to have been made about 15 years before by a contract surveyor.

After setting up camp the entire party spent the next three days combing the surrounding country for a section corner from which to start the work. Upon returning to camp on the third night our combination cook-teamster, who hailed from Montrose, inquired what we were looking for. Upon being told he said "Oh hell, why didn't you tell me that three days ago. I worked with that survey party too, and they never set any corners. Just looked over the country and wrote up some notes."

Since the topography described in the field notes did not fit into the topography on the ground, we decided that he knew what he was talking about. This was just one more of the rotten surveys of the public lands that was made in the earlier days by contract surveyors. Many of the earlier surveys were never made on the ground, and in the average case the contract surveyor actually surveyed the easier topography and passed up the real hard going.

It was a standing joke that many of these contract surveys were either "beer" or "whiskey" surveys. The theory was that every time a section corner was set the party took a drink. If the corners were too close together it was a "beer" survey. If they were too far apart it was a "whiskey" survey. In any event, a government survey party such as ours soon got so it could tell in short order just how much actual survey work was done by the original party. The sad part of all this is that the mountains of the west are covered with fraudulent surveys of this type that have cost settlers and public agencies much money to straighten out.

An amusing incident occurred in connection with this work. Enroute to the job we were one man short. As we went thru Montrose, Colorado, the Chief of the party inquired of the City Marshall if he knew where we could find a man who wanted a few weeks work. "I'll get you a man" said the Marshall. He was back in about 15 minutes with a typical hobo looking individual he introduced as Mac. Since we could not wait to look further, "Mac was loaded on the wagon with his bed roll and we headed west for the job.

As anticipated, Mac proved to be a "dud". He would have been fired the second day except for the fact that it was 40 miles to civilization and no way to get there except on foot.

About the fourth day, as the party was eating breakfast, the chief called to Jim the cook and said, "Jim, what is the size of our party?". "Ten men and Mac, answered Jim. This made Mac so mad that he asked for his time, saying "I don't want to work for any such damned outfit." Receiving his check he shouldered his blankets and hit the trail for Montrose.

The work around Ouray, Colorado was on some of the steepest, most difficult terrain covered during the season. In some cases the party had to work above timberline where it was so steep and rocky that it was almost impossible to set up the transit in a firm position.

When this work was done the original party of five went to Denver to disband. The first night we were there we went down to the Brown Palace Hotel for dinner. For six months we had lived on camp grub, so were looking for a change of diet, and also for a meal to satisfy our appetites.

When the colored waiter came around one of the boys said, "we want five family porterhouse steaks medium rare, five double orders of French fried potatoes, and plenty of hot rolls, butter and coffee". The waiter looked at the bunch, scratched his head and wrote down the order. But it had to be repeated before he would be convinced that was what we wanted.

In due time the five family porterhouse steaks with trimmings came in, and to the amazement of the waiter, the plates were cleaned. Hiking from 10 to 25 miles per day for six months over rough country, brush, fallen timber and rocks develops a hearty appetite. Also good wind and good leg muscles.

Since the party had worked every week day, every Sunday and every holiday from May to November, the few days of rest, recreation, window shopping and sight seeing in Denver was appreciated. I had an old army chum or two in the city and they were very hospitable. We took in two or three shown just to make up for the six months of abstinence from all forms of recreation except country dances.

In November Beaman, Stiles and Alden returned home, while Johnson and I went first to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and from there to old Fort Hancock, down the Rio Grande below El Paso, to appraise some military reservation lands and abandoned buildings.

It was while at Fort Hancock that I attended a court held by the Irish section boss, who was also Justice of the Peace. Since the Judge could not read or write, except to sign his name, his daughter, a fairly well educated girl, sat at his side when court was in session, told him what to do and where to sign his name. I well remember the evening sessions of the court that were held in the whitewashed walled, dirt floored adobe building in which the judge resided. In attendance at the court were always two or three of the Texas Rangers, the men who then preserved peace along the Rio Grande.

While celebrating the Christmas Holidays at El Paso, Johnson received instructions to take me with him and make an inspection of the southwest part of the Gila Forest Reserve in New Mexico, with a view to determining what boundary changes should be made. So on December 30, 1902, we left El Paso by rail, reaching Silver City, headquarters of the Gila Forest Reserve that evening. This is why my first New Year on forest work was spent away back in the Magellon Mountains of New Mexico.

At daylight the next morning, last day of the year, Johnson and I took the old horse stage for the little mining camp of Cooney, some 80 miles distant. It was a cold, raw day. There was only one other passenger on the open stage. No one had told us that there was no place in the 80 miles where a meal could be purchased. The stage stopped to change horses, but not for "eats". As a consequence, when the stage pulled in to Cooney at 8 p.m. that night, after bouncing over rocks and ruts for 14 hours, the Chinese restaurant looked about the best place in town.

But Forest officers were over hospitable, and the rangers in this District, "King" Wade and "Tiny" Warden were right on deck, and saw that we got as good a meal as the restaurant could set out. We more than dragged off to the New Year's eve ball, which was scheduled to start at 9 p.m.

Arriving at the dance hall it was noted that even then forest officers were people of importance in the local communities, as on this occasion Wade was floor manager and Warden was bouncer. Perhaps the fact that Ranger Wade tipped the scales at 250 pounds, while Ranger Warden, an ex-Navy man, and ex-prize fighter was only 10 pounds lighter had something to do with their selection for these positions. It took more than diplomacy to handle some of the miners and cow punchers who attended the dance. As the gents entered they were frisked for shooting irons. I remember counting over two dozen pieces of assorted artillery piled up under the chairs of the fiddler and guitar player, who sat in chairs on a table.

Everybody in the entire region was on hand. There were four times as many men as women. So to insure fair play for all, the gents were sold numbered tickets, which were pinned on the collar of coat or shirt. Then the floor manager would call out "everybody 1 to 20 waltz", and if a man got on the floor out of his turn the floor manager bounced him off. Needless to say, there were no feminine wall flowers at any stage of this dance, but many of the men did take turns holding the baby for some woman who had brought the whole family to the dance.

As the New Year was ushered in the gents borrowed their artillery long enough to go outside and fire a salute. The refreshments served after the salute consisted of red hot enchiladas and coffee. Then the dance settled down to business, not breaking up until 6 a.m. Rangers Wade and Warden, Johnson and I then had breakfast at the Chinese restaurant, saddled up our horses, and opened up the New Year by starting on a field trip. Accompanying us for most of the day were two mormon girls who had ridden horseback 25 miles the day before in order to attend the dance, and were on the way home.

That night we four men stopped with a Mexican sheepman in his adobe home, and soon after the supper of "frijoles" and "tortillas" was over we were all ready to "hit the hay". Johnson and I were particularly tired. An 80 mile stage ride, and all night dance, and 30 miles more in the saddle were particularly conducive to slumber.

When bed was suggested the host showed us in to a dirt floored room in which there were two double beds. Johnson and I chose one bed and Wade and Warden the other. The latter two, as before mentioned were both husky men, both of them rolled into the bed at the same time. Apparently it was not made to carry 490 pounds for it broke down and its occupants went thru to the floor. However, we were all tired, there was no way to fix the bed, so Wade and Warden did not trouble to get up out of the wreck and were soon sound asleep.

It was at this ranch that I first met John Kerr, who was then a District Ranger. He was later Assistant Regional Forester in charge of grazing for a number of years in Region 3 of the Forest Service.

The dance at Cooney was typical of many that I attended in Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona from 1902 to 1904. They were real social events in these isolated communities, everybody far and near turned out, people frequently riding in the saddle or buckboard all day to get to the dance, and all of the next day to get home. While some of the men at these dances were rough and uneducated, a drunk at a dance was quite rare, and I never saw a woman under the influence of liquor. This is quite a contrast with the "booze fights" that are regularly put on by both sexes at a good many dances in so called civilized communities of late years.

A few days after our visit to the sheep ranch Johnson and I happened to be in the little mining camp of Mogollon, over the ridge from Cooney, when an election was held there for Justice of the Peace. Now Justice of the Peace is a small time job and Mogollon was a small place away back in the mountains where one would not expect politics to be of much interest to the scattered population of miners and stockmen. But it was in this case.

Altho there were only two candidates for the office, excitement was intense, and sentiment about equally divided. There were no roads over most of the district so practically all of the voters had to either hike or ride horse-back to the polls. Therefore each candidate had several strings of saddle horses going back and forth over the trails to bring in the voters. After voting, most of them stayed in Mogollon to see how the election would turn out.

Since the Territorial laws prohibited the sale of liquor on election days the saloons were supposed to be closed. But there was no prohibition against the giving away of liquor. So the candidates got around the law by each taking over for the day one of the two saloons in the camp, and all drinks and smokes were on the house. Altho I endeavored to make it clear that this was my first day in Mogollon and that I was not a voter, I was repeatedly importuned to have a drink or a cigar by one of the candidates or his workers. Neither candidate was overlooking a bet, and most of the

voters were not overlooking the chance to have something at the expense of either one of the candidates.

When the polls were closed about dark, the two drink emporiums closed their doors for a time and everyone in camp sober enough to navigate went to the polling place to watch the vote counting. The votes were so evenly divided that the result was not certain until the last vote had been counted. Then it was found that the incumbent had been reelected by two votes. The two saloons then opened up for cash business, and were well patronized. Some wanted to celebrate the victory and others to drown their sorrow.

The boundary inspection being completed in a few weeks we returned to the railroad at Silver City, Mr. Johnson heading east for Washington, while I returned to California to await action on an appointment offered in old Division R of the General Land Office, the Division then handling the work on the Forest Reserves.

News of the appointment as Forest Inspector came late in March 1903. On April first I left Santa Ana headed east to report in Washington for duty, stopping over for a few days in Los Angeles to confer with Superintendent Allen and Forest Supervisor Thomas on matters pertaining to Southern California. This was my first introduction to the "politician" type of forest officer usually on the job in those days. He was a very different "bird" from the college trained, civil service appointed forest officer of the present day.

After about a month in Washington learning the ropes, orders came to go west to Wyoming and make an inspection of the boundaries of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve. I was on this job from May 8 to September 23. This was the first inspection ever made of the boundaries of the largest forest reserve ever created in the United States outside Alaska.

The first work was around Cokeville and the John Day river country in the extreme western part of the state. Here several of the large sheep owners were met. From here I went to Cody, Wyoming, where a number of forest officers were assembled, and a party was organized for the big summer job that was ahead.

June 8, 1903 our party left Cody with an outfit of five saddle horses and 10 pack horses. There were three Forest Rangers along as assistants. On the Greybull river the party was joined by Mr. A. A. Anderson, who was at the time Special Superintendent of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve. Mr. Anderson was with the party on a considerable part of the trip.

The route was north up the east boundary of the Shoshone division, thence around thru Gardner, Montana; down thru the Yellowstone National Park into the Jackson Hole country, then over Teton Pass into Idaho and around into Star Valley, Wyoming. From here the party followed the boundary around to

the head of Green River, then into the Wind River Mountains; across a corner of the Shoshone Indian Reservation into the head of Owl Creek, and from here back to Cody by way of Wood River, arriving there on September 17, the trip taking just 102 days.

If my memory is correct the distance around the boundaries of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve by section lines was 1,096 miles. According to my diary I actually traveled 2,087 miles in scouting out the boundary. This was an average of about 20 miles a day. Since the pack train took all shortcuts possible from camp to camp, it is estimated that the actual distance traveled by the pack train was some 400 miles less, or about 1,700 miles.

The same saddle horse was ridden on the entire trip; a big gelding borrowed from Col. Cody. (Buffalo Bill). This animal was just as tough as he was ornery. Three of the pack horses used on the entire trip were rented from Jesse W. Nelson, then a Forest Ranger stationed near Cody. There was quite a story connected with these three horses. Nelson offered to sell them to the United States for a modest price but my instructions was to rent, not buy, and as a consequence the rental came to more than what they could have been bought for, Red tape does fool things.

From all that I have been able to learn, this was the longest pack trip ever made by any forest officer in the U.S. since the forest reserves were created. Two men who started with me from Cody made the complete circuit.

What I particularly remember about this trip is the three days, September 10 to 12, when the party was snowed in by an early storm near the head of Owl Creek on the Shoshone Indian Reservation, and had to break trail thru from one to three feet of new snow to get over the high divide to Wood River, some 28 miles distant, where supplies were obtainable. The morning of September 13 when we broke camp, the party of five men had no grub left but a few dried onions, and we sure relished the supper set out at a Wood River stock ranch that night when we reached there half frozen.

That we were snowed in was my fault. I spent so much of the afternoon of September 9 chasing a big wolf and several coyotes that I missed camp, which had been sent on ahead as usual, and laid out that night under a pine tree, with my horse staked out nearby. By the time that the party's tracks had been picked up next morning, and the camp discovered, the storm had started and it was too late to cross the divide.

This long ride was thru some of the most beautiful country in Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. The Jackson Hole and Grand Tetons particularly impressed me. There was no lake in Jackson Hole at that time and no bridge across Snake River. I remember that the fording of Snake river, as well as some of the other large streams was not a simple matter. We happened to hit them when the snow was going off the high country and they were deep, cold and very swift.

The Wind River range was more of a wilderness than any of the remainder of the mountain country covered by the party, some parts of it being very little known except to local settlers and trappers.

Very little of the 2,087 miles covered was over constructed roads and trails, most of the route being "cross country" in an effort to follow the forest reserve boundary as closely as possible. Therefore a lot of the travel was rough going.

I have always been glad to have had the opportunity to travel this very scenic region in the days before it was cut up by the roads and trails that today "chop up" too much of the mountain country of the west. The Forest officer of the future will never have a chance to take such a trip as this one that I made in 1903.

All kinds of weather was encountered on this trip. July 3 on the E. Rosebud River, Montana, was cold and snowy. We traveled in rain or snow part or all of 26 of the 102 days. The party only slept under a roof 5 nights while on the trip. Our lowest camp was near Livingston, Montana, 4,700' altitude while the highest camp was on Muddy Creek in the Wind River Indian Reservation, Wyoming, 9,500 feet.

There were no 8 hour days or 5 1/2 day weeks on this trip. The party worked every weekday and Sunday, including the Fourth of July. My longest day's ride was on September 17, some 52 miles. On 4 other days there were some 30 miles covered by the party.

On this trip I was not only Chief of party but also did most of the cooking for from 5 to 8 men that comprised the party. I also did my share of the packing and could throw the diamond hitch with the best of them.

We were usually on the trail not later than 7 a.m., seldom made a stop for lunch, and went into camp anywhere from 2 to 4 p.m. in order that the stock might have plenty of time to graze and rest. By taking proper care of the saddle and pack stock we were able to make the entire trip with most of the same animals.

While on this trip I met Special Superintendent A. A. Anderson, Forest Supervisors Pierce, Miller and Russell and Rangers J. W. Nelson, Thomas Nelson, Gebhart, Woods, Hunter, Boyd, Goodman, Wolff, Ross, La Plant, Yeaman, Hill, Gover, Caldwell, Brown, Clark, Green, E. D. McLaughlin and Ruff. Anderson, Gebhart and Goodman were on much of the trip. J. W. Nelson is today in charge of the Experimental Range near Fresno, and Woods is Regional Forester at Ogden. LaPlant followed me to California and for years served as a Ranger on the Plumas, Lassen, Angeles and Klamath Forests.

There was such controversy in the local newspapers about this trip and what the party was expected to do. Some papers said that we were traveling in state at large public expense, while others contended that the party was a hard working bunch of public officials. A Cody newspaper of July 1903 contained the following item about the work in that part of Wyoming: Mr. Barrett and party are getting along nicely with the resurvey of the Reserve Boundary. They are up at 5 in the morning, working until sundown, and their "Magnificent retinue" consists of some sore-backed horses and plenty of flies and mosquitos, while their "luxurious bill of fare" is composed principally of "sowbelly" and potatoes. They move camp nearly every day."

In my old diaries I kept an itemized record of expenses on this trip as well as of the work performed and route of travel. These records show that the "grub bill" for this trip amounted to about $10 per man per month. We did our own cooking on the trip, bought practically no horse feed, and the main item of expense was for horse hire.

There was much controversy raging thru the Rocky Mountain region at this time regarding the Forest reserves. I have a file of newspaper clippings dated 1902 to 1904 showing most of the arguments used. Most arguments against the reserves were: Opposition to inclusion of any untimbered lands in the reserves. Opposition to reduction of sheep on the mountain ranges. Opposition to any restriction on land filings. Many stockmen wanted no regulation of grazing. There were rumors that the Forest reserves were to be game preserves for the rich.

As a matter of fact much of the mountain country that I covered on this trip was very badly overgrazed, especially the ranges used by sheep. The sad part of it was that there were stockmen who were out for all they could get and made no bones about it.

Another disturbing factor was the lack of a definite policy on the part of the Government. This lead to all kinds of wild rumors as to what would be done to restrict development of the mountain country.

All kinds of "smoke screens" were raised by some Forest Reserve opponents. At a meeting at Meetetse on April 6, 1903, one sheepman accused the Forest Rangers of setting fires and then blaming them on the stockmen. A number of public meetings were held in Wyoming in 1903; there was plenty of argument at all of them. Gifford Pinchot attended some of these meetings. In Oregon, U. S. Senator Fulton opposed the creation of the Forest Reserves and charged that Washington officials were to blame for the land frauds that rocked the western country about that time.

As I look back on it now I believe that the main opposition was due to a. withdrawal of lands from public entry, and b. opposition to any form of regulation by the large western stockmen. Many of the small stockmen were glad to see the Forest Reserves come as it gave them some kind of a square deal in the use of the public range.

This trip was made in the days when there was still an occasional conflict between sheepmen and cattlemen, and when the Forest Reserve policies were not very popular in a region where everyone had had free and unrestricted use of the public range at all times.

Many pleasant days were spent at the hotel Irma in Cody before and after this trip was made. Mrs. Goodman, a sister of Col. Cody, was in charge of the hotel, and she showed me every consideration. Many years later this fine old lady in the company with a son called on me at my Belmont home.

While stopping here I spent a couple of evenings playing whist with an English Earl, a U. S. Senator, and a famous American surgeon, all of whom were in Cody outfitting for a big game hunt in the mountains lying between Cody and the Yellowstone Park. One Sunday evening we four attended services at one of the Cody churches and then returned to the hotel for a rubber of whist.

Shortly before I left Cody the hotel "threw" one of the dinners and dances for which it was famous in those days. Everybody from the Cody region was "among those present". There were cowpunchers in overalls and high-helled boots, and English nobility in "clawhummer tails." The ladies were garbed in everything from Calico house dresses to evening gowns and jewels. Everybody had a good time and no one had to be "bounced" for overindulgence in the "flowing bowl" as is frequently the case nowadays.

Mrs. Goodman "rustled" me an evening partner for this dinner and dance. When I came down from my room to meet the "fair one" and take her in to dinner, I found to my consternation that "my lady" was none other than the young and green to western ways - school teacher just out from Cincinnatti, to whom I had told many "tall tales" the evening of September 13 while our snowbound party was thawing out at the ranch on Wood River where the girl was boarding while teaching the local school. But she agreed that "singing swan songs" to tenderfeet was perfectly legitimate and forgave me.

Big Horn Reserve: From Cody I went over to Jackson, Wyoming, and spent from September 24 to October 21 in making a 486 mile saddle and pack trip over the Big Horn Forest Reserve.

The weather was generally cold and windy on this trip and I recall the half day spent on October 2 in hunting our pack and saddle horses that had strayed from our camp near the Medicine Wheel. Ranger Frank A. Kueny accompanied me on this trip, during the course of which Rangers Snyder, Smith, Kurtz and Headinger were met. The Forest Supervisor at this time was a kindly old gentleman named Jackson, after whom the small town where he lived was named.

While on this trip I visited the "Medicine Wheel" near the flat summit of Medicine Mountain. Medicine Mountain is not famous for its elevation 9,000 feet, or for any peculiar topographic formation, but because of the stone wheel that lies on a beautiful plateau on the north side of the summit.

The Medicine Wheel is constructed of stones laid side by side forming an almost accurate circle some 70 feet in diameter. Around the rim of the wheel there are 6 small cairns of monuments about 2 1/4 feet high. Three sides of these monuments are built up and the other side is left open after the fashion of an arm chair. Five of them have the open side facing in toward the center of the wheel, and the sixth one, which is on the east side, has the open side facing toward the rising sun. The center of the wheel is a hub 12 feet in diameter. Around the outer edge is a circular wall 2 1/2 feet thick. This leaves an opening in the center 7 feet in diameter.

There are 28 spokes leading from the hub or center monument to the outer rim of the wheel. On the outside of the wheel at distances from 70 feet to 275 feet other monuments are found, but all are built upon a high point. There are other monuments several miles from the wheel itself, but every one is found on a high point.

This mysterious structure has doubtless been here for ages and the builders were hidden from view long ago, It was doubtless used for some sacred or ceremonial purpose, but nothing can be found to tell what they were. The Crow Indians say that when they came the wheel was there. Not even the oldest member of the tribe has any information as to when or by whom the wheel was built.

The Forest Service has had a rock wall constructed around the wheel in order that it may be permanently preserved. This was done long after my visit.

About the time that I was there the Big Horn was having a lot of trouble with trespassing sheep. This was before the days of the famous U. S. Supreme Court decision, and about the only way to get rid of such trespassers was thru a Federal Court injunction; something usually time consuming for the reason that the forest reserves were distant from a Federal Court and means of transportation was slow.

One Ranger on the force, a husky man who had served several enlistments in the regular army, had plenty of trouble with one sheep outfit that was in charge of an Irish camp foreman.

Meeting the Irishman and his sheep on the reserve one day the Ranger told him to take his sheep off P.D.Q. or there would be trouble. "You go to hell" said the sheep foreman, "I know you have to go to Cheyenne to get an injunction and that will take a week".

This Department is too damned slow" said the ranger as he got off his horse and sailed into the sheep foreman, knocking him down and pummeling him until he promised to get out at once with his sheep.

As the sheep man got up the Ranger said, "Now every time after this that I find your sheep on the reserve I am going to give you another licking". He did not have any more trouble with this sheep outfit.

Another amusing story of the Big Horn was the fire fighting entry that I read in a Ranger's diary. As I remember this entry it read about as follows:

"While eating breakfast at 6 a.m. I discovered a fire about five miles away to the west. I saddled my horse and started for the fire. My horse stuck his foot in a prairie dog hole and fell down and I got all skinned up. I returned to the station and got a bottle of Three H Liniment. Went back to the fire and used Three H. Liniment freely".

He did not say whether the liniment was used on himself or on the fire.

Incidentally, this ranger was one of the many in those days who, on a salary of $60 per month, had to furnish fire fighting tools as well as grub, pack and saddle horses, and even the liniment at times. Compared with his 1904 predecessor the 1940 ranger is "sitting on top of the world".

It was while on this trip that I had a hand in "firing" a forest officer who was trying to serve two masters; drawing pay from Uncle Sam for patrolling the reserve, while at the same time acting as guide for an eastern hunting party.

From the Big Horn I moved down to the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve, where at Saratoga, Wyoming, the headquarter-, I met Lew Davis, the Forest Supervisor, and Ranger Mullison. Although the latter was a G.A.R. veteran some 70 years of age he could outride any of the younger men on the force, and incidentally no one could talk as "long windedly" as he could ride. When kidded about his talking ability, he said, "Wait until you meet my wife."

October 22 to November 6 was spent on a 216 mile saddle trip with Davis and Mullison, during which we inspected the Carbon Timber Company's two camps and cuttings, and looked over some mineral locations that had been made in order to hold the land for other purposes.

These were cold and windy days at this high altitude. The day that I left Saratoga for Fort Steele on the Union Pacific Railway a regular blizzard was blowing, the air being full of about half snow and half sand that cut like a knife. The 8 horse thorobrace stage was loaded to the guards with passengers. All of the women and children were inside with the storm curtains "buttoned down". The male passengers rode the "Hurricane Deck" until they were frozen stiff. Then we took turns running behind the stage until we were warmed up and tired out, when we took another cold and windy ride on top. The lights of Fort Steele sure looked good to all of us that night when we pulled in about 8 o'clock.

Pikes Peak Region: From there I was ordered to Denver where I was Acting Forest Supervisor of the Pikes Peak Forest Reserve from November 9, to December 31. The reason for my assignment here was that Forest Supervisor Nicholson was in very poor health and had to be relieved. I traveled some 235 miles over this Reserve and in the course of the work met Rangers Dark, Hooper, A.D.W. Hooper, Sherwin and Edmonston. These field trips were all made in very cold weather but there was little snow on the ground.

On the last day of 1903 I turned the Acting Supervisor job over to Ranger Edmonston and headed for the Pecos Forest Reserve in New Mexico, where I stayed until February 5, 1904, investigating matters on the Reserve. During my stay here some 388 miles was covered on horseback, mainly in company with Ranger Stewart. This was another cold, disagreeable trip, which covered much of the high mountains.

While I was here Forest Supervisor I. B. Hanna and Ranger Ewing were suspended. It was at Santa Fe that I on January 27, 1904, first met Assistant Forester L. F. Kneipp, then a Forest Ranger, who had been called to Santa Fe to take over the job of acting Supervisor of the Pecos pending appointment of a successor to Supervisor Hanna. Soon after Kneipp came I was instructed to Washington. It was just a month after I met Kneipp that "Uncle Joe" Cannon, then a power in Congress, made a personal (and unsuccessful) call on Commissioner Richards and me in an effort to have Mr. Hanna reinstated.

On this trip the accompanying ranger and I stopped a couple of nights at a ranch on the Pecos River. The second morning I went out to the barn to help the rancher do the before breakfast chores. While we were talking he mentioned that he had never been able to find any public land survey corners along the land that he had homesteaded.

As we talked I glanced at a large, flat sands ore rock that was lying at the base of a timbered slope about 50 feet from the barn. The rising sun hit the rock in such a way that I imagined that I could see some markings on the stone. Upon a closer inspection I could plainly see a carved "1/4 S" on the flat side of the stone. "There is a survey marker, a quarter corner, I told the rancher, and if it is where it belongs, part of your buildings are not on the land you own."

Retracement of this section line disclosed other stone survey corners, proving that I was correct, and that the rancher had been looking at one of his land boundary monuments for 17 years without realizing it.

Arizona: After some 3 weeks in Washington I headed west once more, and on February 28, together with my baggage, was dumped off the Overland train at San Simon, Arizona. Next day I drove down to the headquarters of the Chiricahua Forest Reserve which was a new mining camp named Paradise. This place incidentally, was badly misnamed. Here I met Forest Supervisor McGlone, and while on a 236 mile horseback trip with him over the Reserve ran across Rangers Riggs and Erickson.

The highlights of this trip were the wild cattle that I saw along the east-side of the Reserve and the trip with McGlone thru the big cave on Cave Creek. Here I got stuck in a small opening between two rooms in the cave and did not know for time whether we would ever see daylight again. McGlone, who was a small man, had squeezed thru this opening without much difficulty. But I was wedged tight for awhile and it was only after strenuous effort that I was able to back out the way I started in and let McGlone get out.

The night following the cave experience McGlone and I stopped with Leonard R. Reed, the first settler in the cave Creek area. Mr. Reed, who came there about 1872 regaled us with early day stories for half of the night. Some 35 years after this visit to Cave Creek, Mr. Reed's grave there was officially marked by the Forest Service.

Paradise was a mushroom mining camp. The restaurant, saloon, and barber shop had dirt floors. The so called hotel had the smallest sleeping quarters that I ever saw outside an Army tent. There was a long, narrow hall thru the center of the building that lead to nowhere. The 8 rooms, 4 on each side of the building, were accessible only from the outside. These rooms were so small that the occupant literally had to undress outside and back in. There was just sufficient room for a single bed.

From Paradise I made a short trip thru Globe to the Mt. Graham Forest Reserve where I covered some 70 miles horseback in company with Forest Supervisor Hampton and Ranger Farmer.

Thomas Hampton at that time had the reputation of being the poorest penman connected with Forest Reserve work. His writing was so poor that the men and women in "Division R" in Washington could not decipher his reports. He was therefore instructed to buy and use a typewriter. These were not common with field men in 1904.

It was while on this Reserve that I visited a small "Gippo" sawmill that had such a leaky steam boiler that the boiler was set in a hillside excavation and covered with dirt in order to prevent all of the steam from escaping.

The next trip was to the Santa Rita Reserve below Tucson where March 22 to April 1 was spent in covering some 151 miles on a saddle horse in company with Forest Supervisor Watson. Watson was an energetic young man without much efficient help. One of his Rangers had been sent to Arizona from the east because he had tuberculosis. The ranger job was expected to cure it. This was a common practice in the early days before forest officers were placed under Civil Service regulation.

The next assignment was to the Prescott Forest Reserve from April 2 to 20. Forest Supervisor Stewart was in charge with headquarters at Prescott. While roaming around this Reserve I met or traveled with Rangers Kneipp, Hinderer, McCloud and F. C.W. Pooler. The latter has for years been Regional Forester of the Southwestern Region.

Stewart was hospitality personified. Easter Sunday occurred while I was at Prescott. Stewart insisted that I go to church with him in the morning where, as a Deacon, he passed the collection plate. In the evening he was equally insistent that I accompany him to the opening of a new combination cafe and saloon.

Jerry McCloud: One of the real characters on the ranger force in Arizona in early days was Jerry McCloud, a "pint sized" man known as the "Jersey Mosquito". He was especially famous for what was known as his "artillery". This artillery consisted of a single shot zulu shotgun, a 45 calibre Colt horsepistol, and a pair of brass field glasses that weighed about 10 pounds. Jerry never had "artillery" with him except in case of emergency. He said that if he had it with him somebody might get the drop on him, but that if he left it at home, and an emergency arose, he could always go back and get it and sneak up on his enemy. There were occasions when he did go home after his "artillery" and then called the lawbreakers bluff.

From Prescott I jumped to the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve where about a week was spent covering 188 miles horseback with Ranger Pat Fenton. This was a short but extremely interesting trip. Ranger Fenton lived in a log cabin with a sod roof, had his water supply hauled by tank cars from Williams, and was both a diplomat and a good ranger.

On this trip I visited the Indian Agency in Cataract Canyon and photographed Mooney Falls while dangling from the end of a rope with 200 ft. of air below me. I also had my first view of the Canyon Copper Company Mining claims that were the cause of continued litigation between former U. S. Senator Cameron and the United States until they were finally cancelled.

The Most Diplomatic Ranger: Every forest officer needs to be a diplomat, but the most diplomatic one that I ever knew was this same Pat Fenton. Pat was Irish and was the District Ranger at the Grand Canyon for a number of years right after the turn of the century.

In these days there were several small resorts scattered along the rim of the Canyon. The proprietors were all at outs with each other and Pat was frequently called upon to listen to the complaints of these individuals. But Pat played safe by taking sides with no one. In fact, he was so anxious to be strictly fair that when he rode over to Grand View to spend the night, he would register at one of the two resorts, and keep his horse at the other place in order to show no favoritism.

One day while riding a Rim trail with Pat we met the proprietor of one of these resorts. After the usual greeting this individual said, "Pat, sit down awhile, I want to tell you a few things." So we dismounted and sat on a log in the woods for about 2 hours while this resort keeper related his troubles with his competitors.

After about using up our patience he finally "ran down" and no one said anything for a minute or two. Then our "kicker" said, "Pat, what do you advise me to do? Pat looked thoughtful for a moment, took off his sombrero, looked in it, put it back on his head, and smiling at his questioner said, "Well, Mr. Blank, I advise you to get used to it."

Without another word we all mounted and rode off. Mr. "Blank" in one direction, and Pat and I in the other.

Another interesting character that I met at Grand Canyon was old Capt. Jack Hanee, after whom the Hanee Trail into the Canyon was named. At this time the Captain was employed by the Santa Fe railroad to sing "swan songs" to the tourists who visited the Canyon. Captain was noted as being about the biggest liar in Arizona. It was this reputation that got him his job. Many were the wild stories that he told about the Canyon and how it was created. No matter how wild the tale he was never stumped for a reply when some tourist doubted his word. An evening listening to Captain Hanee was better than one reading the Arabian Nights.

One day Capt. Hanee was entertaining some tourists with some of his tall tales; he was telling them about the hot weather that he had encountered along the Colorado River in the bottom of the Canyon. Finally he said, "You can't have any idea how hot it gets down there. Why I have been down in the Canyon when it was so hot that it singed the wings right off the flies."

One fat lady tourist who was taking it all in spoke up, "Well, Capt., when it is so hot as that what do the poor tourists do?" I thought that would stump him, but without batting an eye, Cap said, "Why, Madam, I have never yet seen a tourist with wings."

From Bright Angel I went to Flagstaff and spent from May 9 to 28 covering some 500 miles on the San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve. Fred Breen, who was in charge of the Reserve was one of the best Forest Supervisors met in the early days. His office was the best I saw anywhere prior to 1906, being far above the average forest office in size and equipment.

In traveling over this Reserve I met Rangers Ben and Glen Crow, Holden, Campbell, McLain, Wilson, Powers, Wallace, Phelps, Platten, Rudd, Jr., Mackay, and E. B. (Betsy) Long. The forest clerk at Flagstaff at that time was named Hoopengarner. Ben and Glen Crow and "Betsy" Long later transferred to the Angeles, Long remained with the Service for years, winding up his work as a lumberman on the Shasta National Forest.

On this trip I visited the Capital Rock and Walnut Canyon Cliff Dwellings as well as Pine Creek Natural Bridge and Montezuma's Well. The settlers around Pine Creek gave a dance in my honor the night that I stopped there.

A Long Ride: May 28 the 50 mile ride was made from Skagg's Ranch below the Rim to Flagstaff between the hours of 7 a.m. and 8:30 p.m. I particularly remember this horseback ride because 1904 was a drought year and there was no water for man or beast in the 50 long dusty miles.

At the time of my travels over this Reserve there were two large going timber sales. Grazing conditions, because of the drought, were far from good. In one case sheep were driven 70 miles between water holes. In some places sheep had stripped all of the needles that they could reach from wind fallen fir trees.

The Widow

One day while writing up some notes in the Forest Supervisor's Office in walked a tall, husky, raw boned woman of about 40 who inquired, "Are you that there Inspector man?" Altho I had no idea of what was coming I admitted being the party she was looking for.

"Well", says my caller, "I am a poor, lone "widder" that has a homestead about 10 miles west of here, and the sheepmen are feeding off the range right up to my door, and I came in to see what you can do about it."

On referring to a property map it was found that her homestead was in a section that was entirely surrounded by lands owned by the Santa Fe Railroad Company, and that all of these lands had been leased to sheepmen. The woman was told that as she was surrounded by privately owned lands that there was nothing that the Rangers could do to keep the sheep off her range.

"Well", she says again, "That's all I wanted to know. I've got a good old Winchester and I know how to use it. And the next time a "Blankety Blank" sheepherder shows up on the hills around my place I'll throw so much dirt in his eyes with bullets that he will never want to see my little valley again." She looked like the "gal" who would do it, too.

At this time Forest Supervisor Breen was also in charge of the Black Mesa Forest Reserve. So the next trip was over that Reserve where I rode 725 miles between June 2 and 30. On this field work Rangers Baker, Cheney, Chapin, Hall, Martin, Moulter, Reid, Schugman and Wallace were met or traveled with.

June 17 there was a heavy cloudburst and thunder storm near Nutrioso. Ranger Moulter and his young wife were riding with me at the time, and we "holed up" for a few hours in an old deserted log cabin until the storm had subsided.

On June 20 I fought fire down on the Blue River with Ranger Chapin. We put in 24 hours on the fireline. Then I rode to Bush Mountain and worked with Rangers and stockmen in fighting two big fires from June 22 to 24. These three fires were the only large ones that I saw in a 5 months trip thru Arizona and New Mexico during which I covered about 2560 miles on horseback. The month of June I averaged about 30 miles a day in the saddle.

Inspecting Mining Claims

From July 1 to 25 came annual leave in California, mainly around Santa Ana and Laguna Beach with old friends. When this vacation was over orders came to return to the Prescott Forest Reserve in Arizona and look over a number of mineral locations that were being used for purposes other than mining. Once more on the Prescott I traveled 305 miles between July 26 to August 11, examining 35 mineral locations that were being used for saloon and roadhouse purposes only. These were all very flagrant

cases of evasion of the mining law. This was my first real introduction to the wholesale manner in which the mining law has for the past 40 years been "worked" by unscrupulous locators. While at Crown King there was another cloudburst that washed out all forest roads and trails.

After this report was completed I went east to St. Louis, Here I met Commissioner Richards and went over various official matters with him. We also had a conference with Forester Pinchot. As a result of this conference it was decided to have a joint examination of the boundaries of the Big Horn Forest Reserve in Wyoming by Elers Koch, representing the Bureau of Forestry, and me representing the General Land Office. Headed west once more, Elers Koch was met at Jackson, Wyoming. Between September 15 and October 18 we traveled 518 miles with a pack train, visiting all parts of the Reserve. This trip, like the one the previous fall, was made during cold, stormy weather.

On this trip there was along for a vacation a young fellow from St. Louis who had never been in the west and was as green as grass about western ways. We pulled out from Jackson with a pack horse apiece, and each of us had a rifle carried in a scabbard on the left side of the saddle horse. The tenderfoot's scabbard was only a half length one, so the naked rifle muzzle stuck out of the scabbard about a foot behind his left leg when he was in the saddle.

All three pack horses were pretty wild, particularly one buckskin broncho that would have a bucking spell every morning as soon as the pack was lashed on. One morning he jumped and bucked harder than usual, and while so doing bumped into the tenderfoot who was mounted, striking his horse on the left side. About half a minute after this happened tenderfoot let out a yell and shouted, "Help, help, "I'm bleeding to death."

The ranger and I, who were still on foot hurried to his assistance and found that when the pack horse ran into "Tenderfoot's horse, the muzzle of his rifle punched a hole thru the front of the pack case that was on the right side of the pack horse. At the same time it punched a hole thru the side of a one gallon can of maple syrup that was in the pack case. The syrup squirted out thru the hole in the case and all over "Tenderfoot's" left leg. Looking down he saw this dark fluid all over his leg and immediately concluded that it was blood and that he was bleeding to death.

From the Big Horn I once more went to the Medicine Bow and rode some 200 miles over that Reserve between October 20 and Nov. 7. This was another cold, stormy trip. Travel in such weather today in a closed, heated automobile is pretty soft work for a Forest officer. Thirty and more years ago it was not so soft to shuffle off the slow miles thru cold, wind, sleet and snow on the "hurricane deck" of a broncho where there was no protections but the clothes one wore.

Back in Washington

Upon completion of this trip I reported to Washington where there was work on reports and boundary proclamations for several weeks. This was my

last trip to Washington prior to the transfer of the Forest Reserves from the Interior Department to the Department of Agriculture. The proposed transfer was talked over several times with Commissioner Richards, who favored it. He felt that the Bureau of Forestry had the only trained forestry men in the government service, and that they were the proper men to handle the Reserves.

My most pleasant remembrances of the Washington details were the weekly informal evening meetings that were held at the residence of Gifford Pinchot. Here forest matters were discussed until the usual evening refreshments of gingerbread, applesauce and milk were brought in and "polished off" by the very hungry bunch of young forest officers present.

Soon after the first of December 1904 I once more crossed the continent by rail, winding up at Nordhoff, (now Ojai) California, the headquarters of the East Division of the Santa Barbara Reserve. Here for the first time I met Col. Willis M. Slosson, the Forest Supervisor, whom I was to work with later on for several years. Col. Slosson, who passed on years ago, was a fine gentleman of the "Old School" and I always valued his friendship, altho I frequently disagreed with him officially.

Some interesting stories are told of the Santa Barbara Reserve of the early days.

In the Castaic Canyon region nearly 40 years ago lived a hard boiled old rancher named Jenkins who was usually at war with some one. Every so often he would have a "round up" with the local forest ranger who was also pretty hard boiled.

One day Jenkins stopped as he was riding by the ranger station and started an argument about something that he wanted to do and to which the ranger objected.

Said Jenkins, "let me see that there regulations book and I'll show you that I can do it." The ranger handed the book over, Jenkins thumbed it for awhile, finally turned back a page, then pulled out the six shooter that he always carried and, waving it for a pointer, said, "Mr. Ranger, this says here that I can do it."

"Let me see that book, said the Ranger. Jenkins handed it over, the ranger turned over several leaves, then pulled out a big old 44 six shooter that he was wearing, pointed it at a paragraph with the muzzle, and said, "But you didn't see this, Mr. Jenkins. It says here that you can't do it."

That ended the argument.

While here I rode 310 miles over the Reserve with Supervisor Slosson and met Rangers Jacinto and Heraldo Reyes and Ranger Miller. Slosson was one of the early day Supervisors who really got out and covered the Reserve with his rangers. And he knew his territory. On the other hand a good many of

the early day Supervisors were too old to do much hard riding and as a consequence my field trips were usually made with a ranger as guide.

In 1904 the back country of Santa Barbara and Ventura counties was a real wilderness, seldom visited except by Forest Rangers and hunters. Of roads there were none, and the occasional trail was usually poorly located and seldom worked. Stopping places were just as scarce as roads. Therefore, travelers thru here had to take along a pack outfit or stand the chance of going hungry at times.

While out this time with Slosson we spent one night with the U.S.G.S. survey party under "Billy" Owen that was surveying and monumenting the boundaries of the Santa Barbara and Angeles Forest Reserve. The night we spent with them they were camped in a canyon near the present settlement of Pettiway.

If my memory is correct Sydney Stoner was a member of this party, and it was here that I first met him.

Few forest officers ever know that the U.S.G.S. started on the very large program of surveying and monumenting the boundaries of the forest reserves. But by the time some work had been done on a few of them the size of the job was realized and it was abandoned.

Silverado Canyon Stories

This work was completed the day before Christmas so I went home to Santa Ana for the Holidays, and on January 3, 1906 started on a saddle trip of 200 miles over the Trabuco District. This is now part of the Cleveland National Forest. This was "home" to me. I had traveled much of it on foot between 1890 and 1898 and was familiar with many old trails that were not known to the rangers. While on this trip over my old stamping ground I met Rangers Lillie and Robinson.

This trip over the Trabuco country took me thru Silverado Canyon. It was here when I was about 18 years old that I received my worst scare. At the time I was working with a small crew of men that were installing a small mill and power house at the old Blue Light Mine in Silverado Canyon.

In those days Silverado Canyon was a wild region in which occasionally roamed the last grizzly bear in the Trabuco country. Mountain lions were numerous. The place where I was working was the last habitation up the canyon, but there were two or three mountain homesteads from two to four miles below the Blue Light Mill. One of these homesteads was owned by an older chum of mine named Charles Mason who lived on the place with his widowed mother and a sister. Charlie's sister taught school at the little mountain school four miles below the Mason homestead. The Mason ranch had only about two acres of level land out of 160 acres. So the only stock kept was one horse. There was also an apiary. Altho Charley was quite a hunter he kept no dog, but did have an exceedingly large Tom cat named Huckleberry Finn. "Huck" was as good as a hunting dog as he would follow us for miles over the mountains when we were hunting deer or mountain quail or brush rabbits.

It was summer when we were working at the Blue Light Mill. The work was hard, the grub pretty poor, and I would occasionally slip away of an evening after supper and walk down the two miles to the Mason homestead to get a fill of mountain strawberries, which was one of the few crops raised. After an hour or so with the Mason family would come the hike back to the camp.

Silverado Canyon is very narrow, in most places only wide enough for the creek and a road. In those days both creek and road were bordered by trees and tall brush, the brush sweeping away for several thousand feet up the very steep hillsides that come down to the creek and road. In the prospecting and hunting trips over the mountains we once in a while saw the tracks of the one remaining grizzly, and frequently saw fresh mountain lion tracks. On two occasions I saw lions. Once only one. The other time two grown lions and two half grown cubs. Both times I was unarmed.

On the night that I received the big scare I had been down to the Mason homestead, filled up on strawberries, and started home about 9 p.m. The night was exceedingly dark. I had no lantern, and it was only because I was so familiar with the canyon that I could follow the road, since it was over hung with trees and brush and dark as a tunnel.

About half a mile above the Mason place I fell off the road into some dry brush and cut my arm so that it bled a little, the blood running down my hand. Half a mile further was a creek crossing where there were stepping stones that pedestrians could use to cross on without getting wet feet. As I slowly crept down the rather steep slope to this crossing I was searching my pockets for a block of the old style "Chinese" matches in order to light two or three to show the stepping stones. As I reached the waters edge I stopped to scratch a match. Just as I did so something rubbed up against my left leg. Looking down quickly all I could see was two large green eyes staring up into mine. This was enough. Thru my mind flashed visions of mountain lions.

Since it was too dark to see to run, I jumped straight up in the air. When I landed this "animal" again rubbed against my leg, and at the same time let out several friendly purrs. Hastily lighting a match I looked down and saw Huckleberry Finn, Mason's big cat. "Huck" had decided to follow me back to the mill, and had been noiselessly padding along behind.

Thereafter when I made an evening trip down to the homestead I always packed along my trusty old 38 Winchester.

This same summer I had another interesting experience as I was walking down to the same homestead from the mining camp.

It was a full moonlight night. I had hiked down to within half a mile of the cabin, and was nearing a point where a side canyon entered from the north, when there was a crash in the brush about 50 feet from me in the direction of the homestead, and into the road leaped a large buck. As he lit in the road he saw me, so headed down the canyon toward the cabin. He had not made two jumps when I heard another crash in the brush, and into the middle

of the road jumped a large mountain lion. As he landed he too saw me, and jumping back into the brush faded from sight.

Upon arriving at the cabin I found the family sitting on the cabin porch. They told me of a large buck that had just run down the road which passed within 20 feet of the porch.

The Ghost Town of Silverado

The Blue Light mill where I was working when these experiences occurred, was on the site of the old Ghost town of Silverado, that existed between 1877 and 1883.

In its hey-day Silverado had three hotels, three stores, a postoffice, two blacksmith shops, two meat markets in which venison competed with beef, and seven wide awake saloons.

At its peak Silverado had a population of around 1,000 people, and there were two daily stages to Los Angeles and three to Santa Ana. The last man, whose wife was postmistress, left in 1883. Today a Silverado canceled envelope is a rarity.

By 1890, when I first visited the canyon, most of the buildings were gone, and mountain lions, bob cats, foxes, and the smaller denizens of the wild were the occasional inhabitants of what not many years before had been a booming "mushroom" mining camp. The last time that I visited the canyon practically all evidence of the Ghost town had disappeared.

During my numerous trips to the Silverado between 1890 and 1901 I investigated all of the old mining tunnels and shafts in the region, and heard many interesting stories of what happened around Silverado when it was "up and coming".

Another place that I frequently visited in these early days was the mountain home of Madame Nodjoska, the famous actress of a half century ago. At her beautiful home in the Santiago canyon numerous parties were given for the mountain folks that lived within a 20 mile circle.

Palomar Then and Now

Completing the Trabuco trip at Elsinore, I next called on Forest Supervisor Bell of the San Jacinto Forest Reserve. Bell lived a few miles east of Hemet. In company with Bell I made a trip of 126 miles, going to the Palomar country, where I met Ranger Sims. In riding up Palomar on the old Oak Grove Palomar trail I lost a silver mounted spur in the brush. Perhaps some day in the future some forest officer may find this spur and imagine that it was lost by one of the early Spanish inhabitants of that region.

Palomar was familiar ground to me. Between 1890 and 1902 I frequently camped and hunted deer on Palomar or Smith Mt., as it was then known. Our favorite camping spot was in Doane Valley, one of the beauty spots on the mountain. This valley, now a State Park, was then owned by "Old Man Doane", an early settler.

"Old Man Doane" was a character of whom little was known. He was a man of education and intelligence who lived in a shack little better than an Indian wickiupp, and who wore long hair and a long white beard. While the old man never told what brought him there he was a regular guest at the evening camp fires of the campers and hunters who braved the 25 per cent grade on the old Nigger Nate road in order to reach the summit.

Another character was Uncle Nate of Palomar, lovingly called Nigger Nate by the thousands who knew him. According to his own statement he was the "First white Man on Palomar," and none disputed his claim. Coming to California a slave in 1848, Uncle Nate squatted beside a spring on the south of the mountain, put up a small, rough typical"darkey" shack of one room with a fireplace like one would expect to find in a haunted house, and settled down to a life of ease. For while Uncle Nate was a friend to everyone he did not believe in work and managed to live to a ripe old age without work.

From the old timers throughout the Palomar region one could learn about Uncle Nate. Many were the stories told about him, but they all agreed on one thing, that Uncle Nate never did a solid days work in his life. The nearest he came to work was to have a brimming pail of water out at the side of the road to refresh man and beast when the team had struggled up the many steep, crooked turns of Nigger Nate grade. For this water Uncle Nate always expected, and received some donation of food or tobacco. That was how he lived. Yet when he died at 101 his friends erected at the spot where he used to appear with the bucket of water a white quartz and granite monument with a copper plate bearing the words, Nathaniel Harrison's spring, brought here a slave about 1848, died October 10, 1920, aged 101 years, a man's man for all that."

In those days Doane Valley was fenced, campers put up their tents where they chose, and turned their horses loose in the valley. As a result horses frequently hung around the tents, especially if there was hay or grain in them.

One day during one of my sojourns in that valley, several of us went out after deer. Included in our party was one man who was camping alone. We had poor luck that day, so returned to the valley about 3 p.m. and sat around under a big pine tree near our tents to rest and swap lies. We had not been there long until one of the party happened to notice that there was a horse in the tent that was occupied by the lone camper. The tent's flaps had been tied back. So the horse wandered in to get away from the flies, and stuck its head out thru a hole that had been out in the back of the tent for a window.

When the tent owner saw his new tenant, he jumped up, grabbed a big dead limb for a club, and headed for the tent. Instead of going around to the back of the tent and driving the horse out backwards, he slipped up to the front of the tent and gave the horse a tremendous whack across the rump with his club. Taken completely by surprise, the horse gave one big jump forward and pulled the tent up by the roots. By the time we caught the horse the tent was a wreck, the camp equipment was scattered over considerable territory, and the camper was speechless with rage because we had laughed so much at his fool performance.

Today all on Palomar is changed. It is accessible by good roads; considerable of it is a State Park. At another place on the mountain the world's greatest telescope is rapidly being installed. When I sat around the campfire "Old Man Doane" 40 to 50 years ago I never dreamed that such a transition would occur in my lifetime. Then it was a virtual wilderness.

On January 21 Bell and I rode the 40 miles between Oak Grove and Valle Vista in a very disagreeable cold rain and fog. Part of the way was down Bautista Canyon, over the identical route that had been traveled for the first time by white men on a January day some 130 years earlier by the DeAnza-Father Pedro Font party.

February 1, 1905 came the transfer from the Interior Department to the Department of Agriculture, and at that time my title was changed from Forest Inspector to Forest Supervisor.

This change was all for the good. While those in charge of the work of Division R (the forestry branch) of the General Land Office were a fine bunch of men and women, not one of them knew anything of conditions west of the Mississippi, and it was generally a hopeless task to work up a report that would "pass muster" with a "desk sergeant" who had never been in the west and did not know what it was all about. If it had not been for Commissioner Richards (who later became my father in law) who had spent his life in the west and knew the conditions, I would have "jumped the job" before 1005, for I was on several occasions pretty much disgusted with the lack of understanding in orders and instructions received.

Two illustrations are sufficient.

In 1904 much time was spent and many persons interviewed in the investigation of a famous Arizona grazing case. There were many angles to the problem and all difficult to solve. About two weeks after my report went in I received a letter saying "what we want is disinterested information." To this I replied "If you can find anyone in Arizona who does not take one side or the other in this row you can do better than I".

The other case was instructions to go from Grand Canyon over to St. George, Utah.

Now this is easy today since the canyon has been bridged, and it was assumed

easy in 1904 by the man in Division R who did not know the west, and who wrote the instructions after looking at a map. But to have made the trip by rail and wagon would have occasioned a journey east to Denver or west to Sacramento as a starter. On a trip that on the map looked like an easy jaunt of little over 100 miles, in reality would have been one of 1,000 to 1500 miles if the fastest means of travel had been used.

These are good illustrations of what happens in any governmental or private business where the supervising officials are not familiar with the field as well as the office conditions.

ACTING SUPERVISOR OF THE SANTA BARBARA

About the time that the trip on the Cleveland was completed, instructions were received to go to Santa Barbara, suspend Forest Supervisor Crawshaw, and temporarily assume charge of the West Division of the Santa Barbara Forest Reserve.

Arriving at Santa Barbara the evening of January 24, I hunted up a ranger who lived in town, and the next morning drove out to Montecito, the home of the Forest Supervisor, and informed him that my orders were to suspend him and take over all of the records of the office. The latter was a mighty small job, as about all of the records that I could find might easily have put in one shoe box. With these I returned to Santa Barbara and established an office.

I was in charge here as Acting Supervisor for 86 days. Thirty-eight of these days were spent in riding about 600 miles over the Reserve and supervising the work of Rangers Davison, Forsythe, Martin, Muzzall, Shoup, Stoddard, Hoover and Smith. My office was in my bedroom and I paid the rent. Altho I had no typewriter or clerk I sent out 335 letters while Acting Supervisor. These letters all had to be press copied. Since I had no letter press I put them in the copy book, put the book under my steamer trunk, and sat on the trunk until the letters were copied. The total forest expenses for supplies, tools, etc., during my 86 days on the Santa Barbara was $14.30.

Forest Officers of the present day do not realize the handicaps under which the early day Supervisor or Ranger worked. When I was at Santa Barbara there was absolutely no map available showing the location of the Reserve. There were no files or records showing what had been done by the former Supervisor. There were no telephone lines. Roads were practically non-existent on the Reserve, and trails were few in number and poorly maintained.

The sentiment in Southern California toward the Forest Reserves and Forest Officers was found very different from that in the rest of the western country. Around Santa Barbara the people were particularly friendly and I thoroughly enjoyed the three months spent there. The Ranger force was mainly a bunch of hard working men, some of whom were well along in years. Henry Muzzall, one of the most conscientious men on the force, was a Civil War Veteran.

Considering that the Forest had little money to spend for supplies, and the Rangers few tools to work with, the Ranger force accomplished a lot in the line of trail construction and repairs.

Early Day History of the Plumas and Lassen

On April 15, 1905, I received notice of my appointment as Supervisor of the Plumas and Diamond Mountain Forest Reserves, and to go to Quincy and organize these Reserves.

April 20 I turned the job over to Supervisor Slosson and the next day left Santa Barbara; stopped in San Francisco one day to get data regarding bogus mining claims, and reached Oroville at 10 p.m. on April 22. Since there was no Sunday stage to Quincy I left Oroville via the Oroville-Quincy Mail Stage line at 6 a.m. on April 24. Stage fare $7.00 for the 66 mile ride. I stopped at Merrimac over night and arrived at Quincy 6 p.m. April 25 -- some 24 hours traveling by stage coach and bobsled to cover 66 miles. May 1, I moved into the two front rooms over Ted Huskinson's saloon, using the front room as an office and sleeping on a folding cot in the rear room. The rent of $15.00 per month was paid out of my own pocket. This office was occupied until October 11, 1905, when I moved into the house and office built for me by R. J. Miller, and for many years known as the Langhorst home. Beginning with December 1, 1905 the Forest Service paid office rent of $10.00 per month.

Walter C. Robinson was the first Guard appointed on the Plumas Forest. He went on duty May 16, 1905. The other 8 Guards on the Plumas and Diamond Mountain this first season were: W. T. Stark, J. R. Cooke, Austin E. Darby, George Chamberlin, George A. Hall, Plumas Davis, Harvey Abbey, and G. E. Rutherford. They were paid $60.00 per month and furnished their own pack and saddle horses and subsistence. June 2, Forest Assistant Powers arrived. He was my sole "staff". For over a year we were everything from janitor to Supervisor. About this same time notice came to assume charge also of the newly created Lassen Forest Reserve. R. W. Flournoy and Orlando Hedrick were selected as Guards for this Reserve and they were the entire 1905 summer force on a million and a half acres.

260 miles horseback was ridden in 7 days between June 23 and 30, partly with Flournoy and Hedrick in order to get them staked out on their new jobs. This trip covered the following route:

June 23: Quincy to Prattville via Greenville - 40 miles.
June 24: Prattville to Drakesbad - 25 miles.
June 25: Drakesbad to Eldridge Ranch in T. 34 N. R. 6 E. via Cinder Cone and Butte Creek -- 35 miles.
June 26: Eldridge Ranch to Lost Camp - 35 miles.
June 27: Lost Camp to Campbell Ranch on Head of Digger Creek -- 30 miles.
June 28: Campbell Ranch to Morgan Hot Springs via Sugar Pine Flat and Mineral - 25 miles.
June 29: Morgan Springs to Prattville via Deer Creek Meadows and Butte Creek -- 30 miles.
June 30: Prattville to Quincy via Greenville - 40 miles.

This 260 mile saddle trip was over poor roads, poorer trails and no trails at all, fully 60 miles of it being through brush fields. 32 miles per day isn't much speed these days, but it meant an average day of 10 hours in 1905.

The first Ranger examination was held at Quincy July 5 and 6, 1905. There was half day written examinations and over a full day field examination. As part of the field exam, I had the candidates survey out and mark the boundaries of what is now the Feather River Experiment Station. This was the first Ranger Station selected on any one of these three Forest Reserves. The following 15 applicants took the Ranger Examination: R. L. Andrews, Harvey Abbey, George Chamberlin, J. E. Cooke, Austin E. Darby, Plumas Davis, R. W. Flournoy, A. P. Goodwin, George A. Hall, Orlando Hedrick, F. W. Hogan, D. B. McIntosh, Frank L. Mead, Walter G. Robinson and George N. Rutherford. All but Andrews, Davis, Goodwin, Hogan, McIntosh and Rutherford served from 4 to 20 years as Forest Rangers on various Forests.

December 8 the first four permanent rangers were appointed; three more were appointed soon after, making the winter force 8 men on the three forests. Ranger J. C. LaPlant was transferred to the Lassen from the Yellowstone Forest Reserve about this time.

Salaries paid on these Reserves the first year were Supervisor $2000, Forest Assistant $1200, Rangers $900 and Guards $720. Every Forest Officer furnished his own quarters, transportation, horse feed and subsistence.

The total expense for operation of these three Reserves in the year 1905, salaries excepted, was $595.35. This was for 8 months for the Plumas and Diamond Mountain and 7 months for the Lassen. About 65% of this was for fire fighting, 20% for tools, and the other 15% miscellaneous items such as telephone calls, stationery supplies, one months office rent, etc. The lowest month was December with expenses of $11.75. The heaviest was August with $204.23, mainly for fire suppression. Fire fighters were paid 25¢ per hour. The Supervisor paid them out of his own pocket and took form 4a sub-vouchers, which were turned in with his account at the end of the month. Money was borrowed at the bank to pay official bills. That was how most purchases were handled. My old records show that bacon cost 15¢, butter 20¢, and eggs 15¢. Meals ranged from 25¢ to 50¢. A meal ticket (21 meals) at either the Plumas House or Grand Central Hotel in Quincy cost five bucks. The meals were nothing to brag about so whichever place one patronized he wished he had gone to the other one.

About June 1, 1905, I was furnished with a typewriter. For $8.00 I bought a second hand letter press and used this for the first year to make all carbon copies of official correspondence. For the 8 months from May to December, I handled 1927 pieces of incoming official mail and 1307 pieces of outgoing official mail, or a total of 2324 pieces, an average of about 10 per day.

I rode 1900 miles in the saddle during this period and worked from 8 to 15 hours every day, Sundays and holidays included. I had no annual leave in 1905. December 12, I took over the keeping of the official weather records in Quincy, and in January 1906, brought the Rangers into the office for a few weeks to help us catch up with the map work, reports and correspondence.

During the summer of 1905 I climbed the following peaks on those three Reserves. I believe that I was the first permanently appointed Forest Officer to ever climb them.

Plumas	Claremont	June 15, 1905
Lassen	Cinder Cone	June 20 "
Plumas	Pilot Peak	July 10 "
Plumas	Spanish Peak	July 16 "
Lassen	Lassen Peak	August 6 "
Diamond Mt.	Mt. Ingalls	August 29 "
Diamont Mt.	Mt. Hough	August 30 "

Claremont was climbed three times and Pilot Peak and Spanish Peak twice during the summer. From 1906 to 1909 I climbed many more of the high points through these three Reserves.

The three largest jobs on these three Reserves the first season were (1) to find out who grazed stock on them, how many head they had and where they grazed, (2) to run down the "Gippo" timber trespassers, particularly the sugar pine shake cutters, and (3) to secure reliable data, and locate on maps the literally thousands of bogus mining claims that covered the Plumas Reserve and parts of the Diamond Mountain.

The first Inspector to visit Quincy was W. B. Greeley who dropped in March 23, 1906 to look over the timber sales. April 6, 1906, John H. Hatton spent a day on grazing matters and May 26, 1906 W. T. Cox came to look over timber sales and boundaries. In the nearly five years at Quincy less than 10 Inspectors or outside Forest Officers visited me. A main reason was that the nearest railroad points were then Beckwith 42 miles east and Oroville 67 miles west, with poor roads and stage travel.

March 29, 1906 came the first local agitation for a National Park around Lassen Peak. After a field examination I, on January 5, 1907, recommended the creation of a National Monument covering the Peak, Cinder Cone, etc. April 23, 1906 came a wire to be ready to send tents and rangers to San Francisco to help the earthquake sufferers. However they were never called for.

The second Ranger examination was held at Quincy May 15 and 16, 1906. There were 14 candidates to take the examination combined field and office test. Among the better known successful candidates at this examination were Evan W. Kelly, for years now Regional Forester at Missoula, Montana, and my brother Arthur C. Barrett who served as a ranger on the Plumas for about 12 years.

One of the local characters who took the ranger examination at Quincy in 1906 was an individual known as "Ragged Haggerty." Much to my surprise he passed the examination and was appointed to an Assistant Ranger job on an adjoining National Forest.

I saw nothing more of him until July 4, the next year when he showed up at the celebration being held in Quincy. I asked him what he was doing and "how come" he was there instead of being on the job to which he was appointed. He replied "I was a victim of circumstances and got fired from that job. Pressed for the reason he gave me the following alibi:

"When I took that Ranger job the Forest Supervisor put me to work with 4 other fellows building a trail in the mountains north of Downieville, and that was my finish. Do you know those other 4 would begin on Thursday to get ready on Friday to go to Downieville on Saturday to spend Sunday. On Monday they would come back to camp all petered out so they had to rest all day Tuesday. The result was that they only worked on Wednesday. When we had been there two or three months the Forest Supervisor came up to look over the trail, and he was so disgusted because I could not do five mens work that he fired us.

June 14, 1906. I started the first work looking toward the cancellation of some of the fraudulent timber and stone entries. July 3, I telegraphed W. J. Burns, then head of the Secret Service relative to land frauds, and on July 17, B. J. Raymond, one of Burns' assistants arrived and started investigations that lead to the relinquishment of several timber and stone entries and the cancellation, years later, by the U. S. Supreme Court, of a number of the Curtis, Collins and Holbrook entries valued at some $350,000.

The Forest Homestead Act was passed June 11, 1906, and on June 18, a week later, F. N. Loomis called to see me relative to the listing to him of a tract near Quincy. This was done later but the land was never farmed.

July 31, 1906, first work was started on the big investigation of the 1868 mineral locations of the North California Mining Co. on the Plumas. August 30, the first members of the examining party arrived. They worked until November 8, the hearing, lasting some 22 days, was held in the U. S. Land Office in Susanville in the summer of 1907. The decision was favorable to the United States and it gave a hard jolt to the locators of invalid mining claims in that region, in area at stake, some 265,000 acres of timberland. This was the largest land case ever contested by the Forest Service in California.

The first Supervisors' meeting in California (and probably the first one to be held anywhere) was held at Northfork, California, October 3 - 9, 1906, on instructions emanating from the Forester's office in Washington. In attendance were Forest Supervisors Slosson, Bell, Elliott, Shinn, Mainwaring, Bigelow, Bogus, Coleman, White, Ellis and Barrett. From the Washington office came Capt. Adams, Chief of Operation, and Inspectors

DuBois, Flintham and Cooper. State Forester Zull was also present, as were several Sierra Rangers.

The 7 day conference covered every subject anyone present could think of, it being more an opportunity to compare notes and see what the Manual meant them to determine matters of policy and procedure. Travel to the meeting was necessarily slow - it taking the writer 3 long days to get there from Quincy. The first day, from 6 a.m. to 7:30 p.m., I covered the 66 miles from Quincy to Oroville by horse stage; the second day from 4 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. via S.P.RR., from Oroville to Madera, and the third day it took from 7 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. to cover the distance between Madera and Northfork in one of the Concord stages of Star Route #1. This part of the trip was over a road as dusty that all of the passengers, whether black, white, red or yellow, looked just the same when the destination was reached.

While at this meeting I talked with DuBois about the need for a Deputy Supervisor to help me out. November 1, 1906, L.A.H. Kling was appointed as my Deputy. November 12, "Bill" Durbin reported for duty as special timber sale ranger to help handle the numerous small timber sales then under way to the Utah Construction Co., which had the contract for building the Western Pacific Ry. thru the Feather River Canyon. Some 100 miles of this construction was on or immediately adjacent to the Plumas and Diamond Mt. Reserves and the construction work was under way from 1905 to 1909.

"Bill" Durbin was one of the most diplomatic men that ever wore the Forest Service uniform. Of the hundreds of fine men with whom I worked in the Forest Service, Bill was my favorite. Many are the interesting and amusing stories told of Bill during his Forest Service days.

Some time before he reported to the Plumas he was working temporarily on the Inyo Forest Reserve when he received instructions to at once report to the Santa Barbara for some special timber work.

Bill at once went into Bishop, headed south, and found it necessary to borrow some money to travel on. Since there were no forest officers in town his only chance seemed to be a small merchant he had made some purchases of while around town. So Bill went in and asked if he could borrow ten bucks. The store keeper's wife, who overheard the "touch" spoke up and said, "that's right, loan money to every beggar that comes in". This made the storekeeper so mad that he said, "No, I won't loan you ten dollars, but I will loan you twenty-one dollars." So Bill got the twenty bucks and headed south.

November 21, 1906 the office was moved into a separate one room building owned by W. J. Miller. It remained there until 1906 when it was moved to the office on the main street of Quincy that was erected for the Forest Service by Mr. Flournoy.

During the calendar year 1906, I handled a total of 5712 pieces of official mail, an average of 476 per month, or about 18 a day.

In the winter of 1906-1907 the permanent Forest Officers bought their first uniforms. These were of olive green corduroy and cost $11.25 each--made to measure--coat, vest and trousers. This was the longest wearing uniform I ever owned. I still have the coat to this uniform.

The first Ranger meeting was held in Quincy in May, 1907. In the fall of 1907, J. W. Dilley was transferred to Quincy as Forest Clerk, the first one we had.

Early in 1908 a separate administration was set up for the Lassen Reserve. On my recommendation Kling was transferred to the Lassen as Supervisor and "Bill" Durbin was promoted to be my Deputy. Up until this time I had been in charge of a combined Forest area of some three million acres which was entirely too much for one man in the days of horse travel.

Soon after January first 1908, I spent a few weeks on an assignment in Washington, leaving Deputy Supervisor Kling in charge during my absence. About all that I remember of the work done there was correcting letters written by other forest officers in on assignment, and checking over the answers on a general questionnaire that had been sent out to every field man.

The answer to one of the questions on two of the forms checked is worth reciting here. The question was "marital condition". One field man wrote "very unsatisfactory". The other used only the one word "Hell". I always figured that these two were probably citing the exact facts.

I returned to Quincy to find a small mutiny in action. Due to too much "butting in" on the part of the wife of one forest officer some of the members of the force were about to quit.

While this row was soon settled by me telling the officious lady to stay out of the office, and not mix in official affairs, I know of several other cases where a promising forest officer's future was ruined because "friend wife" was either too officious or could not mix well with other forest officers and their wives. Too much gossip was the usual cause of these downfalls.

In the spring of 1908, M. S. Benedict went to work as a Forest Guard and later in the year was appointed a Ranger. July 18, 1908, J. R. Hall reported for duty as Forest Assistant; A. R. Powers having resigned. In September Clark Dilley was transferred to Denver, and we were without a permanent clerk until Fred Weber was appointed to fill his place on December 1. In June 1908, the Claremont lookout station was completed and manned, a telephone line being built to it. The first season I had 5 lookout men here. One only stayed one day. The building was constructed of lumber from some old mining buildings on the south slope of Claremont, and I personally helped build it. On July 16, 1908 the Lookout man

reported his first fire to Quincy office by telephone.

Apparently Shuteye on the Sierra, and Claremont on the Plumas were supplied with a building at about the same time. In both cases the development was on the initiative of the Supervisor. These were two of the first lookouts ever constructed. The Lights Creek, Boulder Creek, Alkali and Meadow View Ranger Stations were completed this year, while the Little Grizzly Valley station cabin, the first Station building constructed, was destroyed by fire of undetermined origin on September 23, 1908.

There is quite a story connected with the construction of this Little Grizzly Ranger Station. It was not done "according to Hoyle,"and would be frowned upon today.

Ranger Chamberlain was the forest officer in charge of the northwest part of the Plumas Forest. He had no quarters but a tent, and very little equipment. And there was no money in those days to use to build ranger stations.

One day in scouting around Chamberlain discovered a large "cache" of sugar pine shakes that had been cut in trespass on government land. When the discovery was made the trespasser was about to haul the shakes out of the woods and dispose of them. Chamberlain posted Government Property Notices on the shakes and then took up the trail of the shake maker.

The latter apparently got word of this, so abandoned his camp and camp equipment, hurried down to Stirling City, and bought a ticket to Arizona. That was the last heard of this shake making trespasser.

Chamberlain then contacted me and I rode over to the Longville region and looked over the siezed property. In addition to about 20,000 shakes it included a tent, cook stove, cooking equipment and a lot of miscellaneous tools.

Now a station building was badly needed here. So we cut some logs for the walls, roofed it with some of the seized shakes, and traded more of the shakes with a small sawmill operator for lumber, doors, windows, nails, etc., with which to complete the cabin. Most of the remainder of the shakes were used to build a "lean to" shelter for the ranger's pack and saddle horses. Then the ranger moved in.

Therefore this first permanent station on the Plumas was built at no expense to the United States except for the ranger labor, and the value of the stumpage cut in trespass.

This is just one example of how many of the early day station buildings were constructed. Forest officers had to be good rustlers and pick up a board here and a window there. The old Alkali station was torn down and moved from its original location where it had served as a cow camp. The Claremont Lookout, as already mentioned, was constructed entirely

from materials salvaged from abandoned buildings we wrecked.

Tools were also acquired this way on the Plumas. When the Western Pacific Railway was under construction there were partly worn out and abandoned tools of all kinds scattered from Beckwith to Berry Creek. The rangers picked up and used scores of abandoned tools of all kinds.

Telephone expert T. A. Day reported for duty July 18,1908. A construction crew was organized and Day built a line from Quincy to Milford thru Indian Falls, Crescent Mills, Lights Creek Station, Boulder Creek Station and Alkali Station. A branch south was built from Alkali to Crocker Station. The most of building this line of over 100 miles was approximately $35 per mile. Labor cost was $19.57 per mile and materials $15.50 per mile. Compare this with what it costs 30 years later to build Forest Service telephone lines and the "old timers" will not show up so badly.

About this time we made a timber sale over on the east side of the Reserve above Doyle to a firm under the name of Shadbolt and Ellis. They had not been operating long when the lumberjacks working on the sale were much perplexed by the fact that the boarding house pie crust had changed in color from white to brown, and the change in taste and effect was even more pronounced than the change in color.

About the same time the woods boss was worrying because the keg of "skid grease" that he had ordered, and that was badly needed to grease the log shutes, had failed to show up. Without any prearranged plan on the part of anyone, both the lumberjacks and the woods boss started an investigation; the lumberjacks to find out what was the matter with the pie crust, and the woods boss to learn why the shipment of "skid grease" had not arrived. What was the astonishment of both parties to learn that the camp cook had run out of pie crust shortening and had appropriated the keg of "skid grease" as a substitute.

As a result of this investigation the woods boss got his "skid grease", and the camp a new cook.

This outfit went broke in a couple of years because they would not take advice. Their ending reminds me of the "Old Timers" sawmill story.

The "Old Timer" was asked, "is there any money in the sawmill business?" "Old Timer" looked thoughtful for a few munites, bit off a good hunk of chewing tobacco, and said, "Well, pardner, there's the case of Bill and his sawmill. I have known Bill for a good many years. His father owned some timber and a sawmill. When he died the property went to Bill, so the sawmill did not cost him nothin'. Bill has three grown sons. They have done all the loggin and run the mill, so his labor did not cost him nothin'. Bill got his logs over the line, stealing them off his neighbor's property, so his timber did not cost him nothin'. Bill sold most of his lumber to the oil wells down along the railroad, freight prepaid. Bill's brother in law is the freight agent and deadheaded most of the cars thru, so the freight did not cost him nothin'. Bill

told me last year that he went in the hole $2,000."

During the year 1908 there was a succession of homestead entry and mining claim contests under way, the hearings being held mainly in Quincy. I was successful in cancelling most of the homesteads contested but lost a number of the mineral contests.

In the latter half of March, 1908, just after I had returned from a detail to the Forester's office in Washington, we had the heaviest storm that occurred in the Feather River country while I was there. A six day downpour on top of the snow pack caused a runoff that carried away most of the bridges in the County and wiped out all known high water marks. No mail arrived in Quincy for 17 days. January 1909 was also a very stormy month, there being only two clear days, January 29 and 30.

The first tree planting ever done on the Plumas was in March, 1909 when some 1200 small seedlings that had been dug up near the Feather River Experiment Station were planted near what is now the Piedmont Boy Scout Camp on Spanish Creek.

Grazing assistant Rushing reported August 12, 1909, and spent the next few months trying to straighten out grazing matters. September 17, Ranger Chamberlin left for the Ranger School at Hot Springs on the Sequoia that was in charge of Supervisor E. A. Sherman. I believe that this was the first Ranger School ever held by the Forest Service.

Harvey Rogers reported for duty as second clerk September 19. October 5, electric lights were installed in the office for the first time. Prior to that it was lamps or candles for night office work.

The last Ranger examination in which I had any hand was held at Quincy on October 25 and 26, 1909.

I received the offer on November 30, 1909 of a position to handle claims work in the District Office in San Francisco. The next day I accepted the offer and two days later wrote the Forester recommending that "Bill" Durbin be promoted to fill my place and that Jesse Hall be promoted to Deputy Supervisor. But I was informed on December 15 that Dave N. Rogers the present Supervisor of the Plumas, would be transferred from the Stanislaus and promoted to fill my place. December 22, Dave arrived, and January 1, 1910 took over the Forest.

January 4, 1910, the coldest day in 10 years, Woodbury, Elliott and Hammatt arrived from the District Office and January 5 to 7 there was a Ranger meeting at which Dave got acquainted with his new force. At 4:30 a.m. on January 8, in company with Woodbury, Elliott and Hammatt, I took the bobsled stage for Beckwith, and thence by rail to Sanfrancisco and the new job.

According to my diary, during the 4 years and 8 months I was located at Quincy I travelled 9,460 miles over that country on a saddle horse or

in a buckboard, and walked some 3500 miles, much of which was on survey work. The longest fast drive was from Longville to Quincy, some 50 miles in 7 hours. I made many saddle trips of 40 to 42 miles in a day. On August 5, 1909 I walked 18 miles going to and from a fire. The hardest single day trip I ever made was one of 40 miles in 14 hours in the Middle Fork Feather River country around Hartman Bar on July 18, 1909. I nearly lost my saddle horse and my life in the river on this trip.

I was riding a foot trail on a steep slope when the trail caved off and horse and rider started for the river on a loose rock slide. I managed to slip out of the saddle and held onto the reins, keeping the horse's head up hill until we struck firmer ground and stopped sliding. After much difficulty I got the horse back onto the trail and then found it impossible to get back up the river because of the caved off section of trail.

Since no trail down river existed it was necessary to lead my horse and fight the way up to the rim of the canyon, about a 4,000 foot climb thru heavy brush. During this climb I was working against time, as darkness had descended by the time I got out of the canyon and struck a familiar trail on the ridge. Then it was miles to a stopping place.

During my residence in Quincy I owned what was considered the second best mountain driving team in Northern California. The only better team was one owned by the Superintendent of the Cone Ranch Company, near Red Bluff.

The worst trip from the standpoint of hardships encountered was with Bill Durbin from December 28, 1908 to January 3, 1909. In these six days we rode 175 miles from Quincy thru Belden and Big Bar to Berry Creek and back thru Merrimac, Bucks Ranch and Toll House to Quincy. The last three days of this was in a driving rain and snow storm when we were soaked to the skin all the time. The last day we had to buck two to three feet of soft snow to get across the Letter Box summit before we were snowed in for the winter.

This was by far the worst part of the trip, it taking us from midnight, January 2, to 3 p.m. on January 3, some 15 hours, to cover the distance between Letter Box and Toll Gate, about 20 miles, the hardest part of the trip being thru Bucks Valley. Here the snow, about three feet deep, was so soft and mushy that either horse or man went clear thru to the ground at every step.

In spots the going was so bad that the horses could not make it carrying a rider. Then Bill and I took turns in breaking a trail on foot and leading our horses. Since our clothes were heavy with water this was mighty hard work and rests were frequent. To make matters worse there was no occupied habitation along the road, a mixture of rain and snow was falling, and we had no food for man or beast.

But there is an end to everything and both riders and horses "perked up" amazingly when after some 14 hours of this heart breaking work we crossed the low divide between Bucks Valley and Meadow Valley and were on the down hill ride for Quincy and a place to dry out, warm up and fill up. The one bright spot on this winter ride was the New Year dinner with Walker Bell and his wife at Berry Creek.

Leaving Big Bar soon after daylight, we rode all day in a pouring rain, arriving at Berry Creek about dusk, wet to the skin. Walker, who was a very large man, helped us stable our horses, and located some dry clothes for us to wear while all of our clothes dried out around the big old "pot bellied" iron stove in the hotel living room.

Bidding us warm up and dry out, Walker and his wife retired to the kitchen to get dinner. A little over an hour later Bill and I were asked to put our feet under the dining table, Walker saying "Me and the Mrs. were afraid that we were going to have to eat New Years dinner alone until you came along, so we didn't get much".

But what Walker called "not much" would have been a feast for anyone; a heaping plate of fried chicken, baked potatoes, chicken gravy, hot biscuits and hot apple pie. In view of the fact that Bill and I had no lunch that day we surely "laid in" to one of the best New Year dinners that I ever tasted.

While Supervisor here, I did all kinds of work from sweeping out the Office to contesting invalid land claims. There were boundary surveys, bridge building, timber marking and scaling, telephone construction, map making, and 57 other odd jobs.

We started in with no maps and had to secure the necessary data and make our own. The same with land status and field notes. This was all necessary in order to take action against the countless invalid land locations. A great deal of my time was spent on this work. Had I received proper help I could have successfully contested many, many more invalid entries. As it is I doubt if any other Forest Supervisor, in the same period of time, ever had a hand in contesting as many homesteads, timber and stone entries, and mineral locations.

The entire Plumas Reserve was "plastered with mineral locations in those days. Men who could not afford to do the assessment work on one location frequently had a dozen claims. They were all out to get timber lands by any hook or crook.

There was absolutely no enforcement of the fish and game laws in this entire region prior to the Forest Administration. Soon after arriving in Quincy I applied for a Deputy Game Warden appointment. This I held until my retirement some 31 years later. I also secured similar appointment for the regular ranger force and we went after the game law violators.

In those days a deputized Forest Officer received $25 for each arrest that resulted in conviction.. As a result some of the rangers made as much as $200 extra in a year thru game law prosecutions.

During these days when the Western Pacific Ry was under construction, men of 15 or 20 nationalities were working in the forest. Many were foreigners who never had observed the game laws anywhere. As a consequence illegal hunting, and especially fish dynamiting was common. But after 26 arrests, each of which drew a $250 find or 125 days in jail, we made dynamiting very unpopular.

Much of the credit for this campaign was due to Pat Mellager, the Irish barber who was Justice of the Peace in Quincy. Pat used to say, "you bring them in and I'll soak them.

One amusing game law violation case occurred at Belden, on the North Fork. There were rival saloon and resort facilities here. Bob Belden operated the one on the south side of the river. Nearly opposite on the north bank was the place operated by a man named Brown. These two were sworn enemies.

One day during closed deer season Ranger Chamberlin happened to drop in to the Belden place. Here he found part of a deer carcass, so promptly arrested Belden, the proprietor and brought him out to Quincy. When taken before the Justice Bob plead guilty and paid a $50 fine. He at once came down to the Forest Service office, asked for me, and inquired how he could be appointed a Deputy Game Warden. Asked why he wanted to be a game warden, Bob said "So I can arrest Brown. He has the other half of that deer."

Ranger Robinson was at once telephoned to drop in on Brown and see if he had any illegal venison. The Ranger made a call, found the other half of the deer and brought Brown out to Quincy where he also was fined 50 bucks. The amusing part of this story is that neither blamed the Forest Officers for their arrest and conviction. Each one was sure the other was responsible for his trouble. As a consequence the fued waxed fiercer.

The same Ranger who arrested Bob Belden made a single handed arrest that is also some kind of a record. Chamberlin had heard rumors of much fish dynamiting, and one day rode right into a gang that had just blasted the river and was picking up the dead fish.

Chamberlin pulled out his trusty old six shooter and immediately arrested 14 men, all Slavonians, for dynamiting fish. Since the place where the arrest was made was not accessible to Quincy, the County seat, by road, Chamberlain lined up the 14 men and started them off over the mountain trail, some 30 miles into Quincy.

When Quincy was reached the 14 were domiciled in the local "Hoosegow" until the next morning, when they were taken before the Justice of the Peace and bound over to appear for trial in the Superior Court. When the trial was held the entire 14 were convicted and were fined $250 each.

Since they lacked the funds they were remanded to jail until all of their friends along the river chipped in and raised a couple of thousand dollars to pay their fines.

Considering the thousands of transient railroad construction workers the record was good. We did not have one big, destructive, long-drawn-out conflagration the 5 seasons. They were all handled in some way by the local force without a large expense for fire fighters. Every man in the region had a job in those days and there was no setting of fires in order to make a grubstake.

According to my diary there were some 135 fires on the Reserves under my charge during the 5 seasons that I was in the Feather River country. This was an average 27 a year. 1905 with 14 fires held the best record and 1909 with 53 fires was the worst.

On November 15 to 18, 1905, a ground fire burned over an area of about 1000 acres on the Plumas Reserve in the vicinity of Brush Creek. Immediately following this fire there was a strong north wind that blew down a quantity of the needles and leaves that were dried out by the first fire. Three days after the first fire there was another one on this same area. Fed by the freshly blown down crop of needles, it again burned over the same area. In this case the first fire furnished the fuel for the second.

Along the Railroad construction line we depended on construction crews for fire fighters. Elsewhere the lumberjacks, miners, and stockmen helped out. Sometimes it was a difficult matter to round up a crew. But there was one Ranger on the force who never had any trouble apparently in getting fire fighters. It was not until the last year at Quincy that I learned the secret of his success.

This Ranger was Frank Smith, otherwise known as "Butterfly" Smith because his parents' home was in Butterfly Valley. Smith was a big, raw-boned man - 6 feet 8 inches tall, who weighed 225 pounds. He was an ex-sailor and ex-prize fighter as well as being a crack shot with a six shooter.

One day in talking with one of the construction engineers of the Great Western Power Co. mention was made that Smith could always get fire fighters where other Rangers failed. Other Rangers wondered how he worked it. The Engineer said, "Why that is easy. Smith just goes to some roadhouse, lines up the loafers he finds there, and tells them he wants them to fight fire. Then if any demur, Smith says, "Well, boys, you can either fight fire or fight me." Smith's reputation as a fighter is such that they all prefer the fire fighting."

Another "biggest" that I believe can be laid claim to is that from 1905 to 1909 we had the largest timber sale (or sales) ever made on any forest. As before mentioned, the Western Pacific Ry. was under construction thru 100 miles of forest and there were sales, mostly small, scattered from Blairsden to Big Bar.

Only two of the many men who served under me while I was at Quincy are in the Forest Service today: Jesse Hall and M. A. Benedict. Many dropped out soon. Many others have "passed on" to the "Happy Hunting Ground."

Five of the men who were with me became Forest Supervisors: M. A. Benedict, Bill Durbin, Jesse Hall, L. A. H. Kling, and W. J. Rushing. Charles S. Judd, who wrestled with the old Clover Valley Timber Sale for a time was for many years Territorial Forester of the Hawaiian Islands, having passed away only recently.

The summer guards as well as the ranger force came from all walks of life. One was a well educated German who had served in the German Forest Service but who did not speak English very well. One day when calling at the Supervisor's office I asked him how everything was going out on his district. "Well" he says, "I travel a lot, and I see much evidence of carelessnesses, but no crime."

Quincy was accessible only by horse drawn stages or sleighs during my residence there. The stage drivers were all longtime residents who could spin interesting yarns to their passengers. They were used to hardships, too.

One day I was with Bill Durbin at Belden when the stage came in from Stirling City. Bill wanted to see the stage driver, so we went down to the barn where the latter was unhitching the two mules that had pulled in the buckboard used as a stage. The driver unhooked the team, lead them into the barn, and whistling all the time, began pulling the harness off over the rumps of the mules. He hung up one harness, and was pulling off the other when that mule gave him a vicious kick and slammed him up against the side of the barn. Still whistling, he picked himself up out of the barn dirt, hung up the harness, and turned around to Bill. "Ain't that unusual" says Bill. "Oh not," says the driver, "not at all. I'm used to it." The conversation took another turn.

While the work at Quincy was hard and the hours long, I thoroly enjoyed the nearly 5 years spent there and have always been glad of the opportunity to meet the many interesting people who lived there. Some of them were real characters that I shall never forget. One in particular was an old man who was very talkative and could spin some mighty long yarns.

He was one man who had apparently been everywhere, who knew every celebrity in ancient or modern times, and who had worked at all kinds of jobs and professions. Whether it was Grant, or Washington, or Napoleon, or Nero, or Diogenes that we mentioned, he knew them all by their first name. He had also been Asia, Africa, the South Seas, Cape Horn, and Mexico, and had spent from 10 to 40 years in such places.

One winter night several of us got "old timer" going good, and one man commenced taking notes on who he knew, where he had been, and how long he had been there. After he had claimed acquaintance with Shakespeare, the

the Caliph of Bagdad, and a few dozen others, had been to Timbuctoo and Tibet, and a number of other places as remote; and had spent from a dozen to twenty-five years at each place, one of his listeners said, "Well Mr. Blank, you have known a lot of people and seen a lot of country and lived a long life, "Just how old are you anyway?" "Old Timer" stood up, threw out his chest and said, "I'll be 76 my next birthday." "But" says his questioner, "this don't check out. According to what you told us this evening as to how long you were at different places, you could be about 480 years old". With that "Old Timer" gave us one hard look, put on his hat and went out into the snow. And he would not speak to one of the bunch for a couple of months.

Two more incidents of an official nature that occurred while I was in charge of the Plumas deserve mention.

The first was the "call down" received by letter from Washington in July 1905. That office wanted to know why, within 90 days after arrival on the job, I had not been able to learn how much stock grazed on the three million acres under administration. They also wanted the names and addresses of all of these stock owners very soon.

As a matter of fact it took five years to round up all of this information, and then it was only finished when a special man was assigned to the job.

The second "call down" was because I failed to sign a letter written to the Washington office. Some "desk sergeant" there drafted a reply calling my attention to this unseemly oversight. This letter was prepared for the signature of the Acting Forester. But that official overlooked attaching his signature, so I received an unsigned rebuke.

This was too good to overlook. Accordingly I wrote on this letter in longhand "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones" and returned it to the Foresters office. That was the last heard of the matter.

When I arrived in Quincy in April 1905, more than 80 per cent of the people in that region were opposed to the Forest Reserve policy. They wanted to see all of the timbered mountains pass into private ownership. Consequently the first forest officers had to combat public sentiment as well as fires, timber trespassers and land locators. By the time I left Quincy there had been a decided change in sentiment.

I always have fond memories of Quincy for another and very personal reason. It was during my residence there that I married, and two sons were born there. In December 1906, I slipped away to Rawlins, Wyoming, and was united in marriage to Ruth L. Richards. We very much enjoyed the three years that our home was maintained in Quincy.

During my 26 years in the Regional Office I frequently visited the Plumas Forest on official business. This was one trip that it was always a pleasure to make. It gave me an opportunity to renew old acquaintances and to recall the early days of my married life. Quincy in those days was the most charming mountain town in California and its inhabitants were very hospitable people.

Prior to the advent of the railroad, the power companies and the large sawmills, the Plumas-Lassen region was much more beautiful than it is today.

Except where crown fires had destroyed the forest, there was a virgin timber stand nearly everywhere. The Big Meadows region was a most attractive combination of open meadows and giant timber, with some boating streams adjacent to the several large springs. Today most of the wonderful timber stand is gone, there is still dead debris in Lake Almanor, and fire has destroyed much of the smaller timber that was left by the loggers.

The same condition exists around Quincy, Greenville, Blairsden, Cromberg and Sloat. The march of "progress" has done much to detract from the scenic beauty of what were most attractive little settlements 35 years ago.

At that time one could drive from Berry Creek to Blairsden thru an almost virgin forest. Today, fully four fifths of the original stand along this 85 miles has either been logged or destroyed by fire. No doubt the removal this timber made many jobs for many men. At the same time one who knew this region at the turn of the century cannot help but feel that all of this development has not come without much resulting loss.

<u>My initiation into the District Office.</u>

When I reported to the District Office early in January 1910, with the title of "Claims Clerk", I found several tables in the room assigned me covered with foldered claims cases, the man then in charge being almost buried in files.

When it came time to quit for the day my predecessor jammed several files in a brief case and picked up his hat. Inquiring "Why take work home?" he said, that is the only way I can keep anywhere near up with the job." I replied, "Well, if I can't handle it without taking a lot of "home work" every evening I'll soon either quit or get fired. The pile was cleaned up in 60 days.

This "homework" business is usually a failure. One can only do so much mental work in a day and do it well. I have taken files home in an emergency, but never made a practice of it. If a man can't keep up with his job without working at it day and night, he is either too small for the job or is badly in need of more help.

Another decision made when I entered the District office was not to take my Forest Service troubles home and work them over on my family. Official troubles were left behind when the office door closed. As a consequence my wife often said that she knew less about Forest Service work than any wife of a Forest Officer. If I had it all to do over the same plan would be followed. Too much living with the job day and night is not conducive of the best work in the long run.

Angeles

Perhaps because my boyhood days were spent in Southern California, I was always particularly interested in the National Forests south of the Tehachapi. Another reason for the numerous trips there was that it was in the south end of the State that the first land classification work was done and the first heavy recreation was developed. So between 1910 and 1930 many trips were made south, particularly to the Angeles, where an old friend of early days, R. H. Charlton held down the job of Forest Supervisor for many years.

Charlton and I entered the Service at the same time, both traveled the west for two years and then were assigned to Forests in the same State. I was always glad of the opportunity to talk over forest matters with R. H. and consider him one of the half dozen outstanding Forest Supervisors in the United States of the 1910 to 1925 period.

December 1, 1912, I arrived in Los Angeles to arrange for the first land classification work in Region 5. "Sid" Stoner, J. O. Morrow, Percy L. Day and several experts of the Bureau of Soils were in the first parties that started work very soon.

A Cold Trip With Supervisor Charlton

Early one morning in January 1913, Forest Supervisor Charlton and I pulled out from San Bernardino with a team of bronchos and a buckboard bound for the ranger station on Buck Creek 40 miles distant on the desert side of the forest. The morning we left was the date of the "big freeze" and the temperature was doen some 15 degrees below freezing. Anticipating a cold ride Charlton took along an unopened bottle containing a quart of "Old Crow."

Our route lay up the Cajon Pass and thence up Lone Pine Canyon, over the Summit at 7,000 feet elevation and down Sheep Creek to the desert. We faced a bitterly cold north wind all the way, were in an open rig, and the further and higher we went the colder it got. By three P.M. when we crossed the summit, Charlton decided that he would freeze if he did not get warmed up some way, so brought out the quart bottle with high anticipation, only to discover that he had forgotten a cork puller.

Substitute cork pullers were unattainable. He broke all the blades in his knife, and he could make no impression on the cork by pounding on the bottom of the bottle. He was afraid to knock the neck off the bottle for fear he would do too good a job and lose the whole works. Finally he gave up cork pulling as a bad job.

All of this had taken time. The day was short and soon it was dark, the temperature was down toward zero, and we still were miles from the ranger station and in an uninhabited region. By this time he was about frozen, so for several miles he hung onto the tail end of the buckboard and ran behind the rig in order to keep up circulation.

About 9 p.m. the light at the ranger station showed up, and Charlton lost no time in getting inside the cabin. There was a good fire going in the fireplace. But he did not stop for this. Instead he made a bee-line for the kitchen table, and found three cork pullers reposing in one corner of the drawer. Calmly putting two of the cork pullers in his pocket, Charlton turned to Ranger Louis Dorr and said, "I'll never be caught in that kind of fix again."

Next day we drove from the Valyermo station to Hesperia. It was another cold day--nearly down to zero. When we got into Hesperia, "R.H." rushed over to the Santa Fe station. Coming back in half an hour he said, "Barrett, I'll have to go back to Los Angeles on the evening train, but I'll send Fred Jeken out on the morning train to go on east with you to Box S ranch and Old Woman Springs." So "R.H." hopped the train and I spent the night in a box car shanty with the family of the Santa Fe section boss. This family was from the Ozarks of Arkansas and had "some dialect".

Next morning Jeken arrived about 9 a.m. on the train, and we headed east over the desert along the foot of the mountains. It was about 5 above zero, with a 50 mile wind blowing and the air filled with half sleet and half sand. When we arrived at Box S Ranch about dusk the wind was blowing so hard that it took the combined efforts of the two of us to open the corral gate so we could get in and stable the team. I always suspicioned that Charlton "cooked up" an excuse to get back to Los Angeles and save himself a few more days of very cold and uncomfortable travel on boundary inspection work.

The first of May 1913 I accompanied Chief of the Bureau of Soils Marbut on an inspection trip over the land classification projects on what is now the west end of the Angeles Forest. Much of the work was done on foot. Marbut was a good hiker. One day we hiked from Acton, up and along the summit of the Sierra Polona range to Boquet Canyon. During the earlier days I hunted many section corners in this region with Supervisor Slosson and Rangers Douglas and Emerick.

Map Eating Burros

In the lummer of 1913, there was a two man classification party consist-

ing of Soil expert Heileman, and Surveyor Day doing the classification work in the back country of the Angeles National Forest. This region in those days was accesible only by trail, so the party was traveling on foot and packing their bedding and supplies on several burros. Burros were used because they could live off the country.

After the party had been back in the brush a couple of months, District Forester DuBois and I decided to make an inspection trip back there and see how they were getting along. Ranger Tom Sloan went along as guide. We were traveling light, carrying only some lunch stuff and a few mounted topographic maps beside ourselves on our horses.

Our trail crossed Tujungo Creek a number of times and then turned up Alder Creek. On the last crossing of Alder Creek before we would reach the camp of Neileman and Day, the horse ridden by DuBois slipped when climbing the wet creek bank, and fell over backwards into the creek, wetting both horse and rider. Sloan and I soon helped them out and in half an hour we reached the camp. As it was about noon we sat under a big pine tree to eat our lunch, and DuBois spread out back of him in the sun to dry, the wet topographic maps. The camp burros were grazing around close, but no one paid any attention to them until we heard some paper rustling back of us. Turning around to see what was going on, DuBois discovered that of the 5 maps he had spread out to dry, the burros had already eaten 4, and were just downing the last one. So the rest of the trip was made without the aid of maps.

In October 1917 several weeks were spent on the Angeles investigating a complaint against the Supervisor that had been signed by some 4000 people. While it was only possible to interview about one per cent of the signers, those interviewed convinced me that not ten of the 4000 signers had any first hand knowledge of the matters complained of. Fully 50 per cent of the signers were school children. This experience gave me a very low opinion of petitions in general, an opinion that has been strengthened by later experiences.

My last inspection of the Angeles boundaries was made in March and April 1925. This resulted in some further eliminations.

In April 1928 Ole Friedhoff, Ranger Hunt, and I accompanied Frederick L. Olmsted, the noted landscape engineer and his Assistant Hugh Pomeroy, on a trip by foot over Liebre Mountain and adjacent territory. Later on several trips were made into the back country of the Angeles that was just being opened up by roads.

In 1931 came a good lesson of the power of the press when used in the interest of right and justice. This story concerns the efforts of certain Los Angeles County officials to obtain a patent under the mining law to 160 acres of very valuable recreation land on which these claimants had built some 13 summer homes.

This claim was immediately adjacent to the tract of land known as Los Angeles County Big Pines Park which is under permit to the County from the Forest Service. West of the socalled development work on this claim had actually been made with County money.

Due to the prominance and political influence of the applicants for a patent for the Mescal Place, some Forest Officers felt that we should not antagonize this group as we would lose out anyway.

But Ole Friedhoff and I had been over the area with a fine tooth comb. Supervisor Mendenhall was with us and we sought the aid of the man who was then the personal attorney for the Hearst interests around Los Angeles. Mendenhall and I told him the story. He called in the special political writer for the Los Angeles Examiner. We went over the facts for him.

The next day the paper came out with glaring headlines and the first chapter of an article exposing this attempt to "bunco" Uncle Sam. By the time the second chapter came out one County Official whose name was on the patent application called Mendenhall on the telephone and said "I wish my name was off that application". By the time that the last chapter was out the bunch was licked. They were very glad to withdraw their patent application and relinquish the mineral location to the United States.

The amusing part of this incident is that our names did not appear in these writeups and that the applicants only had suspicions as to who was responsible for the "monkey wrench" that was thrown into their carefully laid plans to obtain valuable recreation lands under the provisions of a very out of date mining law.

This forest was most interesting in many ways. Until recent years most of it was accessible only by trail, altho adjacent to a region of dense population. Here was one place where one could get away from civilization within a few miles. From his high lookout porch the man watching for fires could view a well settled region on one side and miles of steep, wilderness area on the other side.

Today all this is changed. The forest is criss-crossed by highways, roads and firelines, some of which have done more harm than good. The erosion from some of these works of man has been just as damaging as the erosion from the hillsides denuded by fire.

On my last trip over the Angeles Forest instances were noted where canyon bottoms had been nearly filled, and summer homes half buried by debris washed off the great fills and cuts that seem to the thought necessary in constructing the wide mountain highways of the present. Some day the public will be educated to the point where there will be a demand for two narrower one-way roads rather than one wide three or four lane highway. Mr. F. L. Olmsted, the noted landscape engineer advocated that type of

scenic mountain roads thru the easily eroded Southern California mountains.

CLEVELAND

For over half a century I have been familiar with the Trabuco and Palomar Districts on the Cleveland Forest. As a boy I hunted and hiked all over this region. The first Trabuco ranger, an old G.A.R. veteran, lived across the street from our home in Santa Ana, and I knew most of the settlers who lived in those at that time out of the way mountains.

My first ranger meeting, after assignment to the Regional Office, was the Cleveland meeting held at Idyllwild May 24 to 28, 1910. The Cleveland then had more rangers than there are today on any one National Forest in America.

While this meeting was in progress Haley's Comet was at its best, and we spent part of several evenings viewing this wonder of the heavens that none of us would ever see again.

A Stormy Night on the Lagunas

One of the most uncomfortable saddle horse trips I ever made on Forest Service work was a short trip into the Laguna Mountains on the Cleveland National Forest back in January 1911. This trip into a region that was wild at that time was made with Ranger Guy Exon who was then stationed at Compo, California.

We arranged by telephone with Ranger Carl Brenner at Descanso to bring a pack horse with grub and bedding and meet us the next evening at the old Campbell cow ranch house on the lagunas. Next morning was cloudy and windy, but the weather had been like that for several days so we saddled up and started for the mountain. By 10 a.m. it was raining a little and by noon it was pouring down. Altho pretty well soaked we continued as we felt sure that Brenner with grub and blankets would be waiting for us when we arrived.

About 5 p.m., shortly before dark, we reached the old cabin, to find it deserted, the old roof leaking like a sieve, and no Brenner anywhere in sight. About the only dry place in the cabin was near the fireplace, so we piled our wet saddles there and then tied our saddle horses out in the old barn, which was fairly dry and was filled with wild hay.

Then we looked for some dry wood, and as there was none in the cabin we cut down some old standing cedar fence posts from which the barb wire had long been removed. Then we started a fire in the fireplace and tried to dry out, the rain outside still coming down in a steady stream. Since we had no grub, and there was none in the old cabin, supper was soon over with, and by 8 p.m. we gave up all hope of seeing

Brenner, and settled down on the hearth for a cold, wet night.

Along about midnight we heard a great racket out in the old barn. Lighting an old coal oil lantern that we had found in the cabin, we rushed out to the barn thru the rain to find that 5 Hereford bulls that were wintering on the mountain had pried a couple of boards off the side of the barn and had gotten into the hay. They had our horses crowded up into a corner and pretty well scared. Tying the lantern onto a barn rafter, Exon and I each found a good substantial club, and then the bull fight started.

Now the bulls were cold and hungry and did not want to go outside again, but after about half an hour weilding of clubs, we got them all outside and nailed the boards on again with an ax, meantime getting plenty wet once more from the rain running off the roof. Repairing to the cabin we fed up the fire and dried up a little more.

Daylight came, but no Brenner, and it was still pouring rain. Since we had not eaten for 24 hours and were cold and miserable we decided to call off the trip and head for the lower country. Saddling up we hit the trail, arriving at the Camo Ranger Station about 4 p.m. plenty cold, and hungry. Calling up Descanso we learned that since it was raining there at the time Brenner planned to start for the lagunas, he figured that we would not start out in a rain, so called off his part of the trip.

An Old Time Inspection Trip

An early settler in the Campo country, which was at that time in the Cleveland National Forest, was an old gentleman named Grigsby. Mr. Grigsby was very hospitable to all Forest Officers but had no use for National Forest policies and made many kicks about Forest Service regulations. He was a good talker and used many quaint and original expressions.

In 1911 came an inspection trip on the Cleveland in company with D. D. Bronson, an inspector of the Washington Office. Bronson was also quite a talker and was one Forest Officer who was never in a hurry.

One night we stopped at the Campo Ranger Station, which was located about 5 miles from the Grigsby ranch. Next morning Bronson said he wanted to see Mr. Grigsby and ascertain his point of view on Forest regulations. So we saddled horses and rode over to his ranch, arriving there about 9 a.m. Grigsby invited us to sit down on the front porch, and then the Bronson-Grigsby argument started. At noon Grigsby invited us in to dinner. Dinner over, we went back to the front porch and more talk. About 5 p.m. Grigsby said he must milk the cows. So Bronson and I sat on the fence and Bronson and Grigsby continued the argument while Grigsby milked the cows. About the time the milking was finished the supper bell rang and we were invited to supper.

Since it had been a warm day we all went back to the front porch after supper and the Bronson-Grigsby talk continued.

Finally about 10 p.m. I said, "Well, Bronson, you and Mr. Grigsby can talk all night if you wish, but I'm going back to the station." Bronson said, "All right, I'll go with you."

Grigsby accompanied us to the barn while we got out horses and opened the gate leading out to the county road.

Once out of the sight of the ranch I said, "Well, Bronson, did you convince Grigsby that our Forest regulations were for his benefit. "Oh hell," says Bronson, "I wasn't trying to convince him, I was just trying to get onto some of his original expressions."

This could not happen these days when an inspector travels to as close a schedule as an old time circus.

In February 1912 there was another Cleveland Ranger meeting, this time at Warner Hot Springs. H. N. Wheeler, for many years now a lecturer for the Forest Service, was then Supervisor. There were 12 rangers present.

The last night of the meeting the bunch put on a show and invited the people for 30 or 40 miles around. Red Stephenson and Bill Darling were dressed as the Gold Dust Twins. We had boxing matches and a midnight supper, and wound up with a dance.

After this meeting there was a trip to the proposed site of the Hot Springs lookout, then a look at the 7' x 7' x 7' lookout built by Ranger Bish on Bottle Peak, and I later with Wheeler climbed Santiago Peak on the Trabuco District. While there I recommended the construction of a fire line trail along the Trabuco summit; this fire line was completed some 20 years later.

An Early Automobile Trip

My first general forest inspection trip by automobile was with Forest Supervisor S. W. Wynne on the Cleveland in January and February 1914.

Wynne had a little Buick roadster that had all kinds of ills. During this ten day trip covering some 405 miles we broke several springs, got numerous punctures, and were stuck in a sand wash for several hours one evening. We finally got out by the use of gunny sacks and a tent fly for road material.

In these days automobile repair places were few and far between in the mountains. So when we limped into Warner Springs one evening with several broken spring leaves, it was up to us to take the necessary repairs. Wynne was a fair blacksmith; there was a blacksmith shop on the ranch. So we fired up the forge and made three new spring leaves from old wagon tire iron.

This trip was a part of a very detailed boundary examination of the Cleveland. This was one of the first boundary reports that went into all phases of the subject.

Land classification work on the forest was under way at the same time, there being three or four soil experts on the job.

In October 1916 came the famous trip on foot into the Laguna Mountains with Dechant, Ole Friedhoff, Norman Sloane, Gus Boulden and C. C. Norris to look out the route for a road to open up this area. This was just before the Presidential election when Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson were candidates. There were two partisans of each candidate in the party, and we had some hot political arguments, both out in the woods and around the evening campfires.

How Roads Affect Livestock

When negotiating for a road right of way across the privately owned meadow lands on the Laguna Mountains we ran into some conflicting arguments.

These lands were in two large holdings, each owned by a different party. One owner was inclined to be very reasonable while the other wanted an enormous price for a right of way across land that was then assessed at $2.50 per acre by the County. The first argument advanced by the second owner was that if the road was built, every time an auto driver blew his horn the range cattle would stampede and run a dollars worth of beef off each steer. When informed that this was not the way it worked elsewhere, and that as a rule where a road was built thru a range the cattle made a practice of laying down in the dust of the road, this owner immediately changed his argument saying, "Yes, that is just it, my cattle would lay down in the road and be run over by wild eyed automobile drivers and then I would be out of pocket. We finally got a right of way for the road at a reasonable price, and instead of running off a pound of fat every time an automobile blew his horn, the cattle laid on the road in the dust just as we predicted and were a menace to travel until the road was oiled.

In May 1917, E. A. Sherman, Frank A. Waugh, Norman Sloane and Ole Friedhoff accompanied me on another hiking trip of several days into the Laguna Mountains. At this time plans were made for the development of the Laguna Recreation area. In October of the same year I was back there again to make further plans for opening up this region.

Supervisor Boulden Saves Ten Minutes

When Gus Boulden was Supervisor of the Cleveland National Forest, and was herding a 4 cylinder Dodge car around over the hills, Chester Jordan and I left San Diego with him one morning for a trip to Descanso and the Laguna Mountains.

We went out the main highway that does not pass thru Descanso. Deciding to see the Descanso Ranger Station. Boulden suggested that we take a short cut that forded the Sweetwater River opposite the old school house. This short cut Gus assured us would save ten minutes as compared to going around by the highway bridge.

As we approached the ford I did not like the looks of it. Not much water but plenty of quicksand. So I suggested that we go around by the bridge, but Gus again brought up the ten minutes we would save, and in he drove "korplunk," sticking in the quicksand before we were ten feet from the bank.

To make a long story short, it was 9 a.m. when we drove in, and 6 p.m. when we were hauled out with the aid of two horses. In between these hours we worked in cold water and hot sun, clad only in undershirts, trying to build a corduroy road under the old bus. And instead of saving ten minutes we lost two days, for Gus had to have the Dodge towed into San Diego, 45 miles, and then it cost him 40 bucks to have the sand cleaned out of the cylinders. It had been sucked up into them thru the manifold.

The last ranger meeting attended on the Cleveland was the one at the Laguna Ranger Station in May 1923. The highlight of this meeting was watching Ranger Joe Ozanne eat 16 plate size "flapjacks" at one sitting. I also remember how sick the entire crew got from eating some spoiled meat.

On this trip, as well as on almost every other trip made to the Lagunas, I was on Desert View by daylight to see the wonderful sunrise across the Colorado Desert. It was always well worth getting up early to see.

When Joe Elliot was appointed Supervisor of the Cleveland Forest in 1925 I made it a point to go down and accompany Joe on a trip over his new territory. Knowing the country and many of the old timers it helped him to get acquainted with some of the conditions and people.

When I first saw the Cleveland Forest it was one of the greatest small game regions on earth; Quain, doves, and rabbits by the countless thousands. Today it is almost devoid of small game. Deer only have held their own. Too many roads and too much development. Many of the small valleys have been cleared and the soil all washed away into the water supply reservoirs. Another case of poor land use and total lack of land use planning.

Eldorado

Many trips were made to the Eldorado from the days of Evan Kelley and "Deacon" Jones down to those of "Lassen" Smith. On these trips more time was spent with Raleigh Bryan than with all of the other Eldorado rangers combined. This was largely because Raleigh had most of the summer home and recreation work.

My first automobile trip of any length in a Government owned machine was with DuBois, Sherman and Stoner from June 18 to 26, 1914.

We were traveling in the "Lands" Model T Ford, the first automobile ever owned by the Forest Service in Region 5. The trip was on the Eldorado, Sierra and Sequoia, and during these nine days everything happened to this "Lizzie" that could possibly happen to a 1913 model Ford, but it was all part of motoring in those days.

First "Sid" Stoner, the driver, tried to straddle a 15 inch high rock in the center of the road. This knocked the bottom off the crank case. Then Evan Kelley, who was along on the Eldorado trip, spent two hours running down a horse in the pasture so that we could have a "tow". We hitched this animal on, and with Kelley leading the horse, Stoner steering the "Lizzie", and Sherman, DuBois and myself shoving on the hind end, we got up onto the highway and coasted down to Placerville.

DuBois took a photo of this towing job and sent a copy to Forester Graves. He labeled it "Forest Officers Joy Riding in the Sierra".

At Placerville repairs were made and the party decided to take a short cut to Lodi across the hills. This was hardly a sheep trail, and resulted in several punctures and blowouts.

Finally we made the highway and were bowling along at about 25 miles per hour when "Lizzie" gave a jerk and made a noise that sounded like a monkey wrench going thru the cylinder of a threshing machine. Then she jumped into low, and there she stayed. No amount of persuasion could produce any other speed. So we cruised into Stockton at three miles per hour.

Here we left Stoner and "Lizzie", "Sid" to catch up with us at Northfork when repairs were made. This he did, and with various small adventures we finally made Bakersfield.

Our longest day's drive was from Bakersfield to Oakland, some 300 miles. We left Bakersfield at 4 a.m., had breakfast at Visalia, lunch in Fresno, supper at Livermore, and arrived in Oakland at 9 p.m., all plenty tired. We had been some 17 hours on the road with three stops for meals. But remember that surfaced roads were scarce then, and 25 miles per hour was "going some".

In August 1916 while on an inspection of the recreation area around Fallen Leaf Lake with Kotok, Jones and Bryan, a Forest fire suddenly smoked up on the east face of Mt. Tallac. Since the Regional Office had always insisted that there was no fire hazard around Lake Tahoe, the local Forest Officers refused to get excited about it until this "smudge" began throwing smoke all over the country. Then everybody got busy, but it was four days before the fire was really safe. This fire, which was partly on private lands, was the real start of forest fire cooperation in the Lake Tahoe region.

During Kotok's administration the main forest highways were posted with "Pioneer Day" signs marking the location of points of historical interest. Most of the original signs were erected by Kotok, Bryan and me, and the work of digging the postholes was plenty hard as it was done in summer. So all three of us got up a good sweat for a couple of days. But Eddie Kotok did not know until long afterwards that this project was a put up job on him to get him to exercise a pick and shovel. In these later days Supervisors and Inspectors are not supposed to "waste" time on such plebian jobs.

The Placerville Taxi Driver

In 1920 I was in Placerville for an inspection trip over the Eldorado Forest and found it necessary to hire someone to drive me up to Lake Tahoe to meet the Forest Supervisor. I was referred to a man who operated the local movie show at night, but who occasionally hauled people around the country in his automobile during rhe day time. Arrangements were made for driver and car, and we left Placerville about ten on a warm morning headed for Lake Tahoe.

We were traveling in a small, light, car and had not gone far until it warmed up in good shape; in fact, even the floor boards of the car got warm. In those days I was used to motoring in cars that heated up, but this one was getting too hot, and I was about to suggest that we stop and ascertain what was wrong when we came to the site of one of the old early day stage stations that literally lined this road in the days when there was so much freighting over it to the Nevada mines. At this old station the horse trough still stood, and it was full of water. We stopped near it to get some water to cool off the car, and the driver started to remove the radiator cap.

As he gave the last turn on the cap it flew into the air, and about the entire contents of the radiator went up in a spout of steam and hot water, a regular miniature geyser. I was out of the car by this time, and looked into the radiator to see what was wrong. What I saw was that a whittled piece of wood had been driven into the radiator overflow pipe, thus preventing any water from boiling out of the radiator. Upon inquiring how that happened to be there the driver said, "Oh, I drove that in there to keep any of the water from leaking out".

The Eldorado was the pioneer of all of the Northern California Forests in recreational development. The work there was always well handled by Supervisor and Rangers.

When Evan Kelly and "Deacon" Jones laid out summer homesites nearly 30 years ago, "Wiseheimers" in the Regional Office said no one would ever rent them. They were all built on long ago.

Raleigh Bryan I considered the best ranger on recreation work in the Region. He (and his wife) had a fine personality for handling such time killing work.

Inyo

Upon retiring from the Forest Service my friends in Region 5 presented me with a painting of a typical Inyo Forest scene. That was because the eastside of the Sierra always was a favorite region. I liked the combination of snow covered mountains and desert, of sage brush and pine trees, and took advantage of every chance to visit the Inyo.

Ten to 25 years ago the trip to Bishop was a hard one. About 12 hours San Francisco to Mojave, then sit up the rest of the night in a chair car while the combination freight and passenger train rattled on to Owenyo. From there to Laws was narrow gauge, so slower yet.

The only redeeming feature of this trip was watching the sunrise over the desert.

In August 1916 came the first trip to the Inyo to plan special use and camp development. Travel to the Inyo from Los Angeles and vicinity was just commencing to get heavy.

On July 4, 1919, while sitting on the front porch of the old Mammoth resort at Mammoth I got acquainted with an elderly one legged man who said he had spent every fourth of July for 42 years at Mammoth. He said that once, however, he almost missed making it there on time. He said, "that one July 3 about 30 years before he was driving thru the timber in the Deadman Pass country with a team of bronchos and a buck-board. Along about dark when passing thru a thick clump of timber a mountain lion dropped off a tree limb onto the rump of one of his teams. Said he did not have a gun and thought he sure was not going to make Mammoth this time." "But the mountain lion commenced eating on the horse and finally ate itself into the harness with the bit in its mouth. So he drove this mixed team into Mammoth and arrived there in time to celebrate July 4 as usual."

In August 1922 came the trip from Bishop up Sand Canyon to Lower Rock Creek Lake over what was no doubt the worst road of many bad roads in California. Up Sand Canyon the grade was 43 per cent. Supervisor Jones was with me on this trip and we stopped at a little resort at the Lake.

While seated around the campfire one night the fat woman who cooked at the resort was telling how wet she got from a thunderstorm on the way in. She said, "I was in a stage that had the top up. But the road was so steep that it rained right in the front end and out the back end." The top was in the wrong place for such a road.

One day I was on the summit of the Mammoth Lakes road where it drops down to Twin Lakes when I saw approaching an ancient Model T. which was

being propelled by a little scrawny man who was on the front seat steering the car while a large, fat and very warm looking woman was walking behind and shoving the car up the hill. Just as it reached the flat on the summit they stopped and the fat lady said to me, "is this the summit of the Tioga Pass?" "No lady, said I, you are just 40 miles from the summit of Tioga Pass", "you will have to turn around and coast down hill to Mammoth, then north over the Deadman Pass to Leevining Creek, and up that to the Tioga Summit." The fat lady looked at the skinny driver and said, "then what have I been shoving this wreck up this hill for?" I figures that this was a good time for me to fade out of the picture, and did not remain to see what happened next.

On one of my inspection trips in the Mammoth region Ranger Douglas Robinson said, "You won't find any tin cans this time, we have made a clean up." And so they had. The public camps were very clean. But in walking around back of one resort I stumbled onto a big can dump that Robinson had not found. Then I had the laugh on him.

In July 1930 I made an inspection of campgrounds with Dr. Meinicke. We had a hot trip over the Mojave route. Several days were spent viewing the destruction to camp ground trees caused by the camping public. As a result of this campground inspection a concerted drive was made to better protect and preserve the camp sites thru planned layouts and the reservation of strips of brush or trees between individual camps.

My last trip to the Inyo was with Roy Nash of the Indian Service in connection with a proposed land exchange between the City of Los Angeles and the Indians.

It is unfortunate that a number of highly valuable recreation areas on this forest were listed, filed on and patented under the Forest Homestead Act. Some of these tracts, lying at elevations of 8,000 feet, actually had no value for the production of agricultural crops. Their passing into private hands has greatly retarded proper recreational development.

Early day - vs - present day development in the Mammoth Lakes region presents an interesting contrast. Around 1870 there was a big mining boom here, the town of Pine City existed, and a large mill was erected at Mammoth Flats.

But the boom was short lived. Then came years when it reverted to a wilderness. In 1916 the recreation growth started. Today mining here is still dead but the Mammoth Lakes region is known far and wide as one of the beautiful and popular recreation areas of the High Sierra.

One interesting side light on this development is the story of what happened to the giant wood pile at the old mill.

When Mammoth Mill was constructed about 1872 thousands of cords of red fir timber was cut into cord wood for fuel to run the mill. The boom "busted" before a fraction of this wood pile was consumed. The remainder

deteriorated slowly in the high, dry air of the region, and in 1916 when campers began to stop in the vicinity it was estimated that 3,000 cords of wood remained in the pile. Campers soon made such a hole in this "ready made" woodpile that by 1930 every stick was gone, burned up in the campfires of recreation seekers.

The lumberjacks who cut this wood in the early eighteen seventies never had the remotest idea that half a century later it would be used as fuel for the evening campfires of countless thousands of fishermen and campers who would come to the region in "horseless carriages", a conveyance unknown in the days when the wood was cut.

Much of the credit for what has been done on the Inyo for the past 25 years is due to H.H. (Simmie) Simpson, who has often been the power behind the throne. Had some of the Forest Supervisors taken his advice on recreational and special use matters, not so many mistakes would have been made in the past.

KLAMATH

Prior to the construction of the Klamath River road a trip from the Supervisors headquarters at Yreka to Weitchpec, on the west boundary of the forest, was a real adventure in "roughing it". This 140 miles was a good five day saddle trip, only broken by steps at such Klamath River settlements as Hamburg, Happy Camp and Orleans, where hotel accommodations, prior to the advent of the automobile, were extremely primitive, and the "grub" was nothing to brag about.

With such transportation conditions it is almost needless to say that Regional Office and Washington inspectors very largely passed up the lower Klamath country prior to the opening of the area to automobile transportation about 1920. Prior to the road construction much of the Klamath was nearly as isolated and little known to the outside world as was the westside of the Monterey District of the Los Padres Forest, where people were living 20 years ago who had never even had a ride on a four wheeled vehicle of any kind.

My most important work on the Klamath was to assist Forest Supervisor Hall to make allotments to the resident Indians who were entitled to them. Altho several score of allotments were made we received practically no help from the Indian Office employees. Most of them knew nothing of the actual condition of the Indians on the Klamath. As it is some Indians were "ouchered" out of land to which they were entitled. Unprincipled white miners and homesteaders did the dirty work.

My best remembered trip to the Klamath was made in June 1923, Supervisor Tom West was along on the trip. We attended the annual meeting of the Siskiyou County Grange at Happy Camp and were literally gorged with the famous Klamath River strawberries. Half of the people who attended this gathering had to sleep in barns the night of the big picnic.

On June 19 West drove me across the Weitchepec bridge to the end of the road south of the bridge. Here I strapped my old suit case on my back and hiked up the Trinity river trail to Hoopa Valley on the Hoopa Indian reservation. Two Indians met me here with a "one horse shay" and drove to the Hoopa Indian Agency, where Ranger Frank Graham of the Trinity was on hand with his "Model T" for the trip on in to Willow Creek.

This 10 mile hike made on a hot day, and with a 25 pound load on my back was a good workout. Incidentally, the old suitcase above mentioned was carried for the entire 33 years of Forest Service work. It was carried on airplanes, railroads, steamships, row boats, horse drawn vehicles of all kinds, pack and saddle horses, automobiles, and on the owner's back. It is one of my prize keepsakes of Service days.

On the Klamath a few of the native customs still exist. They have their fall festivals, with the Deerskin dance, the Brush dance, the cayote dance with their old drum games. The costly furs and head dresses displayed are a great surprise to visitors. But the greatest attraction offered is the Stick Game or Em-saut-wah.

This a game of six players, three on each side, a center, goal and guard. Each player has a stick about the size of a cane, rather lighter than a real walking stick. The stick has a slight turn at the point for picking up the tassel for throwing or tossing. The tassel is two small sticks about four inches long and one inch or less in diameter, fastened together with a string, the sticks being about four inches apart when the string is straight.

The course is laid out according to the ground, the goals being about one hundred yards from the center. The goals are merely marks across the road or course used. A branch is stuck up to indicate the center point.

Operations begin with a long parley, as to rules, there being none written. In the old days if at a gathering one tribe held the tassel out it meant they challenged, and if the tassel was taken it meant that the challenge was accepted. Now days the game is arranged beforehand, and players picked, lots of subs being called.

Having agreed on rules, umpires, and position, one side places its men, and the other side places as it seems best. One of the centers takes the tassel in his teeth, the goal on either side takes hold of the opposing guard, usually the right hands as in shaking hands and the left hand on the opponent's right wrist. The point being for the guard to hold the goal from escaping, and visa versa. These will be probably sixty yards from the center. The centers stand in a stooping position raking the ground with their sticks. At his own option the center having the tassel drops it, each center endeavoring to strike the tassel in the direction of his goal.

As soon as the tassel is struck the players clinch. Now all players are in a clinch, struggling for the tassel. If a man is able he will grab his opponent to the tassel and reach it with his stick for a toss.

The clinch and wrestle may last some time, and here is where the game gets its zest. Each man tries to wear his man out, inflicting all the punishment the rules allow, such as rubbing the stick up and down the back, throwing to the ground violently, locking the hands around the back of the neck and bearing down, with variations. Striking and choking are barred.

If a man is able to drag his opponent along and make toss he merely follows up and makes a point when the tassel goes over the line. If unable to do that he tries to break away and toss, even tho he is a guard. If a good runner gets loose the point is soon made. Two points out of three wins.

LASSEN

Being the first Supervisor of this Forest, I was more familiar with the lay of the land here than on most of the forests. The Lassen is a beautiful region anyway, so I made many trips there between 1910 and 1933, especially while Bill Durbin was Supervisor.

I did not get onto the Forest for quite a time after the 1915 eruption of Mt. Lassen, but remember that Ranger Harvey Abbey, unaided and alone was the first man to visit the eruption area. He made the trip on snow shoes to the summit, and on his return reported conditions and lead later trips.

Many are the stories told of Abbey. When he was doing land appraisal work in connection with the State land exchange he had cause to stop at a certain ranger station to learn from the District Ranger something about the public land surveys.

This ranger knew little about section corners. In fact Abbey said he didn't know where one was and would not have known one if he saw it. Anyway, while waiting for dinner at the ranger station, Abbey, following his usual practice, was scouting through the surrounding woods looking for blazes. About a quarter mile from the station he picked up some old blazes and following down the line found they led directly back to the ranger station where a little more search showed him that the Ranger's wife had a washtub hanging on a tree, which proved to be the principal bearing tree to the survey corner Abbey was looking for. The corner stone was gone, but Abbey says he bets the Ranger took that to help build the fireplace over which wash water was heated weekly..

Traveling with Bill Durbin and his bedroll was quite an experience. Bill was one supervisor who liked to camp out where night overtook him. He had one box of cooking utensils, one box full of grub, and this bedroll which required two men to load it on the official "Lizzie".

One night Bill and I were camped out on the remote part of Butte Creek. Our equipment consisted of the usual two boxes and the bedroll. Just after camp was made in pulled an "up to the minute" camp on two cadillac automobiles. The party of four had everything from folding spoons to folding cots. They were about three hours setting up camp and getting supper. Bill and I were about to turn in when the other party strolled over to our campfire. After looking our layout over for a bit one man said, "guess you have never camped very much." "What makes you think so"? said Bill. "Well, because you have such a simple layout." said the questioner.

On one trip with Bill two Guard Stations were inspected the same day. The man at Round Meadow had a neat station that he had built entirely from material split out of yellow and sugar pine logs. The other Guard was living in a log cabin at Feather River Meadows which was dirty inside and out.

Our first visit was to the Round Meadow station. After looking thru the second station Bill turned to me and said, "Barrett, don't it beat hell. Here is one Guard who not only found time to build a station, but to keep it clean. While this other "bird" is so damn lazy that he can't even find time to bury his cans, just throws them out the cabin door." This comparison will illustrate why some men make a success in life while others are permanently on W.P.A. or some other job of a similar nature.

In June 1926 came a hike over part of the Caribou Butte Wilderness area with George Gowen. This was in connection with a State land exchange. It was while returning to Susanville from this trip that it was necessary to make a night tire repair. The tires were old and worn on this Forest Service Model T, and the car was pretty much of a wreck. A man driving along the road stopped and asked if he could help. Bill said, "No thanks, we are in the Forest Service." "So I can see by the looks of the car." our questioner replied.

My last real camping trip with Bill was when we went on foot thru the Thousand Lake Wilderness area in June 1929. This is a beautiful little spot that should never be invaded by roads.

The Lassen has some beautiful recreation areas. Altho some early day mistakes were made, I am glad that I had a hand in developing the recreational facilities at Silver Lake, Mineral, Mill Creek and Feather River. And I personally, in 1905, selected the site on which the Mineral Ranger Station has been located for 30 years.

LOS PADRES

This forest and its different division went under numerous names over a period of 35 years. It now has a name really descriptive of the territory which it embraces. While I did not recommend this particular name I did work for the change that would show that this was the home of many of the Missions and on the trail of the Padres.

Having covered much of this forest in my Inspector days, and having had charge of part of it before going into the Regional Office, I was fairly well acquainted with much of it before 1910.

My earliest trips there after 1910 were on personnel, Forest Homestead, and Boundary matters. I well remember the night spent in December 1910 with Ranger Joe Liebes at the old Kellogg Ranger Station. The place had not been occupied for months and literally swarmed with rats. We spent about half the night killing rats that were caught in the traps set in the cabin. Some of the traps caught 3 rats that night.

There were many trips to the forest adjacent to Saugus and Costaic from 1910 to 1914, and I ran out many miles of section lines here in the endeavor to settle protests due to rejected Forest Homestead applications. Part of the land looked at was not worth the time spent in examining it.

From September 19 to October 9, 1913, I traveled some 600 miles, mainly with a broncho team and buckboard, in an examination of the forest boundaries, This resulted in considerable eliminations. My diary says of this trip: "The wagon roads from Tejon Pass to Ozena and the west end of the Forest are so badly washed out that travel with a team is almost impossible, and wagons seldom use these roads."

I drove into one cow camp headquarters where the three cowpunchers sitting on the corral fence almost doubted their eyes when they saw the rig. They insisted the road in there was impossible by team and wagon.

About this time I made an early spring trip to Big Sur and spent a couple of weeks with Norman Sloane and his bride at Arbelado (now Big Sur). Sloane was at that time Supervisor of the Monterey forest, it is now the Monterey District of the Los Padres.

The trip to Arbelado in the Concord stage over the old road which climbed hills and dropped into canyons was one to remember. It took from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. to make the 38 miles. Now it is done in less than an hour on the new Coast Highway.

The Arbolado Ranger Station where Sloane lived was under some giant redwoods on the bank of the Big Sur river. When a heavy winter storm occurred it was a toss-up whether the cabin would be washed away by high water or the wind would bring a big redwood limb thru the roof.

On this trip I first examined the 2 1/2 mile strip of ocean beach at Heifers Point, and turned down a Forest Homestead application that had been filed on the land. Today this strip of ocean frontage under National Forest Administration ties in nicely from a recreational

standpoint with the State Park at Big Sur.

March 29 Sloane and I rode by trail from Big Sur to Tassajara Springs. The trail was pretty brushy, it was a showery day, and we apparently collected all of the wood ticks along the route. That night before turning in Sloane and I picked ticks off each other for about an hour, dropping them down inside the chimney of the coal oil lamp. This was an ideal method of cremation.

A note taken from the diary of the return trip says "This shelf of coast will sooner or later be accessible, and will then be a great summer home and camping place." No scenery like it in California or along the western coast." Today this coast is all accessible by automobile and much of its wilderness charm of years ago is gone.

THE KING CITY-COALINGA TRIP IN 1916

Early one April morning in 1916, Chris Rachford, T. D. Woodbury, J. O. Morrow and I left King City in Morrow's Dodge 4 for a trip across the San Benito Division of the Monterey National Forest, with Coalinga our destination for the night. Following us in a Maxwell was the Forest Supervisor and the District Ranger.

It was near the end of the rainy season, none of the roads were surfaced and few of them were ever worked, but the distance was only 60 miles so we figures on an early supper at Coalinga.

Our route lay up the San Benito River, over the summit, and down Los Gatos Creek. For a number of miles the road followed up the San Benito river, with numerous fords. In the second crossing the Maxwell bogged down. We left them there and the Supervisor and Ranger did not get and catch up with us for two days. We continued on up the river, stopping to eat a cold lunch about 6 miles west of the summit. Soon after this noon meal some rain commenced to fall, and the roads, already very soft, steadily got worse. Finally in a small open flat right on the summit we bogged down clear to the running boards, stuck hard and fast.

We had no tools with us, but outside an old abandoned homestead cabin near by we found a very dull ax. And Morrow, saying he remembered seeing a shovel leaning up against a cabin 4 or 5 miles back, started back down the road on foot after it. While he was gone Rachford, Woodbury and I took turns "beavering off" some digger pines nearby. We cut them into sections and constructed a corduroy road in the worst mud holes ahead of the machine. All this time a light rain was falling, and we were getting wetter, and madder and more out of sorts.

About dark Morrow appeared with the shovel. Sticking it down in the mud in front of the right front wheel Morrow said "Now we will get her out". With this he pressed down on the handle and it broke off at the top of the blade. Morrow's face was a puzzle for a minute. Then there were plenty of cuss words from everyone. However, by the use of pry

poles, brush, and small logs we finally got off the summit flat and headed down the hill toward Los Gatos Creek. This section of the road was slick black adobe; the road bed had not been traveled that spring, and it took three of us with ropes to keep the Dodge from sliding sideways off the road while Morrow did the driving. We finally got down the hill to Los Gatos Creek and found that the road for several miles followed down the bottom of the creek, which now was flowing from six inches to a foot of water. So here we just crawled along in low gear, fearful of either bumping a large boulder or dropping a wheel in a large hole.

By now the rain had stopped, the full moon was up, and a breeze was drying the mud that covered us from head to foot. Finally about midnight we drove into Coalinga, hunted up an all night restaurant, downed a big feed, and prepared to retire, first turning our mud caked uniforms over to a "night-hawk" bootblack, with the promise to compensate him liberally if he got all the mud off them by morning. It had taken us just 10 hours of hard work to motor from King City to Coalinga, some 60 miles.

On this trip we visited the New Idrea Quicksilver Mine and climbed to the summit of the highest peak - San Benito Mt.

As a result of these investigations the entire San Benito division was eliminated. Today I feel sure that this entire region should be under either state or federal control in order to protect the watersheds.

Between 1916 and 1936 there were a number of trips to the Monterey district. Particularly interesting were the ones with Frank Robinson, Billy Mendenhall and Gus Boulden. On one of these trips we stopped for the night at the old Hearst Ranch at San Simeon. Another time I attended an over night gathering at The Indians, followed by a picnic at the site of the present Santa Lucia Public Camp. On a later trip with Gus Boulden we camped on Hacimdonto Creek and looked over the route of the road from the summit down Mill Creek to the State Highway. My last trip to the Monterey was with Show in 1935 when we visited the Pfeiffers Beach area.

In March 1923 I attended a Ranger meeting at Santa Barbara and was one of some 20 forest officers who were given a royal entertainment by George O. Knapp of Montecito. After a lunch at the Montecito Country Club we were guests for the afternoon at Mr. Knapp's beautiful Montecito home where we were entertained by a trip thru the spacious grounds, an organ recital in the music room, and an inspection of his home.

A DISRUPTED WORLD SERIES SCORE

In 1924 the Forest Service was building a road to the summit of Frazier Mountain, where a lookout station has been in use for a long time. The camp of the construction crew was at Chuchupate public camp about half way up the north side of the mountain. Here the road under construction made a horseshoe around the camp, passing thru some very nice pine timber.

The construction crew consisted of about a dozen men in addition to the foreman and camp cook. The latter was a rather cranky old "bird" who was quite a radio fan, but was also a good cook. He had brought his radio with him, and had an aerial strung between two tall pine trees near the cook tent, the radio battery being in one end of this tent.

The time was the fall of the year when the world series baseball games were under way, and the cook was a baseball fan as well as a radio fan. This was one year when the series was not decided until the seventh game, and the "blowup" came during the time that the seventh game was in progress.

It happened that the construction crew was working within a few hundred yards of camp, and it was the practice to put off shots along the road work as the crew left for dinner or supper. On the day in question this was done, the fuses leading into a charge under several big pine stumps were fired as the crew left for the cook tent to eat the noon meal. But the regular powderman was off the job for a few days and an inexperienced man had loaded the stumps with about two times as much powder as was safe for the job in question. As a consequence when the shots came they sounded like heavy artillery explosions, and the air for several hundred yards around was filled with rocks and chunks of pine stumps.

Just as the shots were fired the cook was listening to the exciting play at the world series final game, and setting the hot food on the camp table. In the midst of all this there came a crash in the tent a few feet back of the cook and the radio went dead. Looking around, the cook saw where a chunk of pine stump about four feet long had split a hole thru the roof of the tent about 5 feet back of his head, and had mashed his radio battery into the ground. But this bombardment had not only mashed the battery but it had broken his high aerial that had been so difficult to put up.

To say that the cook was mad was putting it mildly. He never gave a thought to the narrow escape from death that he had gone thur, but was sure sore that the radio was out of commission at such an important moment. And since he was an artist with cuss words he told the crew, and particularly the powderman, just what he thought of such an outfit both individually and collectively. When I arrived at the camp a few moments after the radio was wrecked the cook was the only one who could or would talk.

Since the camp was about 20 miles from a settlement and they only went for mail twice a week, it was two or three days before the cook received a paper which informed him who finally won the world series.

In May 1927 came a trip with Ranger DeLapp to plan future recreational development of the Mt. Pinos and Frazier Mountain areas. As a result of

this trip it was recommended that a land exchange be worked up with the Kern Country Land Company that would bring into public ownership the entire timbered area on Mt. Pinos. This exchange has finally been consumated.

This was only one of several trips made to the Mt. Pinos-Frazier Mt. areas with DeLapp and Ole Friedhoff in order to make plans for further recreational development of these areas.

The last of several enjoyable trips with Gus Boulden was made over the Los Padres in 1931. We visited Figueroa Mt. lookout when the wild flowers on the south slope were a riot of color. Then came trips to La Cumbre Lookout over the new summit road, and a couple of nights spent in camp with Mr. George O. Knapp at Big Caliente Spring. Mr. Knapp had a "camp de lux", even a portable electric light outfit was set up to light the camp. Mr. Knapp, at his own expense was developing these hot springs for the benefit and use of the public. He entertained Gus and I royally and we greatly enjoyed some of his humorous stories about men who had worked for him.

In my trips to this forest from 1904 to 1931 I had seen it develop from an administration without even a map of the forest to one with good ranger stations, an excellent office, and a fine bunch of forest officers.

MENDOCINO

Because there were no mining claims on it, and little special use and recreational use, I made few trips to the Mendocino during my 26 years in the Regional office.

The first trip of any consequence was back when Dave Godwin was made supervisor. Over a week was spent with him overhauling the files and helping him get the lay of the land.

Supervisor Coffman and I covered all of the forest that was at that time accessible by road in 1923. We were on Black Butte Lookout the opening day of the deer season. The bombardment that could be heard from this high point sounded like a battle was in progress. It is certain that few of the shots heard accounted for a deer.

The last official trip was with Mr. Sherman and Supervisor Price in September 1932 altho I did come back in 1936 to visit some of the Indian Rancherias with Roy Nash of the Indian Service.

I can personally claim most of the credit for the present name of this forest. Originally known as the Stony Creek, it was changed to the California for some unknown reason. This name proved so unsatisfactory that I began advocating a change of name by 1920.

Selection of a new name was left to the local people, then to County Supervisors and finally to Congressional representatives. While all agreed a change was desirable no one had any bright ideas in the matter. There being no outstanding topographic features from which to choose a new name, the name of the explorer Mendocino was finally selected and approved.

While Mendocino never had more than a very distant view of any of this forest he did leave his name on the bold promontory that is one of the important topographic features of the county which is partly within this forest.

MODOC

The Modoc had few mineral locations and little lands work except recreation, but it has such an interesting topography and geology that I enjoyed every trip to the forest, especially so in the days when Bill Durbin was Supervisor and we could get out together and camp where night overtook us.

Perhaps it is well that I visited the Modoc for it was usually passed up by most of the Regional Office men until the area was accessible by good automobile roads.

A trip to the Modoc in the earlier days was a real adventure. One went by the N.C.O., officially known as the Nevada-California-Oregon Ry. and unofficially called by all users the "Northern California Outrage."

This was a narrow gauge road extending from Reno, Nevada to Lakeview, Oregon. The equipment was poor, the roadbeds worse, the trains were never on time, and unless one started out fortified with a lunch the chances were that he would be mighty hungry when he reached his destination, sometimes half a day late.

One of my earliest trips to the Modoc was in September 1916 when I was invited to be one of the guest speakers at the Alturas meeting of the Northern California Development Association. Other guest speakers were Col. John P. Irish, the noted California orator of years gone by, and that good friend of the Forest Service, Congressman John E. Raker.

It happened that I came first on the program, next came Col.Irish, and last Judge Raker. My talk was about the Forest Service. Now Col.Irish never had much use for the Forest Service, so when he got up he waded into the Forest Service policies with both feet, using his own inimitable style and making me feel pretty small. When Col. Irish sat down Judge Raker took the platform. The Judge was at home among friends and he knew that his audience was friendly to the Forest Service. So he "tuned up" in good shape, giving Col. Irish both barrels, and "working him over" so thoroughly that the Col. had little more to say. This argument amused me much for both were good brother Democrats.

In August 1917 was the trip with Supervisor Durbin into the west part of the Modoc, a region at that time little known to the local forest officers and a veritable "No mans Land" to the Regional Office force. It is certain that I was the first inspector to ever visit this east Shasta-west Modoc country.

Bill and I traveled in a two-wheeled cart drawn by two horses. We had an old 20 gallon hot water boiler mounted on the axle. This carried water for man and beast. Then there was the Durbin bedroll and some grub and cooking untensils.

The main purpose of this trip was to ascertain where all the smoke was coming from that had been blanketing the Modoc all summer.

The few roads in this area then were little better than cow trains and were full of down logs, consequently travel was very slow. But we managed to cover much of the country and climbed Buck Mt. and Round Mt.

From these points we located the cause of all of the smoke: a fire on the eastside of the Shasta which had started on July 14, which was never fought by a forest officer from the Shasta, and which was finally extinguished about September first by Durbin and some Modoc rangers. Ashes from this 3 month long fire fell 30 miles away on the Modoc.

On this trip I saw more yellow jackets than I have ever seen in all the rest of my life. From Quaking Aspen to Medicine Lake the air literally "hummed" with the buzz of countless millions of these insects. They were so thick that one could not eat in comfort during daylight. In later years I made a number of trips thru this area but never saw one per cent as many of these insects as we saw on that trip.

The remarkable feature of this trip is that altho we were traveling with horses, and Bill and I had no head nets or gloves, neither man or horse was stung once during the several days.

SUPERVISOR DURBIN MAKES A BED

I made a trip to Alturas in 1918, and as usual stopped at Supervisor Durbin's home. I reached Alturas about 9 p.m. Bill met me at the depot and we went up to his house, got the stove warmed up, lit some cigars, and settled down for a good talk. About 3 a.m. we decided to go to bed, and as Mrs. Durbin was away on a visit, Bill says "Guess I'll get some clean sheets and make the bed." Pretty soon we turned in. Several times in the night it occurred to me that the sheets felt pretty coarse and rough, but I said nothing. Next morning while getting breakfast Bill said, "It takes a woman to keep a lot of junk around; just look at that dining table." So, opening the stove door he threw in an old magazine, several papers and letters, and a shoe box that were on the table. Then we had breakfast.

About the third day Mrs. Durbin came home. She was waiting for Bill when we came home from the office that evening. "You are a great bunch of housekeepers" she said, "What's the matter" said Bill. "Just look at this bed" continued Mrs. Durbin. "I don't see anything the matter with it", said Bill. To which Mrs. Durbin replied, "You don't. Why, you have been using my best tablecloths for sheets." And so we had.

Then Mrs. Durbin asked Bill what he had done with the crocheted jacket she had made for a neighbor's new baby. Of course Bill knew nothing about it. He did confide that he had cleaned house and dumped a lot of things in the fire, including in the bunch an old shoe box that was on the table. "That's nice" said Mrs. Durbin. It took me two weeks to crochet those things that were in the box." All Bill could do was take another chew of tobacco.

Another general trip was made over the forest in 1921. It was on this trip that I noted the first heavy insect infestation in the pine timber. On June 11 Bill and I attended the annual picnic of the Surprise Valley Livestock Association at Eagleville. We traveled in the rattletrap old "Model T" owned by the Forest Service, and used by Durbin for official travel. Just for amusement I counted the number of automobiles parked at the picnic. There were 75 autos of all makes from Model T Fords to Cadillacs. And Durbin's "official chariot" was the most disreputable looking one of the lot.

On the last Modoc trip with Bill, he and I circled over into the Shasta and visited Forest Guard Dunlap at Medicine Lake, where we stopped for the noon meal. Dunlap was glad to see us, and started dinner at once, putting on some bacon and potatoes to fry. About every time George would stir the spuds he would "hitch up" his trousers, which it was noted had no belt on them.

Finally Bill said, "George, haven't you got a belt for those trousers?" "Oh sure," George replied, "There's one hanging over in that corner behind the door. But do you know, I have been so darn busy the past four days that I haven't had time to put it on."

After we left Bill said to me, "George is sure some busy forest officer."

In June 1924 there was a memorable trip to the Modoc Lava Beds region with Supervisor Lyons, Billy Brown, Burnett, Paul Fair, and a party from Alturas and Klamath Falls. Included in the party were Capt. Applegate and Col. Thompson, veterans of the Modoc Indian war of 1872. Our party spent several days visiting the various lava caves and the Indian pictographs on Promontory Point on the eastside of Tule Lake. As a result of this trip, I recommended the creation of the present Lava Beds National Monument. In company with Lyons I also visited Glass Mountain and Clear Lake.

At a later date I accompanied Lyons on a trip to Blue Lake in the south Warner mountains. I was so impressed with the beauty of this lake in a dry region that I worked for its public acquisition until my retirement.

THE MODOC SWANS

In the days when George Lyons was supervisor of the Modoc National Forest, two members of the Modoc force went geese hunting. Now these two Forest officers were not only pretty green about wild fowl, but it was a snowy day when they went hunting. Soon after they reached the selected hunting ground they heard a flock of honkers coming their way. Peering up thru the falling snowflakes they saw some large feathered forms, and both fired, each bringing down a large bird.

Considering one each of that size sufficient the two Forest Officers returned to Alturas and proudly carried their "geese" up for the Forest Supervisor to see. Lyons no sooner clamped his eyes on their "geese" than he said "Now you are in a mess; those are swans and it is against the law to shoot them at any time."

"What shall we do?" wailed the hunters. "Nothing for you to do" said George, "but march down to the Justice of the Peace with your birds, tell him your story, and leave it to the Judge." This the boys did and the Judge soaked them 25 bucks each for not knowing better. They also came in for a lot of "kidding" around town.

But what got them the worst of all was a "kidding" note that I wrote them. I wrote, "Boys, remember what the American Commander advised his troops at the battle of Bunker Hill, and hereafter don't shoot until you can see the whites of their eyes."

On the opening day of the deer season in 1926 I helped Supervisor Lyons check up on 50 hunter camps out in the Rush Creek region. Next day we checked up on camps in the South Warners. We ran across one large camp of hunters from Reno that was well fortified with ammunition consisting mainly of 200 bottles of bootleg booze.

The highlight of this trip was the picnic on Happy Camp Lookout given by the Modoc Forest Officers to the school children winners of the Conservation essay contest that was staged in all Modoc County schools. Lookout Eli Dale was master of ceremonies and there was food enough to feed a CCC camp.

One of the winning contestants was an Indian Boy from Fort Bidwell, and for once I saw an Indian who really reached the food saturation point.

My last general trip over the Modoc was with Supervisor Cronemiller and Associate Forester Sherman. We visited every Lookout from Round Mt. on the west to Sugar Loaf on the east, making a circuit in two days that in Bill Durbin's time would have taken two weeks. But Bill and I really saw

more of the country.

MONO

Trips with Supervisor "Billy" Maule were always a pleasure. Maule was one Supervisor who not only knew his forest intimately, but knew his public and the history of the entire region. In this latter respect he has left to the Forest Service a record that far surpasses what was ever done in Region 5 by any other Supervisor. Maule also maintained the neatest and most artistically decorated office in the region.

My first trip from Gardnerville to the Mono Lake region with Maule was made in his early day Reo. It took us two days to make a trip now made in two hours, we spending a considerable portion of the time "boosting" our vehicle out of soft spots where it "bogged down" in the pumice sands. One overnight stop was at Hammonds' place at Mono Lake where gasoline at that time cost 70 cents a gallon.

In August 1915 another trip was made to the Mono Lake-Silver Lake region. At that time there were on file 3 applications for summer homes at Silver Lake.

In 1916 came another trip to the Silver Lake region. Tom Jones, then on the Mono was a member of the party. We stopped for lunch at what is now the Chris Flat Public Camp. Jones, always an expert fisherman, got out his fishing tackle and said, "Build your fire and warm up the Dutch Oven, I'll be back soon with our lunch." Sure enough he was. Tom stepped over to the Walker river, threw in his fly, and was back at the camp fire in 10 minutes with a 3 pound trout.

On this trip plans were made for the permanent recreation development in this region. At least every 2 years thereafter trips were made to the Mono to check up on recreation and special use work.

On one of these trips I visited the Sweetwater Ranger Station and noted where the Forest Service had in 1911 carried on turpentining experiments on Pinon Pines. All of the turpentined trees died within a few years.

It was near the Sweetwater station that I saw a long fence that had been in use for over half a century. The Juniper post had seven holes drilled thru them and thru these holes were run the smooth iron wires that served as a pasture enclosure. This fence was in good condition on the last trip to that region.

SLOW ACTION

On August 19, 1927 there was an inspection trip along Silver Creek in the Mono National Forest with Forest Supervisor Billy Maule and Ole Friedhoff. On the way up to the site of old Silver City we passed an old log dam which was so high that it absolutely prevented trout from going up or down Silver Creek.

I called the dam to the attention of the Forest Supervisor and asked him why he did not endeavor to secure legal action thru the State Fish and Game Commission to remove the dam or require construction of a fish ladder. Maule replied that he had been trying to secure action on the dam but with no success to date.

Continuing on up the creek we stopped at the site of Old Silver City and amused ourselves by looking thru the ruins of the old boarding house, the interior walls of which had been papered with newspapers of the day when Silver City was a booming mining camp.

While reading some of the old papers my attention was drawn to an item in a San Francisco Chronicle dated April 27, 1878, wherein the District Attorney of Alpine County stated that he had notified the builders of the dam across Silver Creek to either remove the dam or put in a fish ladder. And here, 49 years later, I found legal action still pending, the constituted authorities probable waiting for the dam to rot out, which incidentally, it did two or three years later.

The board with the Chronicle item of April 27, 1878, still pasted thereon, was removed by us from the wall of the old boarding house, and was part of the historical exhibit in the office of the Mono National Forest at Minden, Nevada, while Maule was Supervisor there.

On the 1929 trip to the Mono my youngest son, Louis Jr., went along for a vacation. When we left Minden, Maule took his son along. He was about Lou Jr's age. July 14, while at Silver Lake quite a fire was discovered near Mono Mills. Quickly rounding up some grub and tools, Maule, Ranger Green, the two boys and I headed for the fire. Green also picked up a small crew at the Silver Lake power house.

Arriving at the fire we staked out the automobile and the grub pile on a burned over spot, divided the crew, and started around the fire, one crew one way, the other crew the opposite side.

It was not a difficult fire to handle, and was under control in an hour. Then there was patrol to maintain. The two boys like this, especially as they could make a quick trip around the fire, stopping every time at the grub pile to take on a little more nourishment.

About dusk Maule, the two boys and I headed back for Silver Lake, leaving Ranger Green to stay all night. On the way home Maule's son said, "Say Dad, how much pay will Junior and I get for this?"

Maule replied, "Seeing as you boys ate enough in one day to run a fire camp for a week, you not only won't get any pay, but I'll give you a bill for the grub consumed." That ended the "pay" appeal.

The trips to the Mono were always enlivened by stops at the Bridgeport Ranger Station where Ranger Henry Atcheson and Forest Guard Joe Koenig kept bachelor camp in summer.

Both were good cooks, and Joe was hard to beat as an entertainer. When Joe got "wound up" he could tell many, and very tall tales. Many of these will be long remembered by visiting forest officers.

For years Joe was the efficient and hard working campground caretaker on the Bridgeport district. If Joe could be kept away from the annual July 4 celebration at Bridgeport, he was absolutely dependable. With all his faults Joe had many friends. When he passed on, Brewster Adams the prominent Reno clergyman who had a permit for a summer home at Twin Lakes, gave Joe a mighty fine eulogy in his special column of the Nevada State Journal.

An opportunity to see what had happened on the Mono to my well intentioned recreation plans would be highly appreciated, but a trip would never be the same without a chance to hear some of Billy Maule's dry wit, and some of Joe Koenig's tall stories.

The Mono may, according to present day Forest Service standards, be more efficiently administered than it was in the past, but it is doubtful if the newer generation of forest officers will have as many warm personal friends among forest users, permanent and transient as were had by Maule, Atcheson and Koenig in the years now gone by. The modern system doesn't permit it.

PLUMAS

Trips to the Plumas since 1909 were largely in connection with recreational development and invalid mineral locations. The Plumas has always taken up more of the time of Mining Engineer Friedhoff than has any other Forest. It today contains hundreds of mineral locations that are held for other purposes than legitimate mining.

Two trips to the Plumas I shall long remember.

One August day about World War times when Arthur Barrett was the District Ranger on the Milford District I was coming south on the N.C.O. Ry. when from the train, then 15 miles distant from the Plumas forest, I saw a fire start by lightning. It was then about 6:30 p.m. About 7 p.m. I got off the train at Doyle, was met by Ranger Barrett, and told him about the fire. We hurriedly got some supper in Doyle and drove back to the Milford Ranger Station, where Arthur endeavored to check up on the fire, but without much success as then there were no lookouts on the east end of the Plumas.

Since a fire in the location I described would be difficult of access in the dark, it was approaching dawn when Arthur and I drove out from the station and climbed the Milford Grade in the Dodge 4.

Just about daylight we discovered the fire, got to it in half an hour, and had not built 100 yards of fire trail when a drenching rain started. Seeing we were no longer needed we hurried back to the car, and slipped and skidded back a few miles over muddy roads to a small mining camp. There we "holed up" for the day and dried out, meanwhile passing the time away by playing cards with a couple at the camp.

About sunset this unusual, all day August rain subsided, and we slid back down hill to the Milford Station.

The other memorable trip was one with Capt. A. D. Smith of the Army Air Corps to select an Air Corp Camp site in Lakes Basin.

Leaving the San Francisco office at 4 p.m., I took off in an open cockpit Army Plane from Crissy Field at 5 p.m. and 45 minutes later got out at Mather Field, 12 miles east of Sacramento to spend the night.

Next morning Capt. Smith, his wife, two enlisted men of the Air Corp and myself left Mather Field in one of the White chassis armored cars that was built for service in France. The driver was an Irish Sergeant who only knew one speed and that was high. As a consequence we had all kinds of difficulties getting to Lakes Basin by way of Downieville, but finally made it.

After two nights in Lakes Basin came the departure for Mather Field via Sierra Valley, Truckee and Lake Tahoe. More trouble. The driver was impervious to suggestions, so got into hot water a number of times, but with the help of the riders always managed to get out.

The last lunch was eaten on the Echo Lake Summit. Then our driver undertook to break all records on the way back to Mather Field. He made about all curves on two wheels and nearly capsized once or twice. Finally when we got down on the straight a-way between Folsom City and Sacramento the driver really pushed the throttle down to the floor board. The telephone poles were speeding by like pickets in a fence when "bang" went the right rear tire, and here, within sight of Mather Field we nearly piled up in the ditch.

With the tire changed, we soon pulled in to Mather Field. After the "junk" was unloaded and our armoured car had departed, Capt. Smith admitted to me that he had been flying an airplane for years but had never had as wild a ride as the one just concluded.

The last official trip to the Plumas was by automobile over the same road over which I traveled in a stage coach and sleigh in April 1905. The 30 years had made a tremendous difference in the work and personnel of the Forest Service as it had in condition of roads and types of transportation.

In 1905 I was two days on the road from Oroville to Quincy, the first day to Merrimac in a four horse stage, then 20 miles in a horse drawn sled over the Letter Box summit to Tollgate, and from there in to Quincy in another stage. Two hard days to make 65 miles, sometimes on foot when the going was particularly bad. In 1935 it was made in 2 1/2 hours over a surfaced road.

In 1905 I had a two room office over a saloon, used the front room for an office and slept on a folding cot in the back room. Also paid the rent out of my own pocket. Today the Forest Service has a fine headquarters plant in Quincy with commodious office, warehouse, machine shops and fire crew station. In those days I was everything from janitor to Supervisor. Today the Supervisor has a staff of expert clerks and technicians to handle all of the details. In those days there was no plan of timber management and grazing to conserve these natural resources and fires were commonly set to open up the forest. Today we are endeavoring to grow trees where trees belong in the hope that our descendants will have some of the wonderful forests that the explorers and pioneers found here and that have been to a large extent exploited and destroyed by what many are prone to designate as the onward march of civilization.

San Bernardino

The earlier trips to this forest were made when it was part of the Angeles. On one trip there when Lou Anderson was the Big Bear District Ranger, we were coming down the old Clark Grade from Big Bear to Santa Ana River when lightning struck and set a fire near Thomas Happy Hunting Ground. In this case discovery and start to fire were simultaneous. Near Forest Home we picked up a couple of young men and took them along to the fire. Due to quick action all around, it was soon rounded up.

The San Bernardino has such an enormous recreational use that my trips were all in connection with Land matters. If traveling with the Forest Supervisor we nearly always managed to stop a day or two at the Forest Service cabin at Pine Knot. Here Charlton and I and later Boulden and I worked out many forest problems.

Probably the hottest weather I ever encountered on a Forest trip was that on the July, 1925 trip to this Forest.

July 13 Boulden and I fought fire some 7 miles west of Glen Ranch on the east slope of Telegraph Peak. Next day I walked down Lytle Creek to Glen Ranch in a temperature of above 100 degrees and with no watter enroute.

July 16, one of the hottest days on the desert in years, Boulden and I drove from Big Bear Ranger Station to Coxey Ranger Station by way of Cushionberry Grade and Box S Ranch. We literally "worked our way" down Cushionberry Grade, tearing down and destroying over 100 advertising signs that were on forest land.

At Box S Ranch about 2 pm the temperature stood at 120 degrees in the shade. Even the shady side of the old Dodge 4 was too hot to lay a hand on with comfort. And how the radiator did boil, even when driving along on level desert roads.

In April 1926 came a trip with L. F. Kneipp, Ole Friedhoff, and Gus Boulden to Bluff Lake on the divide between Big Bear Valley and the Santa Ana River.

We left San Bernardino on a Saturday morning, inspected camp ground enroute, and pulled into Big Bear in a snow storm that evening. Here the night was spent.

Sunday morning we four drove part way to Bluff Lake, parking when the snow got too deep. From here to Bluff Lake and back, some 6 miles we "mushed" thru from 3 inches to 2 feet of soft, wet snow. This was just another of the hundreds of Sundays that I worked while in the Forest Service.

This Sunday morning was the only time on record when Ole Friedhoff arose too early. Ole was noted as a late sleeper who needed numerous and frequent morning calls. But this time all conditions worked against him.

When the party retired Saturday night it was snowing. We were sleeping in individual cabins. The storm stopped during the night and the sun rose in a cloudless sky to shine over a snow covered forest.

Now Ole had been warned to be up early or we would go without him. When he awakened his watch had stopped, and the early sun shining on the snow made everything so bright that Ole figured it was late in the day and we had left. So he hustled into his clothes and came over to my cabin, where much to his disgust he learned that because his watch had stopped he had arisen an hour too early, and the rest of the party were still in bed. Ole never did quite recover from the shock of getting up so early and the "kidding" he received, and to make matters worse we put him to work building fires in the cabin stoves so it would be warm to dress.

The two most important projects handled on this Forest were the San Jacinto Mountains State Park exchange, and the Modoc fire trespass settlement effected with the Southern Pacific Railway Company. In the latter case the Southern Pacific Company deeded to the United States some 62,000 acres of railroad land grant land in settlement for some $200,000 worth of timber on the Modoc Forest destroyed by a great forest fire that originated on the railway right of way. The most valuable sections of the

land acquired in this settlement were around Big Bear Lake and Valley.

In the State Park case I first effected a blocking out of land with the Southern Pacific Company thru a land exchange. The Company then sold the block that it had acquired to the State Park Commission. This block of land covered San Jacinto Mountain and adjacent sections of high mountain land very desirable for State Park purposes.

Thru this exchange the United States and the State of California secured ownership of practically all railroad Grant lands in the San Jacinto Mountains.

Ranger Henry Hunt and my assistant George Miller made this difficult land appraisal.

Final agreement in this three cornered arrangement was effected at an evening meeting in a log cabin at Idyllwild in July 1932 at which Land Commissioner C. F. Impey represented the Southern Pacific Company, Newton B. Drury represented the State Park commission and Supervisor Elliott, Ranger Hunt and I represented the Forest Service.

This project took 3 years to work out, 1929 to 1932. I had some excellent preliminary help from Mr. F. L. Omsted, the noted landscape engineer. Notwithstanding all this help I can claim personal credit for having "talked down" the Railroad's selling price by $10,000. That is a part of the story that I shall not relate, since the other party to the transaction has "passed on".

The fire trespass settlement was first suggested by Mr. E. A. Sherman, but was worked out by me. I personally made the final check on the land appraisal of the 62,000 odd acres, being materially assisted by Frank Robinson. This settlement impressed me as being much more in the public interest than if the Southern Pacific Company had paid all of the fire damage claim in cash. Thru this settlement the United States received title to a large area of valuable watershed land and a relatively small area of highly valuable recreation land at Big Bear Lake.

About the same time those two projects were under way, the "skids" were finally put under the Lillibridge and Nomhoff Mineral claims. This saved to the public the hignly valuable recreational lands near Lake Arrowhead that they had endeavored to acquire under our obsolete mining laws.

On my last official trip to the San Bernardino Forest we spent a Sunday in Big Bear Valley. That day it was estimated that there were fully 25,000 people in the Valley.

As I watched this crowd milling around on the highways and public camps, and in the resorts, eating places, and a multitude of "Coney Island" concessions, I could not help but look back to the camping trips I made into this same Valley in my boyhood days.

Then it took more days to get into the Valley than it now takes in hours. Then the mountain roads were narrow, steep and dusty. Now they are wide, smooth and have easy grades. Then campers were few and widely scattered; there were no resorts or stores. If you ate, you took your grub with you or killed a buck. Now there are a 100 resorts and one can buy food almost anywhere.

As I made this mental comparison I could not help but think that the present day visitors miss something that I had over half a century ago. The solitude and quiet are all gone now, and it is just another suburban development in the mountains.

Sequoia

Mention of the Sequoia brings to mind many experiences I had there.

When the southern end of what is now the Sequoia National Forest was under separate administration as the Kern National Forest, I was making an inspection trip there and was around Isabella for some time.

One morning the Isabella-Greenhorn Mountain telephone line was found out of commission, and I offered to join the District Ranger in a trip over the line to find the break. Since there had been no storm we figured that an old dead tree had fallen over it somewhere. However, we rode horseback clear thru to Davis Station that day, carefully inspecting the line, and found no breaks. But the line was still "dead".

Next morning we took a field testing phone and started back over the line. About every quarter of a mile the ranger would climb a tree or a pole, connect up, and try out the line. For several miles on the way back he could get Davis Station but could not get Isabella. Finally there came a time when we got Isabella and could not get Davis Station. Then we knew that the "break" was between where we were at the time and the last "hook up" back toward Davis Station.

We therefore carefully patrolled this section on foot, examining every tree and pole where the line was anchored, but could see no break. Then the ranger commenced climbing every tree and pole and examining the connection on each one. About the third pole he climbed he found the trouble.

Now this old time telephone line construction was very different from the present day Forest Service standard. The poles were cut square on top and the insulator was set on top of the pole instead of on the side. Some "Nestor", desiring to play a trick on the ranger, had climbed this pole, driven a twentypenny spike on each side of the insulator, then cut

the wire over the center of the top of the pole, and had looped one end of each wire around the spike nearest the edge of the pole. This left about a four inch break over the top of the pole where there was no telephone wire. But from the ground this "break" could not possibly be seen, and this was why we had passed it three times without detecting the cause of the "dead" line.

On this same trip, made in May and June, there were several other experiences. May 26 Ranger Charley Shook and I rode up on Scodie Mt. from the south and came down Scodie Canyon to the north. Scodie Canyon was extremely rough, there was no trail and we had a hard time getting down this way. I doubt if there was another Regional Office man on Scodie Mountain in the next 15 years, and know that not another one has ever tackled the Scodie Canyon Route. With few exceptions the later generation of Forest Inspectors don't tackle the difficult trips that were common to the Inspector of 20 to 35 years ago.

While on this same trip Ranger Shook and I transported a guard and a cabin builder to Cannell Meadows. The guard was a college boy, the cabin builder a man about 40. Neither knew anything about riding. As a consequence there was plenty of fun on this trip.

Shook had a pasture full of horses at Isabella, not one of which was fully broken. He rounded up the bunch, picked out the six most gentle ones, turned the rest loose, put blinders on 5 of the 6 selected, and saddled and bridled the bunch. Shook then selected the two wildest ones for pack animals, gave the two gentlest to the Guard and carpenter, and he and I took the remaining two. When everybody was mounted the blinders were removed and the rodeo began.

After a few spills the cavalcade got out onto the road and reached the foot of the long, hard, and hot trail climb that lead from Kernville to the summit a mile in altitude above.

The trail was so steep and hot that the horses quieted down until the summit was reached. Here it was cooler and there were pine forests and green meadows.

The cavalcade continued on without mishap until within a mile of Cannell Meadows when I saw a wild cat out in a meadow. Without thinking I jerked out my Luger automatic and fired a shot at the animal. This stampeded the train, with the result that both Guard and carpenter were bucked off. Altho Shook and I rounded up the train the Guard and carpenter said they knew when they had enough riding and continued on in to Cannell Meadows on foot.

In June I was in the Lone Pine region with J. O. Morrow looking over Forest Homesteads. June 12 we rode up Olancha Peak, 12,135 feet elevation and had a wide view over the forest area south of Mt. Whitney. Ranger Parkison was with us on this ride.

Quite a story goes with this trip.

There had been agitation for a road to the Sierra Crest in this general region and Ranger Parkison insisted that he had found a feasible route, where on a 10 percent grade a road could be built to the summit for $25,000. While there was serious doubt of these figures the ranger was so insistent that Morrow and I promised to look at it with him.

This country is extremely rocky and all stands on end. We had a very long and trying day, having to lead our horses much of the time both uphill and down.

When the trio finally reached the old Mt. Whitney Ranger Station that evening Parkison inquired, "what do you think of the route and of the estimates?" After conferring with Morrow for a moment I replied, "Well, Parky (his nickname) the route is a "lulu" and the estimates are OK with two slight exceptions. You should add one cipher to the grade and two ciphers to the cost".

Returning to the south end of the forest with Morrow we made a moonlight night ride from Glennville to Isabella over Green Mountain. This was the first time that I noted any pain in my right leg, which for over 20 years has prevented me from doing much horseback riding.

A Cold Trip Over Farewell Gap

One of the coldest and disagreeable saddle trips I ever took was one made on September 21, 1912 from Grays Meadow over Farewell Gap to Mineral King. September 16 I left California Hot Springs with Forest Assistant S. W. Wynne and his young wife. We had three saddle horses and two pack mules. The night of September 20 we camped at Grays Meadow and noted with apprehension that a storm was blowing up from the south.

Next morning was cold and cloudy and windy, and we were on our way up Rifle Creek by daylight. However, by 9 a.m. the storm broke with rain and sleet. And we had no waterproof clothes. For the next 8 hours, until we reached Mineral King, we had a most cold and miserable trip, being soaked to the skin.

When we pulled into Mineral King about 5 p.m., we found every building including the guard station, closed for the winter. However, we got shelter for the stock and broke into the guard station, where we found such a poor excuse of a stove that it was impossible to get it warmed up. The result was a cold supper and a wet bed as all of our bedding was soaked, too.

The sun came out next morning and we were soon on our way to Three Rivers, where we dried out and had a hot meal. But the ride over Farewell Gap, elevation 10,600 ft., in a sleet storm was sure a cold one.

Upon returning to Hot Springs I told Supervisor Patterson that if I ever saw such an apology for a stove in another one of his ranger stations, I would surely do my best to have him "canned".

On a trip to this forest in 1920 the Porterville Chamber of Commerce and various people in that region complained of the condition of the trails in the high regions. I have always believed that had the Forest Service given more attention to improvement of the High Sierra trails years ago that there would have been less demand for inclusion of so much of that area in the National Parks.

One hot, full moon, August night during this trip I was riding over the Tehachapi Pass in a chair car on the S. P. train.

An old army "buddy" I had run across on the platform at Bakersfield and I occupied the third tier of seats from the rear on the left hand side of the car. In our immediate rear was a young girl, and in the rear left hand seat was a young man. Across the aisle from the young man was a testy old man who was trying to sleep, but was being kept awake by the idle chatter of the boy and girl.

They were going full blast when the engineer on the lead engine "sanded his flues", and the air was filled with small sparks. Said the youth to the girl, who had her head out of the car window, "better be careful or you will get cinders in your hair."

Quick as a flash the old man in the rear right seat sang out, "I wish to hell that you would get cinders in your mouth." The general laugh that followed quite effectively squelched the loud conversation of the young folks for some hours.

In August 1924 I worked over practically all of the Sequoia files while at Hot Springs for a couple of weeks. This was during the worst part of the bad 1924 fire season and I was spending some time there in order to help out in case of an epidemic of fires in the forest.

On this same trip at Camp Nelson I met a deer hunter who had killed a buck and came back to camp to get a pack animal to bring in his kill. He rented a mule in the morning and along toward evening came wearily back into camp literally towing the mule with the deer on its back. I asked him how the mule lead. He said it would have lead easier if it had been on its back.

The last general trip over the Sequoia was in 1929. It was made for the special purpose of looking over the lands around Hume Lake that were offered for sale to the United States. One of the last land acquisition cases handled was this purchase by which the United States came into possession of the Lake and thousands of acres of adjoining virgin timbered and cut over land.

On this trip I visited Buck Rock Lookout, climbing the 101 steps on the stairway that leads to this spectacular lookout station.

Whenever I think of the Sequoia my memory wanders back a quarter of a century to the days when A. B. Patterson was Supervisor, and Billy Burton his deputy. Those were the days when Hot Springs was the Sequoia headquarters and Joe Mitchell Manager of the California Hot Springs Resort, and when an occasional "Badger fight" was pulled off on some unsuspecting male guest by the above mentioned trio of old friends who have passed on to the better land now.

Shasta

In the earlier days the Shasta headquarters was about the last Forest Service Station in California where a Regional Office man would willingly go.

Sisson, as the town now know as Mt. Shasta was then called was a typical lumberjack town, with a long row of saloons interspersed with bed bug ridden hotels and lodging places. The eating places were even worse than the stopping places.

The 1911 Ranger meeting at Sisson was one to remember. With two exceptions the meals while there were "fierce". After about three days of poor grub, 3 other Regional Office men and myself went to the local butcher, purchased two large porterhouse steaks about an inch thick, took them to a restaurant in the rear of a saloon, and paid the cook a dollar to broil these steaks as we directed. This was probably the first time he had ever properly cooked a steak.

At the Ranger meeting an old pioneer named W. W. Taylor of McDoel exploded the theory that the Indians systematically burned the forest. According to Mr. Taylor there were few fires when he first settled in that Region, and they increased in number and intensity as the region settled up with white people. This pretty well bears out the conclusion on Indian burning that will be reached by any unprejudiced individual who will study early day history of California.

It was decided to wind up the meeting with a dinner to which the forest officers present from several of the forests in Northern California invited some of the prominent residents of the locality. At the dinner each man present was called upon to tell a story. When it got around to one "old timer" who had been in that region for years, he said, "Boys, I am going to give you one about the mother-in-law of a friend of mine."

"This friend of mine had the meanest mother-in-law in California. She insisted on living with him and his wife, and she sure made life miserable for him. One day she left for a visit at a distance. She had been gone about a week when son-in-law received a telegram saying that

mother-in-law had unexpectedly and suddenly died, and they inquired what should be done with the remains. Son-in-law hastened to the telegraph office, wrote out a reply, and handing it to the operator said, "send this."

His telegram read, "Embalm her, cremate her, bury her, dam it, take no chances."

There are three other reasons for remembering the Shasta. First was the old McCloud-Bartle road. In midsummer this old road was in just about as poor condition as any in California.

Second is that Medicine Lake 20 years ago was the most lonesome place one could find anywhere in the west. I have heard a number of other people express this opinion.

My third remembrance is of the night spent in September 1925 on the summit of Round Mountain. This cinder cone was then used to some extent as a lookout but no lookout building had been constructed, the lookout man using a "crow's nest" in a tall pine. A single track road had been constructed to the summit. This road wound around the cone, made a complete circle of the summit and connected back into the upgrade.

It was a still, clear and windless night. There was no one for miles in this lonesome region except an occasional camp of deer hunters. Supervisor Jesse Hall and I had spread out our bed roll in the center of the circular drive on the summit, and turned in early.

About one a.m. I was awakened by the sound of a motor a mile or more distant to the north and over a thousand feet below. The automobile was headed south on the road leading to Pit River points, so the sound increased in volume as the car came nearer. Soon one could tell by the labored sound of the motor that the car was climbing Round Mountain, constantly getting closer.

Suddenly we could see the light of the car as it neared the summit. Up to the top it came, circled the summit and turned back down the mountain. Hall and I listened for five minutes and could hear the sound die away in the distance as the car continued on toward Pit River.

Now the main road running north and south passed along the east base of Round Mountain. There was a fork in the road where the Round Mountain road turned off to the west. So all we could figure out for this strange performance was that the driver of the "phantom car" was a deer hunter unfamiliar with the roads; that he mistook the Round Mountain branch for the main road, climbed the hill, circled the top, went back down the way he came up, and connecting back into the main road continued on south toward home. It is doubtful if this driver to this day knows that he motored up Round Mountain on a side road. He probably thought that this was just another mountain range to cross in leaving the lava beds.

In 1922 the Castle Lake land donation was effected. By this donation Miss Mary B. Brittan of San Francisco conveyed to the United States nearly all of beautiful Castle Lake and its adjacent shores. A couple of special trips were made in connection with this donation, and in working out plans for road betterments and recreational development of the area.

Up to the time of my retirement more land had been reconveyed to the United States thru land exchanges on the Shasta than on any three other forests in California.

Passing upon these land exchange appraisals required a number of trips to the Shasta, being accompanied on some of them by E. A. Sherman and L. F. Kneipp of the Foresters office. These exchanges have tended to greatly simplify administration of this Forest.

Sierra

My first trip to the Sierra was to a Supervisors meeting at "Peace Cabin" in the fall of 1906. That was my first introduction to Uncle Charley Shinn, a friendship that lasted to the day of his death.

The first inspection trip of consequence came in 1913. Between August 10 and 30 I rode the entire west boundary of the Sierra and Sequoia Forests with Soil Expert Heileman of the Bureau of Soils, the purpose of the trip being to see what eliminations should be made along the boundary.

This was a saddle trip, it was entirely in the foothills, and was made at the hottest time of the year. I can still look back on this as one of the warmest, dustiest, and most uncomfortable saddle trips I ever made. We covered over 400 miles on this trip.

Old Man Maxon's Troubles

One night while on this trip we stopped at the old Maxon ranch at Trimmer on Kings River. It was a hot night with a full moon, the bedrooms in the old building were too warm for comfort, so we sat out on the front porch in the moonlight and talked.

After a general discussion of various matters, Mr. Maxon got warmed up on the Forest Service - especially the grazing policies - and told a long string of troubles that he and his neighbors had had with the Forest Service. Finally about midnight I decided it was time to "hit the hay". Rising from the steps I said, "Well, Mr. Maxon, maybe you won't be bothered with the Forest Service much more for when I finish this trip I'll recommend that all the land around your place be eliminated from the National Forest."

I had hardly finished speaking before Mr. Maxon turned a complete verbal "flip flop". Said he had never had any trouble with the Forest Service, that most of what he told me was mere hearsay, and that before the National Forest was created the Indian Hogs and Basco sheep ate all of the range right up to his door. Then for the next hour he argued why all of the land around there should remain under National Forest Administration.

Finally about 1 a.m. I got to bed. But next morning Mr. Maxon continued his favorable arguments at the breakfast table and even followed me out to the barn as I saddled my horse for the trip on toward Hot Springs. As we rode off the last I heard was "that he was satisfied with the Forest Service and wanted to remain in the National Forest!

So the area around Trimmer is still a part of the Sierra and Sequoia Forests.

A Speeder Trip With Ole and Benny

On May 5, 1919, Ole Friedhoff and I had a wildly exciting ride with Benedict on the Forest Service speeder from Auberry to Big Creek over the tracks of the San Joaquin and Eastern Railway.

Ole and I each had a pass on the regular daily train, but Benedict was waiting for us and talked us into riding up with him on the speeder, saying we would get there two hours before the train, but Ben was too optimistic; he had just put a new leather belt on the speeder drive and this apparently never had been stretched.

However, we loaded our baggage aboard and hit the track about a mile ahead of the train. But within 10 minutes our troubles began. The drive belt stretched and slipped and the motor got hot. This was stop number one. About two inches was cut out of the belt and it was replaced.

By this time the train was right on our heels. But this stop was just a starter. From this on, there was a stop every two or three miles and another chunk was taken out of the belt.

The result was that we worked our passage all the way from Auberry to Big Creek, and only arrived about two minutes ahead of the train, thoroughly tired and disgusted.

In September 1920 District Forester Redington accompanied me on a trip to examine the lands offered in a land exchange by the Madera Sugar Pine Company. We spent considerable time looking over the land, stopping two nights at Fish Camp.

There were six in the party. After supper the first night Redington suggested a poker game, the agreement being to stop at midnight. I did not play. When quitting time came, the five players checked up. There were four winners, "Red" being the only loser.

Next night "Red" suggested another game, saying he wanted to get even. When quitting time came there were again four winners and one loser, "Red" for the second time having "given the party." He was pretty much disgusted.

When the Southern California Edison Company was constructing the Florence Lake dam and the 13 mile tunnel to Huntington Lake, I inspected the project. The trip was made in June. The night of June 15 was spent at the construction camp on Kaiser Crest, elevation 10,000 feet. Next morning at 6 a.m. the cookhouse thermometer registered just freezing, 32 degrees. On the way down to Huntington Lake the road was cut through snow banks 10 feet deep.

I continued on into Fresno, arriving there about 3:30 p.m. When I boarded the San Francisco bound train at 4 p.m. the depot thermometer registered 104. Here was a variation of temperature of 72 the same day in a distance of some 85 miles.

On one of the numerous trips to Big Creek and Huntington Lake Supervisor Benedict was the Chauffer; an old Dodge Screenside the method of conveyance. Before leaving Northfork after lunch "Benny" telephoned Ranger Sweeley at Big Creek to have the"Fatted calf" on the table at 6 p.m. as we would be there for supper. But "Benny" forgot to say what day we would be there.

We were not long on the road until spring troubles developed. There were several broken spring leaves. So a stop was made at the San Joaquin and Eastern Ry. shops at Auberry, where we sorted over the scrap iron pile and made repairs. This took two hours. Once more on the road transmission troubles developed, a pin loose in there. So we crawled along to Pine Ridge where a stop was made for the night about dark.

Next morning was cold and frosty with the grease in the transmission pretty solid. "Benny" had to dig this out until he finally found the missing pin and put it back in place. This consumed so much time that we were lucky to get to Big Creek in time for the noon meal.

I always enjoyed the trips to Big Creek and Huntington Lake and the stops with Ranger Barker and Sweeley. It was interesting to watch the growing recreational use of these areas.

The July 1930 trip to Devil Post Pile and Reds Meadow was made at a time when recreational travel to that area was greatly on the increase. What I saw there resulted in the first allotment for the development of the Reds Meadow Public Camp, including a bath house at the Hot Springs.

Administration of the Devil Post Pile National Monument is a striking illustration of governmental waste.

Created in 1911, this 800 acre National Monument was administered by the Forest Service at no extra expense until the "New Deal" came along and decided that it must be turned over to the National Park Service

for separate administration.

Now there is nothing on this area that visitors can damage. The only desirable campground for the use of visitors is on adjacent National Forest land close to the Forest Service ranger station, where a Forest Ranger is stationed all summer to administer this part of the High Sierra.

Notwithstanding these facts, the American taxpayer is "stuck" for the expense of providing a separate administration for this area, when it could be handled by the Forest Service at no extra cost.

It is such clear cut cases as this one that causes the initiated to liberally discount all of the oft repeated promises of economy in the administration of governmental affairs.

No private corporation would consider doing some of the fool stunts that were done by various bureaus of the United States during the 40 years that I have had more or less familiarity with how our government is operated.

Stanislaus

Back in August 1911 I made a trip to the Carl Inn region on the Stanislaus to investigate some grazing troubles along the Stanislaus Forest-Yosemite Park boundary. Just as this job was completed a large fire started along the Forest boundary south of Groveland. It was while helping on this fire that I met Ranger George Miller, later my office assistant for 24 years.

What I remember particularly about this 10,000 acre incendiary fire which was mainly outside the forest is that we had supper the night of August 21 with a negro family, and had an early breakfast the next morning with a Kanaka family. Both were good "feeds".

This particular area long was troubled with incendiary fires. Once when L. F. Kneipp and I were looking over the country from a cutover area near Crane Flat, we saw three fires break out almost simultaneously near Smith Peak several miles to the west.

It was while on the 1911 trip that I rode horseback to the Jawbone Ranger Station and spent the night with Ranger Pestoni. Pestoni's Italian father, an expert vegetable grower, lived at the station. That year he had about the best vegetable garden that I ever saw at any Ranger Station.

I have been vastly interested in the recreational development at Pinecrest in which I had a large hand. We made a number of mistakes and also learned a lot.

The first trip to Pinecrest came in 1916 when the original survey and layout was made. In July 1921 I spent considerable time there with Supervisor Wulff revising the layout. While on this trip Wulff and I had an interesting experience with a burning automobile.

We were going down the Patterson grade on the Sonora Pass road when on rounding a blind curve we came onto a Franklin automobile stranded in the road, with the front end on fire. The party that had been in the car, a man and wife, two children and a blind man, all without any tools, were vainly trying to extinguish the flames. Wulff and I had no fire extinguisher, but we did have two shovels. There was plenty of disintegrated granite soil handy and the blaze was soon extinguished by covering the motor with dirt.

About the time the fire was out a Forest Service truck came up the grade headed toward Sonora. Wulff had them tow the disabled Franklin as far as Pinecrest, where the owners were camped.

July 29, 1926 while on an inspection trip near Carl Inn I met Forester Greeley and National Park Director Mather and their party, and accompanied them to Crane Flat, where the entire party of some 20 Park and Forest Officers had lunch.

Greeley and Mather had been looking over the High Sierra proposed additions to the National Forests, and were on the way home.

Whenever the Stanislaus is mentioned I think of two of my old time Forest Service friends who helped to steer the Stanislaus ship of state, "Bummer" Ayers who was there years ago, and Jesse Hall, who is still on the job as Supervisor.

Tahoe

To think of the Tahoe is to think of R.L.B. Bigelow, the Supervisor of that forest for nearly 30 years. Bigelow was on the Tahoe when I was on the neighboring Plumas.

My first general trip over the Tahoe was in July 1912. At the Sierraville Ranger Station I met Ranger Babbitt, the first forest officer to practice the burning down of dead snags when the country was covered with snow.

July 12 several of us made the trip from the present site of the Tahoe Public camp to Emerald Bay and return. The cruise was made in the Forest Service launch, a boat that had seen use on San Francisco Bay. Mark Edmonds was captain and crew. On the return trip we were chased up the lake by an oncoming thunder storm that kicked up a heavy sea. The boat was barely tied up at the home pier when the worst of the storm struck, the size of the waves breaking, making everybody thankful that shore had been reached.

On one inspection tour with Bigelow he was driving an early day "model T" that had all kinds of mechanical troubles. The worst feature was that every time we coasted down a hill the magneto in the transmission would jump out. This meant that before the next hill could be negotiated, "R.L.P.B." would have to stop, take the top plate off the transmission, give the magneto a few licks with a hammer and then replace the top plates. This performance was repeated many times a day for several days.

Then Mr. William Kent donated the site of the present Tahoe Public Camp to the United States, the Forest Service first embarked on the development of a campground in a well planned way.

In those days campground improvement funds were mighty scarce. But District Forester DuBois had promised Mr. Kent that we would clear and improve the land if he would deed it to Uncle Sam. This he did. Then it was up to me to scrape the bottom of the Regional Campground Improvement fund barrel to make our word good. While funds for the camp were always insufficient until very recent years I have always felt that a good job of development was done at this camp considering the very limited funds available.

When stopping for a few days around Truckee in the summer of 1919, I was first introduced to Ranger "Lassen" Smith's evening entertainment for his widely scattered force.

This was before the days of common use of the radio, but victrolas were largely in use. Thru the cooperation of the Truckee telephone girls, Smith would connect up his office by telephone with his 5 guards and 2 lookouts. Then with all on one circuit the victrola in his office would give his entire force an evening concert.

I worked for several days in July 1926 on a big fire on the eastside of the Tahoe. This was before the days of the CCC, so after all of the local lumberjacks and farmers had been put on the fire line, and more help was needed, the "jungles" along the Truckee river at Reno were scouted out and about 60 jungle stiffs were brought out to the fireline. They were a hard looking bunch to begin with. After two or three days on the fire their appearance was not improved. One morning all rolled out before daylight for an early breakfast, so as to hit the fire with a fresh crew as soon as it was light enough to see well.

As this nondescript crew rolled out most of them stuck their heads in a bucket of cold spring water. This took the place of the morning shower. Two old cronies strolled up for this "eyeopener" together. One was a big, burly bird with a face that looked like a bull dog with its face stuck thru a brush fence. The other was a weazoned little runt with a week's whiskers on his face. As the big man stuck his head in the bucket the little fellow eyed him thoughtfully, and without cracking a smile said, "Use Palmolive soap for that school girl complexion". Lifting his face out of the water the big man replied, "That might have been good advice twenty years ago but it is too late now".

At this fire we saved the Casey sawmill camp and lumber yard by the use of light pumps and about a mile of hose. In the mopping up process I helped to drag a 3,000 foot long hose line thru the timber. This was about as tiring a job as one would want to tackle.

One "blanket stiff" fire fighter went "cuckoo" the second day of this fire, roaming around thru the burnt area until he was overtaken and brought into camp by one of the rangers. This shows that almost anything can happen at a forest fire.

Ole Friedhoff and the Bear:

One of the amusing stories of the Tahoe is the experience that "Ole" had with a bear when he was on one of his numerous trips to examine mining claims on that forest.

"Ole" was working his way up a narrow trail when he ran slap, dab, into a large brown bear. Both stopped when a short distance apart. "Ole" laughed at the bear, but the bear only champed his jaws in reply. Then "Ole" waved his hat and yelled and ran at the bear, but the bear started down the trail toward "Ole". To avoid a collision "Ole" went into reverse and backed down the trail, the bear following. "Ole" got behind a tree and the bear stopped. "Ole" started up the trail again and the bear started down. About this time "Ole" took to the brush, giving the bear the right of way. Then the bear left the trail and "Ole" went on his way rejoicing.

Most of my later trips to the Tahoe were made in connection with land exchange work, the most important exchanges handled being the one with the Bank of America which involved some 17,000 acres of land on the Forest Hill divide, and the Nonnemann Estate acquisition along the highway between Emigrant Gap and Nevada City. The Hobart Estate exchange was in process of consummation when I retired.

TRINITY

The trip in to the March 1911 Ranger meeting at Weaverville is a good illustration of the hardships of travel in those days. The party making this trip were Thompson, Swift Berry, Armstrong and myself from the District Office, and Ranger Graham, of the Trinity force, who we met at Redding.

The old four horse stage left Redding at 7 a.m. for Weaverville, 42 miles distant. After cruising thru snow banks and mud for 11 hours a stop was made for the night at Lewiston, 28 miles from Redding. Upon inquiry at the stopping place it was learned that there were only beds for three at the place; one double bed and one single bed. The propri-

etor said he could spread some blankets on the floor for the other two guests.

Since none of the guests were highly enthusiastic about sleeping on the floor, a game of hearts was decided upon as the best way to settle the matter. It was hard fought game. When finally it ended I had sufficient points to hold a place in the double bed.

Next morning the stage continued on into Weaverville, arriving about 11 a.m. requiring altogether some 15 hours for the 42 miles drive.

When baggage was unloaded at the old New York hotel my suitcase turned up missing. I had seen it put on at Lewiston, so it had apparently fallen off along the road between Lewiston and Weaverville. The stage did not go out again until next morning. Consequently I was without baggage the first night, and was on hand when the stage came in next day about noon. The driver had my suitcase. He had found it lying in the middle of the long bridge across the Trinity River near Lewiston.

This shows how heavy travel was over the Redding-Weaverville road in 1911. A suitcase had lain in the middle of this bridge for 24 hours without being molested.

The entire month of May 1912 was spent in riding some 600 miles on a saddle horse over Trinity roads and trails. Acoompanying me at times were Forest Supervisor Huestis and most of the ranger force.

The highlight of this trip was the visit to Hyampom Valley, that isolated little spot then far off the beaten path that was the home of the "Hymampom Hog Bear", made famous by Curt DuBois in "Fearsome Creatures of the Lumberwoods." Many amusing and exciting stories were related to me by Rangers and settlers about these fearsome bears. After hearing all of these stories one could not help wondering whether some of the raids on the hogs in Hyampom Valley that were laid to four legged bear were not really made by two legged bears. One could swallow many bear stories however just to have the opportunity to fill up on Hyampom strawberries. They were the last word in mountain fruit.

On this trip I first met Ranger John Gray, who was then stationed on Mad River. In company with Gray I inspected the homestead entries on Grizzly Mountain. Part of these very well timbered homesteads went to patent over the protest of the Forest Service. Not one of them was ever cultivated, and none should have been patented. This was clear fraud.

Another trip with Gray was made from Mad River over South Fork Mountain to Hyampom Valley. This was a tough trip as we had to flounder thru several miles of soft snow.

Part of my work on this trip was the inspection of Forest Homestead application areas. The Trinity, especially in the Mad River District, was liberally plastered with Forest Homestead applications. Notwithstanding the fact that most of the old original homesteads were abandoned all thru this region, and that these old homesteads were better land than that now applied for, every homestead applicant was dead sure that he could make a success of agriculture here even the pioneers had starved out. As a matter of fact most of the new bunch starved out very shortly. "Hope Springs eternal".

In 1916 an inspection was made of the land classification work on this forest. J. O. Morrow, Soil Expert Dunn and the Forest Supervisor went along on this trip, and the party covered all questionable areas.

The latter part of June 1923, I attended the annual meeting held for Guard training purposes, this time being held at Forest Glen on the south Fork of the Trinity River. We were all lodged at the Forest Glen resort. I remember two incidents that occurred while this meeting was in progress. One was a slight automobile accident that occurred on the South Fork Highway. Two automobiles collided, but with no material damage to machines or occupants. Apparently the only injury was to the feelings of one woman who moaned around because she had swallowed a large wad of gum in the excitement.

The other incident was the collection of evidence in a fire trespass case before the trespass was committed.

Across the river from the Forest Glen Guard Station was the Forest Glen Public Camp. While inspecting this camp with the local guard I took a photograph of a very attractive camp occupied by two automobile parties. The picture included the automobiles as well as the rest of the camp equipment.

Next morning when making his daily inspection of the camp ground the guard noted that the party whose camp I had photographed was gone, and that they had left their open campfire burning. The guard tried to check up on the party by telephone, but without success. When he told about the abandoned fire I thought of the photograph, and upon returning to San Francisco had the film developed at once.

With the aid of a magnifying glass the automobile license number of one of the cars was deciphered. Upon reference to the State Motor Vehicle Department the name of the owner of this car was obtained. He proved to be a resident of Palo Alto. When confronted with the evidence the party admitted his guilt. Arrangements were made with the Justice of the Peace at Weaverville, the camper plead guilty by telephone, and was fined $50.

On this same trip I discovered a good joke on District Forester Redington and District Engineer Bonner.

These two had driven up the Redwood Highway to a meeting in Eureka and had decided to drive on to Willow Creek and stop at the little hotel there for the night.

It was late when they started. Neither was familiar with the country. So after driving around until midnight without finding Willow Creek they gave it up as a bad job, pulled off the road in a little grassy flat on top of a small hill, rolled out their beds and crawled in. Next morning Ranger Frank Graham and I found the sleepers within 300 yards of the Willow Creek Hotel. Had they driven two minutes longer they would have found their long sought destination.

One of the summer guards on the lower Trinity in years gone by came near being the Ideal "Ranger Bill", or a relative to Paul Bunyan at least.

Thru the summer he resided in the mountains of his district, where he fought fire or built trails, working with remarkable energy at the job in hand. He usually worked night and day until the job was finished - the eight hour day meant nothing to him - and then he went to sleep and slept so soundly that one coulcd carry off his camp without awaking the sleeper.

His camps were always models of neatness and his wants were few. He was averse to the use of tents and similar equipment. Forest Officers traveling thru the region where this guard worked often pointed to a board leaning against a rock or tree and inquired the reason. The answer was "that is one of Bill's camps." It was found that he had at least 17 hollow stumps staked out that served as abiding places for him at times, and the forest officers unanimously agreed that Bill was the only man on the forest who could sleep under a board of 12 inches width, keep dry, and remain contented at his post.

Burned at the Stake:

One of the characters of the Trinity in years gone by was an Indian who was one of the District Ranger's trusted fire crew leaders. However, Jim used to get "loaded" on certain occasions and was somewhat of a terror to all except Rosie, his wife.

On one of these occasions when there was a picnic up New River, Jim took on a particularly large load and arrived at the picnic in a very hilarious condition, ready for a row with anybody. Now Rosie did not want the day spoiled so she proceeded to tie Jim up to a tree on the edge of the picnic ground where he could yell as much as he pleased, but not interfere with the festivities.

About the first thing that Jim decided to do after he found that he could not get loose was to roll a cigarette and try to light it. In his befuddled condition Jim made a poor job of lighting up and dropped the match into the dry grass surrounding the tree. A small sized forest fire immediately started, with Jim right in the middle of things.

For a time Jim's wild yells went unheeded, as they were supposed to be the result of the poor whiskey that he had imbibed. But so much commotion finally reached the picnic ground that Rosie and some friends went to investigate and found Jim surrounded by the fire and his trousers burning. He was quickly rescued and the fire extinguished. Then the picnic proceeded. However, the experience in "burning at the stake" had so sobered Jim that there was no better behaved person at the picnic for the balance of the day.

Trips to the Trinity of recent years have been pretty tame. Much of the forest is now accessible by good roads. Stopping places have improved. So the forest officers of the future will never have the experience of playing cards for a bed at Lewiston, of using the undescribable sanitary facilities at the old Big Bar Hotel, or of eating at the old Snug Restaurant in Weaverville. It took a good tough "hombre" to take those experiences and like them.

Forest Boundaries:

Younger Forest Officers have no idea of the obstacles that were encountered in the early day boundary work. When I was with the Survey Division of the General Land Office some of this work was done, and in 1903 and 1904, under old "Division R" I traveled all over the west, mainly on Boundary work.

Most of the National Forests were created between 1900 and 1906, many of the withdrawals for forest purposes being made when Theodore Roosevelt was President. Both the Bureau of Forestry and the General Land Office lacked sufficient trained or experienced men to do boundary work. Consequently many of the early forest boundaries were determined by just drawing some lines on the very inaccurate maps then in use. Sometimes the boundary was many miles inside the timber stand; sometimes missed the timber by many miles. Frequently the amount of alienated land in a locality determined the location of the boundary. There was little accurate information to go by, so it is not a wonder many boundaries were poorly located.

The greatest early day opposition to the National Forests came from the Rocky Mountain States. The heaviest opposition came from the sheep men, and from large owners of timber lands who wished to continue to acquire fine timber stands at a very low price.

A great many people were afraid that the Forests were to be made into game preserves. It was also claimed that they would be a drag on the States. I have an old scrapbook of newspaper articles taken from Western newspapers between 1900 and 1910. These give opinions and sentiment at that time.

Between 1909 and 1913 a general revision was made of forest boundaries. Many mistakes were made in those revisions. Some lands which should have remained inside the forests were thrown out. Some of it has since been taken in again. There was also a large amount of land kept which have been eliminated. It was later eliminated piecemeal under the Act of June 11, 1906 and at large expense.

Lieu Land Law

The worst trouble in the early days was caused by the old Lieu Land Law of June 4, 1897. More frauds were perpetrated through this Act than through any other land act. That Act allowed the exchange of alienated land in any National Forest for Government owned land anywhere outside a Forest on an equal area basis, and not on an equal value basis. That accounts for the reason why some of our early day forests were created in areas where there was very little timber. The owners of that worthless alienated land could trade it for timbered land in Oregon, Washington and California. Newspaper items that I have show that there were frauds suspected in connection with the creation of 54 forest reserves of the early days and that Government employees, politicians and members of Congress were all suspected.

The fraud consisted in securing the creation of National Forests where there was a lot of low value alienated land, and owners would then trade this for valuable unreserved timber lands elsewhere. In some cases where people traded lands under the Lieu Land Act they made a bad mistake. In 1933 I made an examination of one section in the San Bernardino Forest that was traded off in 1902. That land was then valued at $5.00 per acre. This same section is worth $100,000 today.

One June night in 1904 two prominent land owners of Arizona talked to me for 4 hours in a Flagstaff hotel bedroom in the effort to convince me that their 80,000 acre pinon, juniper and sage brush sheep range should be added to the local Forest Reserve. If done, this would have given them the chance to exchange this $2.00 per acre sheep range for $50 per acre timber land in Washington, Oregon or California.

Timber and Stone Act

The timber and stone Act was another bad land law. This Act set a minimum price of $2.50 per acre. This was the only price used for many years. The entryman had to certify that the land was for his exclusive use, which was seldom the fact. Enormous areas of timber land were patented under this most pernicious land law.

Those who did not have a ringside seat have no idea of the size of the timber and stone entry land frauds in the days of 1900 to 1906. People from all walks of life were mixed up in them. Everybody was out to grab a piece of timberland for next to nothing. And it was just like taking candy from children so far as circumventing the field officers of the General Land Office was concerned. All were political appointees.

Many were too old for exacting land inspection work, and few were competent to prosecute a difficult case. Then the Register and Receivers of the local U. S. Land Offices were on a fee basis and no entries - no fees. There you have the story.

Little need therefore for an entryman to tell the truth, and nothing to prevent him from making final proof on an entry in the local land office, and then proceed to the nearby office of a timber operator and deed the land to him. This was done thousands of times all over the west.

I knew of one case where nearly every inmate of a remote mountain county poor farm was able to reach into thin air and pick out the $400 purchase price and the land office filing fees with which to acquire a timber and stone entry. This did not arouse the local land office officials, altho some of these "poor farm" locators were personally known to them.

FOREST HOMESTEAD ACT AND LAND CLASSIFICATION

The most troublesome Act to work with after the creation of the National Forests was the Forest Homestead Act of June 11, 1906. I personally believe this was one of the poorest land laws ever enacted. It did far more harm than good.

As a result of this Act, here in California for six years most of the rangers were kept busy examining individual homestead applications. During 1910 and 1911 I handled an average of 150 applications a month. This method proving too slow a general classification of the forests was undertaken.

When the general classification was made the Forester said he would feel well satisfied if it proved 95 percent correct.

The big mistake in the classification was in being entirely too liberal. As a result of the individual examinations and general classification some 340,000 acres of land was listed for homestead entry in Region Five.

It would have been a kindness to the prospective entrymen if 95 percent of this land had not been listed. The entryman usually starved out in a short time. Not 5 percent of the 340,000 acres listed was ever placed under cultivation.

The record on the Modoc forest is a good example. Of 103 tracts listed all but 3 were abandoned by 1925. All are vacant today.

Time has conclusively demonstrated that the judgment of the local men on agricultural possibilities of California land was better than that of soil experts, or of foresters from the Washington office. Outside men were not familiar with California conditions, and in every case where they overruled the Regional Office recommendations, the Regional Office decision has been proven right.

There were more amusing and interesting incidents connected with the June 11 Homestead work than with any other "Lands" activity handled. Applicants came from all walks of life. Most of them knew nothing about farming, but all were extremely optimistic. Many of the letters from applicants were literary gems. There were also amusing items in some of the old time Rangers' homestead reports.

A collection was made of choice extracts from some of the letters and reports and a few of them were quoted in the report on Forest Homesteads prepared before I retired. Some of the homestead applicants believed in going to the "Court of Last Resort".

The Nester's letter to President Taft:

Back during the days when President Taft was in office an old Nester up in the Stanislaus National Forest got a spell of letter writing about some imaginary troubles connected with his homestead. He started in with a letter to the District Ranger. Then he wrote the Forest Supervisor, the District Forester, the Forester in Washington, his Congressman, and both U. S. Senators from California. Since he was not satisfied with the reply received from any of them he made one last supreme effort, and wrote the President a 29 page typewritten, single spaced letter on legal cap paper. He wound up this voluminous document with a final paragraph which read, "Now Mr. President, if it wasn't for taking up so much of your valuable time, I would go into details in this matter."

Mining Claims and the Mining Law

The United States Mining Law, still in effect, needs revision more than any other land law on the National Statutes today. Enacted over 65 years ago it has not been amended since. Mountain land in the west was worth practically nothing at the time it was enacted. That condition is entirely changed today. There are now cities with a large population adjoining National Forests.

Shyster real estate operators and speculators in this western country find the only way to obtain National Forest land is under the mining laws. I made a very complete report on the mining claim situated in California, which shows that not over 5% of the mineral locations made are over mined and not 20% of them are made with an honest intent. Not 10% of the patented mineral land in California has ever been mined. Records show that most of the land patented under the mining laws is disposed of in a few years for some other purpose.

The biggest mining contest ever had in Region 5 was against the old Northern California Mining Company of the Plumas, which had 1,865 placer claims covering 265,000 acres of land.

The bogus location situation became so bad in southern California that sufficient local support from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the conservation associations there was obtained to induce Congress to enact a special act for the Angeles Forest withdrawing most of the land in that Forest from entry under the mining law.

What is urgently needed for all the National Forests is an amendment to the mining law separating mineral and surface rights. Surface rights are now excepted under the oil, phosphate and coal land laws and it should be the same under all mining laws. This would not interfere with any legitimate mining enterprise.

If this solution is not believed advisable there is no reason why a special use or leasing system might not be put into effect.

As conditions stand, an unnecessary amount of time of numerous forest officers is spent in fighting off the efforts of grafters and shysters to raid the property of all the people.

Early Day Fires

The one bunch of fires I was on in my Interior Department days was in Arizona in 1904. This was an extremely dry year and fires were more numerous than usual.

June 20 I was down on the Blue River and went with the District Ranger to a fire north of the settlement of Blue and worked from noon that day until noon on June 21. By that time we were starved out so went to a Mexican ranch, got something to eat and rustled more help to work on the fire. While we were gone it kept on traveling. After rustling a few cow punchers we returned to the fire and I stayed there until the District Ranger arrived about midnight.

June 22 I started for Nutrioso and enroute discovered one fire on Bush Mountain and one near Greer. I rustled up some more stockmen and tackled the Bush Mountain fire while the Ranger in that District went after the other one. Our only grub supply was what we could bum in the "eats" line at cow camps. I worked on this fire all of June 23, went to a cow camp on Black River for supper and a fresh horse and worked all night on back fires. June 24 we had breakfast at the same cow camp and worked on the fire all day. By evening it was under control. June 25 the District Ranger and some local stockmen patrolled the fire and had it all out by night.

These three fires, all going in one end of the same forest, were all controlled by the four Rangers and myself, assisted by local stockmen. No help was hired. I don't have the area figures, but as I remember it the three fires covered about 5,000 acres. I also helped put out eight small fires, seven of them set by locomotives near the Grand Canyon.

In 1903 I rode what is now five forests in Wyoming and saw only two fires, did not get to either of those as they were many miles away and did not last long.

In the winter of 1904-05 I rode all over the Cleveland and Santa Barbara Forests but have no record of a forest fire there up to the time I left for the Plumas in April 1905.

In the two years I traveled as an inspector of old Division R of the GLO, I rode some 7,500 miles on horseback over 15 Forest Reserves in Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California, and while I sometimes saw distant smoke in summer the three Arizona fires in June 1904 were the only ones of any size that I worked on.

Considering the lack of any fire fighting equipment, food supplies, and detection service, and that the only help had by the Forest Officers on the three fires was volunteer (or impressed) stockmen, I always figured that these fires were pretty well handled. The reason was that every man on the job was anxious to get them out as soon as possible.

In checking over my diaries while Supervisor of the Plumas from May 1, 1905 to December 31, 1909, and of the Lassen Forest for 2 ½ years, I found that our record was not bad.

Strange as it may seem, there was not one disastrous fire on this 3,000,000 acres of forest land during my administration due no doubt largely to favorable weather conditions and good luck. We had only one poorly equipped lookout (Claremont), a weak telephone system, and Forest Service travel was 90% by saddle horse. We had no emergency supply of fire fighting tools and no emergency labor organization. Fire fighters were mainly stockmen. Along the Western Pacific Railroad, then under construction, we fell back mainly on the construction crews which were of some 26 nationalities. But in general it was a matter of jump onto a fire and stay with it until it was out. Firefighters wages were paid by the Supervisor from his personal funds. Several times when my own funds were low I borrowed money from the local bank at 6% interest to pay fire fighters wages.

The first really disastrous fire on the Plumas after it was put under administration was the one in 1912 in the brush fields south of Meadow Valley. This was after I left the forest.

I was present at one-third of the fires in these 5 years. In those days a Forest Officer at a fire was not a straw boss or a superintendent; he wielded a shovel just the same as the rest of the crew - that is, providing he was lucky enough to have a crew.

Considering all of the handicaps worked under, Forest Officers did well on fires. While the early day Ranger was often weak on education, he was usually a local lumberjack, miner or stockman who was experienced in fire fighting and know how to take advantage of the topography, etc. And

he knew that if he did not get the fire out while it was small he would have to stay with it all summer. So he dug in and kept throwing dirt until it was out.

Another fact that must be recognized, however, is that due to overgrazing and repeated surface fires a blaze in the woods was much easier to handle than it is today. I personally put out a number of fires from 1905 to 1909 where today one man would have absolutely no chance to put out a fire on the same area. Without this condition in our favor we never would have put out the fires during the early days of Forest Adminstration with so few men.

Fire fighting never was a soft job, but it is a lot softer now than it was 35 years ago. I remember one fire on which I worked for 5 days with 4 other forest officers. We had one blanket for 5 men. "Grub" ran out on the second day and for the next 3 days we subsisted on venison steaks from a buck killed by one of the forest officers who happened to have his Winchester along. That same year one Ranger fought fire 28 days out of the 31 in the month of August.

The 1912 Tamalpais Fire

One of the most disagreeable fires worked on was the big Mt. Tamalpais fire of July 1912. Altho there were some 2,000 soldiers, sailors and local volunteers on the job there was no general plan of action and no concerted work.

As a consequence there was a tremendous amount of lost motion with plenty of unnecessary work. Many times all firefighters left the line as soon as the blaze died down. Then with no patrol, it was just a matter of time until the wind came up and the fire was loose once more.

Finally, after about four days of this the Forest Officers on the job arbitrarily assumed charge and put the fire under control. This fire occurred during an extremely hot spell and did an unnecessary amount of damage.

Earlier Day Fire Crews

I always got a big kick out of "signing up" the members of a large fire fighting crew. It was better than a circus to listen to the "tall stories" handed out by many of the "Jungle Stiffs".

Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief.

The following description of the fire fighting crew on a big fire on the Angeles National Forest some years ago, is so true to life of the fire crews of the days before the CCC that all old timers of the Forest Service will appreciate it. This crew was all brought out from the highways and byways of Los Angeles.

Among the rank and file of the fire fighters sent out were, as represented by themselves, bankers (they were broke and ragged), doctors, students, short story writers, reporters, feature writers (some of these literary geniuses claiming they sold their writings for two and three dollars a word), prize fighters, wrestlers, runners, and some that were sent home as physically unfit. Others claimed to have ranked high in the army a few years ago, but now living at the missions (this group fought and won the war several times when they were not fighting fire), preachers, professors, lawyers, and then last but not least, the fellow who could have stopped the fire in 12 hours had only those in charge asked his advice. Then there were several who knew every detail about getting their time in without working, but they did not last long. Politics were cussed and discussed pro and con, and with numerous cracks. In fact, there was never a dull moment until the fire was brought under control.

Sometimes it took considerable diplomacy to handle a fire crew. so many unexpected things happened.

Room and Board for Fire Fighters

A number of years ago a fire fighting crew was rounded up in Los Angeles to fight a big brush fire away back in an isolated part of the Los Padres National Forest. Among the number was a negro. The fire fighters were "hiked" back some 20 miles from the end of the road nearest the fire, and they arrived at this particular part of the fire line ahead of the pack train that was bringing in a grub supply for the fire fighters. The crew had had a long, hot, dusty hike and everybody was plenty hungry. Finally as evening approached and no supplies were yet in sight, the negro went to the camp boss and said "say boss, when dey done hired me dey told me dat I would get room and board". Pointing to the miles and miles of mountain ranges visible from the camp he continued, "I done see plenty of room, but I ain't seed no board."

The Ghost Walks on the Sequoia

Years ago there was a fire on the boundary between the Sequoia National Forest and the Tule River Indian Reservation.

One night while the fire was burning eight wild-eyed Mexicans tumbled off a high ridge with a story of being almost run over by an old buckboard. They had seen nothing but had heard a wagon pass beside them in a place where no wagon had any business to be. And they did not want any more firefighting on that mountain.

The Tule River Indians, upon hearing the story, told the legend of "el Carrota". (the wagon) A tale of ancient fueds, a dueling place on the top of the ridge, and the sound of El Carroto signaling the end of the order.

El Carroto, say the Indians, is to be heard every Tuesday and Friday between the hours of midnight and two o'clock and until some Forest Officer can disprove this legend, it is always going to be a difficult matter to induce firefighters to spend any time there on night fires.

In California there are still many people who believe that the Indians habitually burned off the country, and for this reason that there were no fires of consequence until the State and Forest Service stopped promiscuous woods burning.

One of my last special jobs was to write a "History of Forest Fires in California from the Days of the Early Explorers to the Year 1900." This record shows that large fires occurred in the early days, too, and that they did enormous amount of damage.

Ranger Work - Past and Present

There is a tremendous difference between the work of a Forest Ranger today and that of 30 to 40 years ago. Today there are good roads and motor transportation over much of the mountain country. Then it was all with saddle and pack horse or an occasional buckboard with team of bronchos. Today Rangers have comfortable headquarter camps and are assigned to definite districts. They are supplied with all necessary tools and equipment, and with written manuals and instructions.

In the earliest days nearly all instructions were verbal, and everything he had, grub, bedding, tools, horse-feed, had to be moved every time the Ranger moved, which means that he was limited in his belongings to the capacity of his pack animals. There were few trails and no telephones, radios or horse pastures.

It was up to the Ranger to take care of himself and his horse wherever he happened to be. It was a regular thing to have to camp your horses on meadows fed over by sheep or other stock. This often resulted in no horses in sight in the morning. Those who have had the experience of chasing loose horses after they leave camp know what that menas. The disposition of the gentlest and kindest animal will change entirely and you will want to shoot the animal before you finally catch it. It was not an uncommon thing to have to follow their tracks for 3 or 4 hours, and then have to chase them for that much longer. Occasionally a day would be taken up in catching them and cases are known where a ranger had to follow his horses on foot for as much as 26 miles without breakfast.

It was not an unusual thing in the early days to start out expecting to make a trip of a few days and be gone for from 3 weeks to 2 months. Long, trying saddle and pack trips were a regular thing. Trespassing sheepmen and game law violators had to be watched day and night.

A Ranger sometimes averaged 15 miles a day for 90 days, led a pack horse, and did not camp in the same place two nights following, and he did his

own cooking along the trail. There were no 8 hour days and 5½ day week as today. In summer the ranger was up at daylight and on the trail by 6 a.m. I knew of one case where two rangers rode 100 miles on horseback over the High Sierra in 2½ days in order to get back on the job. Another ranger covered 118 miles between noon one day and midnight of the following day with one saddle horse.

I personally covered some 2100 miles with a pack train on one trip of about 100 days, and in this same year of 1903 travelled altogether some 2700 miles between May and November on 3 pack trips and in addition walked about 1000 miles over rough mountain country. All of this long hours and hard physical work was done for a salary of about 1/4 to 1/3 of what a Forest Officer is paid today. While there are still plenty of long hours and hard work on the fire line, the days of such long rides and hardships have passed. Thanks to up-to-date transportation, long rides, hikes after your horses, hardships and lack of essential comforts are seldom necessary. The men who did the work in the old days wonder how they did it and are amazed at the so-called hard rides of today. But the Ranger of today could no doubt do the same stunts if it was necessary.

There has been just as much change in the type of ranger as in means of travel.

In the early days there was little educational requirement. The Ranger force came largely from lumberjacks, miners, cow punchers, sheep herders and farm boys. There was a small mixture of college men, but mostly they were more of the frontier type. Yet many of these men had a big hand in the development of the Forest Service and the popularizing of the forest policies of America.

Today the educational qualifications are high, so the average Ranger is a college man; a graduate of one of the big Forest schools. A man trained for the kind of job that the Forest Ranger of today has to fill. While this type of man is needed today it is doubtful if he could have done as good or better a job 30 to 40 years ago than was done by the Ranger of that time. who had less book learning, but far more practical experience when he started on the job.

Two Moving Records

The home life of the average Forest Officer is much like that of a preacher in one respect. Some are constantly moved around while others are located for long periods at the same stations.

The records for most moves and longest stay in one place in Region 5, if not in the entire Forest Service, undoubtedly go to Jacinto Reyes of the Los Padres and John D. Maxfield of the Cleveland.

Reyes was a Ranger for 31 years before his retirement. During this time he had charge of the same district on the Los Padres National Forest, and lived in the same station the entire time.

On the other hand, during the 13 years that Maxfield served as a field man on the Cleveland, he was moved 31 times, and at one time owned a part interest in a home in three different towns.

Ranger Stories:

Many are the stories told of the rangers of the earlier days. The following are good examples:

Ranger Abbey and Fishing

One of the real characters among the Forest Rangers of the earlier days in California was Harvey Abbey, who started in on the Plumas Forest in 1905 and later worked on the Lassen, Modoc and several other National Forests. Abbey was very conscientious and a particularly hard worker.

One afternoon around 4 o'clock when Abbey was stationed on the eastside of the Lassen National Forest, Forest Supervisor J. O. Morrow and a Soil Expert rode into his camp and decided to stop with Abbey for the night. Since Abbey was not in camp they decided to go to the nearby creek and see if they could get a mess of fish for supper. Returning about 6 o'clock they found Abbey still missing and they were cleaning the fish when he rode in.

The following conversation then occurred:

Supervisor, "Hello, Abbey."

Abbey, "Hello, what you been doing -- fishing?" Supervisor, "Yes, we got a fine mess." Abbey, "Humph. If there wasn't so much fishing done in the Forest Service there would be more work performed."

The Indian Who Wanted a Hunting License

Some twenty years ago when one of the pioneer rangers of the Cleveland National Forest, John D. Maxfield was stationed at the San Jacinto Ranger Station, he went out in the yard about 6 a.m. one morning to get an armfull of wood to buid the breakfast fire. Sitting on the woodpile was an Indian from the adjacent reservation who was known to the Ranger.

Good morning, says Maxfield, "what do you want this early?" "I want huntin license" says the Indian. "What do you want a hunting license for now? You can't do any hunting for two months," says Maxfield. "You know Indian Johnny?" says the Indian visitor. "Sure" says Maxfield. "Well I no like him." says the visitor, "and I want a huntin license so I can keel him." He didn't get it.

The Mono Lake Sheepherders Funeral

One of the early day Forest Rangers in the Mono Lake District of the Mono National Forest was an old bachelor named Clark. One summer while Clark was on the job a Basco sheepherder who was herding sheep near Mono Hills, died.

There were few people in the Mono Lake region at that time and the sheepherder's Basco friends were hard put to find someone to hold the last services over their departed friend. Finally Clark was picked out as one who could be counted on to handle the matter in proper shape. Clark consented to conduct the services, so the sheepherder's friends made a pine box for a coffin, and arrangements were made to bury the remains out near the Mono Craters, since this was where the departed had spent most of his time while in the Mono region.

On the morning set for the funeral the remains were loaded on a buck-board, the funeral party climbed into two more vehicles of the same kind, and then all repaired to Hammond's place at Mono Lake for a "bracer" or two before leaving for the funeral.

Arriving at the place selected for the burial, all hands turned to, and soon had a grave dug in the loose pumice sands. The coffin was then lowered into the grave, the mourners all removed their hats and gathered around the grave as Ranger Clark began reading the Episcopal burial service. Altho the deceased was a Catholic, an Episcopal prayer book was the only thing that Clark could find that had a burial service.

The Ranger was about half way thru the service when he accidentally stepped too close to the edge of the open grave. As the loose soil gave way Clark slid into the grave and lost his prayer book in the sand. Scratching around with his hands he finally found the book; two mourners extended him a helping hand, and he was pulled back onto the surface. Blowing the sand out of the prayer book, Clark blinked his eyes, looked around the circle of mourners, and said, "Where the hell was I at."

Ranger Johnson's Lost Watch

Ranger "Deadhorse" Johnson, who was located at the Cajon Ranger Station on the San Bernardino National Forest in the early days, lost and found his watch in an unusual manner.

Johnson brushing out a trail with another ranger. They rode to work on horseback, carrying some rolled barley in a nosebag for the noon meal for their horses, each having a nosebag hung over the horn of his saddle.

One evening while returning from work Johnson's broncho ran away with him and in the melee Johnson's watch bounced out of his pocket. He noted the loss upon arrival at the station and next morning went back on foot over the entire route of the preceeding day, carefully searching for the watch, but with no result.

The next day when Johnson took the nosebag down off the hook on which it was hung to fill it with rolled barley for the noonday meal of his horse, he heard something rattle in the bag. Thrusting in his hand he fished out the missing watch. When his horse ran away the watch had bounced out of his pocket and into the nosebag which was hanging on the horn of his saddle.

Not So Bad if You Don't Have to Work

Some 20 years ago a bunch of Rangers were building a telephone line on the Modoc Forest in the dead of winter. Altho it was way below zero weather they were camped out in tents, and the post hole digging was a tough job. The ground was frozen so hard that the frozen soil was just as hard as the rocks, of which there were plenty. In the crowd were 5 rangers, one of whom was an old bachelor character who was pretty well off financially.

One day the Supervisor made an inspection trip to the job and while there, unknown to the rangers, overheard the following conversation. One of the boys was moaning about what a hard life it was to be away from home and family, camped in a tent at 20 below zero, and digging holes in frozen ground. Several others said "Amen" to this. All was quiet for a minute. Then the old bachelor member of the party said, "Well, it ain't nearly so hard a job if you know that you don't have to do it unless you want to." There was no comment on this.

A Missed Christmas Dinner

Years ago when automobiles were not in general use, and were unreliable, an Assistant Forest Supervisor on a northern California National Forest drove out to an isolated ranger station in his lizzie the day before Christmas and spent the night with the bachelor ranger who lived there.

Christmas morning they were up bright and early. The ranger had been invited to drive back to town with his supervisor and share the Christmas turkey, and they were anxious for an early start. Breakfast was soon over and the station ready to close. Then commenced the job of getting Lizzie started. It was a cold morning, with the temperature below zero, and Lizzie did not want to warm up. Since it was before the days of self starters, the "strong arm" method was used, but without success. The day was nearly spent when the two of them, completely "petered out" with twisting the crank, decided to open a can of beans and call it a day.

Every ranger must keep a diary record of what he does each day. Here is what appeared in this ranger's diary for this day.

"December 25, Christmas, a legal holiday. Cranked on Bill's automobile from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. No official work performed." But it is all part of a forest ranger's life.

How to Maneuver a "Model T" Uphill

Back in the days when a Model T was standard equipment on the average ranger district, Ranger "Red" Stephenson down on the Cleveland National Forest had the world beat when it came to "tooling" a Model T uphill.

"Red" had a district that had many roads so steep that "Lizzie" would not climb them going forward, because the gas would not flow from the tank under the seat to the carbureter. And the roads were so narrow that he could not turn around so as to back up. But "Red" solved all this. First he punched a hole thru the seat cushion right over the cap so he could press the end of a rubber tube down over it. Then he got a three or four foot length of small rubber tubing. And then when he came to a steep grade, where the gas would not flow into the carbureter, "Red" would connect the rubber tube to the cap on the gas tank, put the other end of the tube in his mouth, and blow air thru the tube into the gas tank until the pressure was sufficient to force gas into the carbureter. It was a sight to watch "Red" climb a steep grade in "Lizzie". He would steer with one hand, sound the horn with the other, and blow air into the gas tank, all without losing a breath. The versatile Forest Officer.

Forest Officers are called upon for all kinds of service entirely aside from their usual duties. A book could be written covering these unusual services, many of which are done at much personal risk to the Forest officer.

The following examples show what forest officers have been called upon to do:

Padre Benedict

In the wee small hours of a morning in 1926, Forest Supervisor Benedict of the Sierra National Forest received an emergency call from the Mexican section station near Northfork. A six weeks old babe was at the point of death with pneumonia, and the mother wanted a Catholic Priest to come up from Fresno to baptise the child. Benedict finally got the Father on the long distance phone, and was advised that he was thereby authorized to perform the baptismal rites himself. While he was doing so, his wife, with the aid of some old non-beverage Al K. Hall restored the child to consciousness, and it recovered within a few days.

Tying the Knot

Ranger Hunt of the San Bernardino National Forest performed the marriage ceremony some years ago for Ranger C. E. Trapp and Miss Margaret Willbanks. The wedding ceremony was performed at the Running Springs Ranger Station on the Rim of the World Drive, the wedding guests including a number of forest officers and two Hollywood celebrities. Before entering the Forest Service years before, Ranger Hunt was an ordained minister.

First Aid To The Injured

Word came to the office of the Shasta National Forest that a man was suffering from pneumonia in a trail camp ten miles from nowhere. The entire force in the office hiked to the camp and packed the man out on a stretcher. They worked in relays on the return trip, five hours being consumed in traveling the ten miles out to a road. As a result of their quick work the sick man received proper medical care and recovered.

Snowed In

During the big snow storm of February 1922, in Southern California, Ranger DeLapp and his wife at the Tejon Ranger Station on the Los Padres Forest accommodated in a five room cabin and barn, some 60 men, women and children who had been snowed in on the Tejon Pass. Altho grub was not plentiful, and sleeping space was at a premium, this crowd was taken care of without any previous planning. Twenty-nine snowed in automobiles were in sight from the station, which was about a thousand feet from the Ridge Route Highway.

While most of a Ranger's close calls are when at work in the field, there are times when it is dangerous to stay home.

Auto Wrecks a Ranger Station

One evening in July 1931, two forest officers were sitting at the office table in the Cajon Ranger Station on the San Bernardino Forest talking over forest matters. The station is located on a flat between Cajon Creek on the west and Cajon Pass highway on the east, the latter being some 50 feet higher than the flat on which the building is situated.

Suddenly one of the men who was looking out of the window saw an automobile leave the highway and head down the hill of the fill, direct for the room in which the man were seated. Letting out a yell of warning, both men jumped thru the doorway into the living room just in time to escape injury as the automobile came thru the side of the building.

The impact against the office door tore the building in half, splitting the floor and roof, and moving the west half of the building about 18 inches off its foundation. The automobile was occupied by two women, and the driver had fallen asleep at the wheel. One woman was seriously cut by flying glass, and both were considerably bruised.

Forest Service Lookouts

One of my most pleasant remembrances of Inspection work was the numerous visits made to Lookout Stations and the many interesting people that I met at them. I prized the friendship of some of them that held down the

job for years. They were always glad to see a visiting forest officer. One I particularly liked to visit was Eli Dale, a lookout with a record of 18 seasons on the Modoc National Forest and who died in February 1928. He was one of the type of men who made the lookout job one of the most important on the National Forests.

Eli, as he was known to all of his friends, was born in 1852. Six feet four inches in height, and weighing 340 pounds, his character was as big as his stature. His high sense of duty, close application to his job, his honesty and loyalty to his employer, made him an outstanding figure, and his services were always in damand.

Eli was not only a lookout but he was on the job from the time a fire was discovered until it was put out. He kept himself informed as to the progress of all fires and how the organization was functioning. In all of the 18 seasons that Eli served as a lookout on Happy Camp Mountain, he only left his lofty summer residence but three times between the time that he came up in the spring and went down as winter closed in.

Altho women are no longer employed for lookout duty in the Forest Service, a number were employed during the world war, and some before that time. Miss Hallie M. Daggett, who served for 15 seasons as lookout on the lonely Eddy Gulch Lookout on the Klamath National Forest was a credit to the Forest Service, and held down the job all those years as well as any man. She had the longest service of any woman lookout.

Miss Daggett went on as lookout June 1, 1913 and resigned at the close of the fire season of 1927. Her thorough knowledge of the country and of the job was known to all service men. Her report on a fire was never questioned. It was commonly known that when Hallie reported a fire it was no false alarm, and the location of the fire was accurate. She retired to take up ranching on the Salmon river in the country over which she had watched for fires for so many years.

In the earlier days practically none of the lookouts were accessible except by trail, and some of them very poor. Visitors were confined mainly to an occasional hunter or a forest officer with supplies and mail.

Today a large share of the lookout stations are accessible by road and some of them like Banner Peak, La Cumbra, Angora, Strawberry Flat and Mt. Hough are literally swamped with visitors at times.

A Lookout Must be a Human Encyclopedia

Strawberry Peak Lookout located on the San Bernardino Forest had a total of 5,743 visitors in five months one year. To answer all of the questions asked of this lookout required considerable time. of 117 pertinent questions asked him in one day the following are samples:

Can we sit on your bed?
How can you sleep on that bed?
Do you ever get lonesome?
How can you see when the shutters are down?
How long must we wait to see a forest fire?
Do you spend much of your time reading?
Who cuts your hair?
What is your pay?
Can you get married?
Do you talk to yourself?
Can we play the radio?
Do you follow this work because you like it, or do you have asthma or something?
Can we take our clothes off if we go behind the rocks to take a sun bath?
Are there any nudist colonies around here?
Can we read your diary?
Does the Government give you your uniforms and do you have to give them back when you are thru up here?
Can you shoot deer whenever you want some meat?
What are these three bells going around on that post for?

And so far into the night. And still one fair questioner wanted to know if he ever got loneseome.

This is not a true picture of many lookouts however, as some of the very isolated ones do not have more than a handful of visitors in a season, sometimes several weeks passing between visits from other than forest officers.

A Close Call For the Lookout

The Mount Gleason lookout tower is away in the back country of the Angeles Forest, and overlooks the great expanse of Antelope Valley and the Mojave Desert. It has a tall steel tower with a little stone cabin under the shelter of the hill, and is surrounded by a copse of pine and cedar trees.

Each day the trip to the spring for water took about an hour and a half, the trip being made about dark as a rule. One night it was very dark when the lookout man got back with the burro load of water. He first lighted the station lantern and then looked under the table for a pencil that he had dropped. As he reached for the pencil there was a swish and a flop, and the man jumped back. A big rattler had made his strike and missed. Mr. rattler was killed PDQ and was found to be 3½ feet long and 4 inches in diameter in the middle. The door of the cabin had been left open when the lookout man left for the spring, and the snake had crawled in and bedded down for the night.

A Lookout Sees Land of Contrasts

Southern California, with its cults and isms, its densely populated metropolitan areas and its many and varied handmade parks might certainly be considered somewhat ettete. Anyway, we usually associate this area in our minds with such evidences of man-made civilization and are prone to forget that in this land of strange contrasts we can also furnish the other extreme - Wild Nature - not far from maddening haunts of men, but at his thickly congested back door, as it were.

Witness excerpts from the daily diary of Guard Eric Linfesty. Linfesty, perched atop Norton Peak, had lying almost at his feet and in full view at all times a considerable section of this metropolitan southland. Yet all around him him within his nearer vision Nature reared her children of the wild.

Linfesty's interesting notes tell about coveys of quail numbering 25 or more in a bunch, feeding freely at the foot of his lookout tower. It tells of the hovering hawks and their constant war on the rodent species. It speaks of the antics of scores of smaller birds and mammals and of wildcats watching their every movement. How one big wildcat caught its wild rabbit breakfast and dined royally just below his lookout windows. The bands of quail fed within 30 feet of the watching wildcat, ready to take wing if the feline showed signs of action.

Several score of deer, with a very large ratio of bucks among them, fed, rested and gamboled daily all around his lofty porch. They showed only a mild curiosity towards the fixed lookout tower and its occupants, but disappeared entirely for several days when the air was disturbed by powder blasts from a road construction crew working just over the mountain.

Linfest saw standup and knock down fights among the quail, almost daily tragedy necessary to preserve Nature's balance among the denizens of the wild, strange birds unknown to him and a wide variety of many wild things which fly, walk or crawl, while still within his range of vision was orange groves and vineyards, ribbons of gray marking highways with their congested traffic and the smoke and flashing lights of crowded cities. Truly, a land of strange contrasts.

The Lookout

Way above the forests, that are in my care
Watching for the curling smoke-looking everywhere,
Tied onto the world below by a telephone,
High-and sometimes lonesome - living here alone,
Snow peaks on the skyline, woods and rocky ground,
The green of Alpine meadows circle me around,

Waves of mountain ranges like billows of the sea -
Seems like in the whole wide world there's not a soul but me.
Peering thru the smoke drift, sighting thru the haze,
Blinking at the lightning on the stormy days,
Here to guard the forests from the Red Wolf's tongue
I stay until they take me down, when the fall snows come.

- By an old time forest officer

Early Day Pay of Forest Officers

Forest Rangers and other Forest Officers sometimes kick nowdays because they do not get more salary. They don't know how well off they are compared to the early day rangers. Back in 1900 to 1905 the men just starting in was lucky if he got $75.00 per month; many of them started in at $60.00 per month and had to furnish their own saddle and pack animals, all grub, and even the few tools required. Some only received $50.00 per month.

Few rangers were furnished quarters. Headquarters was wherever a Ranger unloaded his pack. Even the Forest Supervisor had to furnish his own office in the early days, and many of them did not draw one-half as much salary as some rangers receive today.

The average old timer put in many more hours work in the course of a year than is required today. Of course the Forest Officer of today has many more lines of work to handle, but he also has fine equipment, good means of transportation, comfortable quarters, and good assistants.

With the old timer it was many times "sink or swim" and it was only the love of the work and the interest in putting across a new idea that kept many of them from "throwing up the sponge."

In the early days the rangers received no annual leave, and were often not paid for days they could not work because of adverse weather conditions.

While working with John Libeu, an early day ranger on the Los Padres National Forest, Van Winkle, who tells the story, says that they were storm bound in Indian Canyon. As they lay in their tent Ranger Libeu remarked that there was one consolation -- their pay went on just the same.

On returning to headquarters some time later Libeu found an order from the Secretary of the Interior stating that rangers would not be paid for rainy days when no work was performed. Libeu then remarked to Van Winkle, "Ze pen is mightier zan ze brush hook. From now on zare will be no rainy days on my deestrict". Who could blame John for his decision.

Old Time Stopping Places

In the days since I joined the Forest Service there has been just as big a change in the type and quality of public stopping places thru the mountains as there has been in the roads and transportation.

In the early days the Forest Officer who did not have his own grub supply along made it a point to stop with ranchers or at sheep or cow camps. With few exceptions we passed by the mountain hotels as places to be avoided when possible, as they were usually dirty, insect infested and served poor grub. There were exceptions but they were not numerous.

Many are the stories Forest Officers tell, of the early day stopping places. There were some where the boys used to insist that the proprietor routed the guests out of bed early in order to use the sheets for table cloths. And much of the cooking was on a par with the rest of the layout. I have sat down to a breakfast on a cold winter morning of greasy fried bacon, potatoes boiled with the jackets on, muddy coffee and biscuits hard as rocks and it was - take it or leave it - no choice.

There is the early day story about a Supervisor and Ranger on one of the National Forests in California who were out on a horseback trip together and had to stop at a "poison oak" ranch near the forest for the night. When it came bed-time the hospitable host explained that there was only room in the house for one, and that the other would have to "roost" on the hay in the barn.

Since the ranger had been there before and knew that the house was populated by other than two legged beings he chose the barn. It was a warm night and the supervisor went to bed with only his undershirt for cover. Along in the night he could stand the bed bugs no longer so he quietly collected his clothes under his arm, and sneaked out the back door. He was promptly put up a tree by the vicious ranch dog which was turned loose at night. Pretty soon out came the entire family with a lantern, and here was the shirt clad supervisor up a tree. All the latter could do was to say that he often walked in his sleep, and that the first thing he knew about it all was when he woke up in the tree. Then the family retired so the supervisor could come down and go back to bed with the rest of the inhabitants.

When the Utah Construction Company was building the Western Pacific railroad across the Plumas Forest there was an eating place at Berry Creek on the Oroville-Quincy road that was noted for what it did not serve.

One day Bill Durbin and I were riding thru there and had to stop at this place for a bite as it was two hours by saddle horse to the next eating place.

Just after we went into the little dining room a couple of Utah Construction Company teamsters came in and sat down at the other table. Pretty soon the old woman who ran the place came in, put a few dishes on their table and went out into the kitchen. Just as she came back into the dining room one of the teamsters got down on his hands and knees and looked under the table. When the proprietress saw him down there she asked "What are you looking under the table for?" "Well, the teamster said, "there ain't a damned thing on the table and so I was looking to see whether there was anything under it."

A Northfork Bedbug Story

In 1913 I was making a boundary examination along the westside of the Sierra National Forest during the month of August. One member of the party was an expert of the Bureau of Soils named Heileman, a short, chunky man of German descent.

One night we stopped at Northfork, and the only sleeping accommodations that we could get were at the old hotel that has long since gone up in smoke. Now we had heard that there were a lot of permanent residents in this hotel, but it was this or out under a tree, so we took what we at the time believed was the lesser of two evils, and turned in on the second floor, where each had a separate room. The partitions between these rooms were 1x12 boards, between the cracks of which one could nearly throw a cat:

Along in the night I heard a racket in the room next to me and turned over in bed and looked thru a crack in the wall. There was a light in the other room and I saw Heileman standing on the floor alongside the bed. He had the bed clothes all turned back. In one hand he held a candle. In the other he held a large six shooter by the muzzle and was using the butt of the gun as a hammer head with which to flatten out the bed bugs that were crawling around on the sheet. After watching this performance for a minute or two I said, "Heileman why don't you shoot them; you could do a better job." He said, "I sure would if I wasn't afraid of hitting some two legged guest."

A Cowhide Bed

About as uncomfortable a bed as I ever tackled was one at the Carter Rancho in the Sequoia foothills that I occupied on the night of August 18, 1913. Carter's was a typical "Poison oak" foothill ranch with a one room house and no outbuildings. Their "guest chamber" consisted of the open air under a big live oak.

Here was a frame about 6 ft. square over which had been stretched a green cowhide that had dried until it was as tight and hard as a sheet of corrugated iron. It was a hot night and no bed clothes were needed, but the bed was so hard that I got little sleep.

A Barb Wire Bed

One of the early day rangers on the Sequoia National Forest was Charles Shook, who was stationed at Isabella in the South Fork Valley. I visited Ranger Shook in 1911, and we planned a pack train trip into the high country north of the South Fork Valley, with Cannell Meadows Ranger Station as the objective for the first night. It was a long, hot ride most of the way and we reached this station about six p.m. ready for supper and an early bed. The bachelor supper was soon over and Charlie rolled out the blankets on a box bed standing in one corner of the one room log cabin. Charlie rolled in next to the wall, and I took the outside of the bed. Altho used to all kinds of beds this one was particularly uncomfortable, and I noted that every time I moved something like sharp nails stuck into me. Finally I says, "Charlie, what are these bed springs made of?" "Barb wire" says Charlie. That was enough for me so I got up, took half of the blankets, spread them out on the rough punchoon floor, and left Charlie to his barb wire bed.

Beckwith Hotel

The old Beckwith Hotel in Western Pacific Ry. construction days was another place where the service was on the "take it or leave it" plan.

At this hotel the dining room opened off the bar room. The latter was generally full of "half stewed" sheep herders and railroad construction men who would make a belt for the dining room when the bell rang. They were uaually a rough gang. But they were no more "hard boiled" than the husky waitress who was queen of the dining room. The "star boarders" all knew her reputation and handed out neither compliments nor kicks. The new comers soon learned their place.

Late one winter night I found it necessary to stop here and was told by the clerk-barkeeper that the only available sleeping accommodations left was a double bed in a room that had two double beds, one of them being already occupied.

While dickering for the unoccupied bed in came a prominent Nevada sheep man of my acquaintance who was also looking for a bed. We quickly decided that we would "team up", take the only bed left, and turn in for the night.

We had no sooner gotten in bed than we discovered that the occupant of the other bed was a lumberjack who was getting over a big drunk and was trying to cool his parched throat with copious draughts of water out of the big old pitcher that stood on the wash stand.

Never have I seen anyone drink as much water as did this man. He would gulp it down by the quart and then say what a darned fool a man was to get on such a jag. Between the water drinking spells and the lectures on temperance the Nevada man and I had little sleep that night. With all this it was better than sitting up all night in the bar-room.

Numerous amusing incidents occurred here. One below zero winter morning I sat down to the main table with about 20 other men. The breakfast consisted of fat bacon swimming in grease, "spuds" boiled with the jackets on, hard biscuits and strong black coffee.

One-half drunk new comer stuck his fork in a boiled potato, held it up for the crowd to see, and facetiously inquired, "Is this here spud hard boiled or frozen?" The waitress overheard the remark, stepped up to the potato waver, looked him straight in the eye and said, "That will be all out of you." Not another word was heard out of this customer during the meal.

One evening I was here for supper. Someone left the door into the bar room open and a stray dog drifted in. The waitress sighted the dog deliberately walked up to it, gave it a kick in the ribs and said, "Get out of here, there are enough dogs here without you."

The two dozen or so men in the room knew who the other "dogs" were but never uttered a cheep. She had this roughneck crowd buffaloed.

The Dog Could Choose His Boarding House

Over 30 years ago an old hotel in Quincy, Calif. was noted as a pretty bum place to eat. One day I was sitting on the front porch with several local residents, waiting for the noon meal to be ready. Across the street on the court house lawn a dog was sleeping in the shade of a tree.

About noon the proprietor came out as was his custom and started to ring an old fashioned triangle. When the noise started the dog on the lawn across the street jumped up, turned around a couple of times, sat down on his haunches, threw back his head and commenced to howl.

At this a fat man in the bunch which was waiting for the dining room to open looked over at the dog and said, "What the hell are you howling about? You don't have to eat here."

25 years ago or more one of the worst stopping places in California was in a small community on the westside of the Angeles National Forest. I stopped there purposely one night in order to hear the "squawks" of the Inspector from the Washington office who was accompanying me, and who was pretty particular about what he ate and how it was cooked.

There was a community in Northern California where one hotel was run by a Negro and the other by an Indian. At whichever place one stopped one wished one was at the other.

In another mountain town in Northern California was a restaurant that to my knowledge never changed the bill of fare for 10 years. It was the same for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Bacon and eggs, ham and eggs, steak, pork chops and sausage. Altho wonderful mountain strawberries were raised there and were cheap in season, the only fruit one could get at this "chop house" was stewed prunes.

Occasionally one did strike a change. I remember the eating place in the little mining camp in Colorado that had the following sign "Meals 50 cents. Big Feed 75 cents. Hell of a gorge - one dollar."

Sanitary facilities at many of the old mountain hotels and stopping places in the mountains of the west were usually even worse than the beds and food. Few of them had flush toilets and many did not even have a decent privy for the use of guests. Chick sale could have been a boon to the traveler had he been able to convince some of the old time hotel proprieters that the outhouse should at least be kept as clean as the pig-sty.

Altho these conveniences were bad enough most anywhere, I believe that first prize for the worst to be found anywhere in California 15 to 50 years ago would have gone to some of the stopping places along the Klamath and Trinity Rivers. These were in a class of their own.

Today there are fine resorts, hotels and restaurants all thru the mountains of the west. The Forest Officer on a field trip does not have to go by some public stopping places on the run for fear the proprieter might invite him to stop. But I have done this very thing in the early days many times - have even gone without a meal rather than risk indigestion as the result of taking on a feed of questionable quality prepared by someone who had never heard about cooking.

Land Exchange and Land Acquisition

This was a most interesting work which fortunately started after the land classification was completed.

The first large application came from the Sugar Pine Company which offered cut over lands on the Sierra Forest. The principles finally decided upon in this case governed numerous subsequent applications.

Prior to my retirement the largest acreage offered by any one applicant was the McCloud River Lumber Company cutover holdings on the Shasta.

The most interesting case handled was that exchange with the Piedmont Land and Cattle Company, a Hearst Corporation. In this exchange the United States acquired numerous tracts scattered all over the Region, for some lands in the southern portion of the Monterey District of the Los Padres.

Of the more than 100 applications handled, I am prepared to defend all but two cases. In one case on the Los Padres Forest the Regional Forester approved an exchange I believed should not be made. In one Plumas case the Forester paid more for the land than the Regional Office could recommend.

To show how difficult it was to please everybody I cite one Tahoe exchange, where an Assistant Forester contended we had appraised the offered land too high, while the applicant told me he would never make another exchange because we had "stung" him with too high an appraisal of the selected land.

Recreational Use of the Region Five Forests

Much of the work in the office of Lands was special use and recreation. I saw the annual recreation travel to California's National Forests increase from a few thousand hunters, fishermen and campers, to millions of people from all walks of life seeking recreation. This increase was due to good roads, to extension of roads, and to universal use of the automobile.

In order to furnish recreation for all classes of people a number of Wilderness Areas were definitely designated for primitive forms of recreational use only, some two million acres in all.

This has proven to be one of the most popular policies ever enunciated by the Forest Service. It will require continual vigilance to keep those areas permanently in a primitive condition. Every little community wants a National Park or a National Monument in its back yard, or at least a fine highway opening up the back mountain region to direct fast travel.

Region Five did much of the pioneering in Special Use and Recreational development. "Ole" Friedhoff and the writer had the largest hand in the development of the earlier campground improvement standards, and I personally wrote the first detailed Forest recreation plans for several of the most largely used Region Five forests.

It is only of recent years that those who set the policies of the Forest Service have come to realize that more people have become interested in the National Forests thru recreational use of them than thru all other uses combined.

In years gone by it frequently "got my goat" to see how all reference to recreational possibilities and recreational use of the National Forests was "soft pedaled" by the Washington office. This was a mistake that has had a "kick back" in recent years.

Right here in California there is more National Forest land that should be set aside in Wilderness Areas. Having seen California develop from a semi-wilderness in 50 years it is not difficult to visualize how all of the rest of it will be "developed" unless some agency "sits on the lid." Local Forest officers will be the blame if too many roads are built in our National Forests.

Campers and Camp Grounds

One of the most interesting lines of work, and at the same time the most thankless job, was that of providing public camps and camp conveniences for the millions of people who use the National Forests in California. Until well into this work I never realized how "onnery" and how unappreciative many of the American public can be.

People who are models of neatness at home leave their camp looking like a garbage dump. People who are careful of their own property chop up the tables, hack and destroy camp ground trees, and show no interest in preserving those public properties of which they are part owners. It is realized that only a minority of the campers do this. At the same time this minority bring down censure on campers in general, and greatly increase the cost of maintaining public camps everywhere. There are model campers however - many of them.

A few years ago I was inspecting the public camps on the Sierra National Forest, and at one popular place noted an extremely neat and orderly camp, the proprieter of which was seated in a rocking chair under a pine tree while he read a book.

Wishing to ascertain "how come" the camp was so neat, the district ranger who was with me approached the camper and complimented him on his neat camp, winding up with the question as to "how he managed to keep it so clean". "Well, sir", the camper replied, "this camp is always clean, because there ain't no women around to mess it up."

Brewster Adams, Nevada's leading Clergyman, wrote of campers in the Nevada State Journal as follows: "You can always tell who has passed this way before you. The camper leaves his camp and is gone, but you know from the scattered cans, the gashed saplings, and the garbage in the ashes, what sort of a man, and even more, what sort of a woman, has gone before. The shavings on the little pines tell you his character better than if you had seen it with your own eyes."

Extract From a Letter Received From a California Camper in 1935

"Yes, I tried the High Sierra last year but everywhere was tire tracks and dust, paper, tin cans and salmon eggs. Not a tree but was scarred with tent rope marks, not a rock but was sooty from camp fires, not a shady nook but was littered with trash, not a cold dark pool but resounded with the bark of dogs and the chatter of kids.

I imagine by next year you will have cement sidewalks in the National Forests. It makes a fellow feel almost glad that he will have to die sooner or later. I guess, like the Indians we will have to console ourselves with the Happy Hunting Grounds to come."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A TOURIST CAMPING GROUND

The Klaxon sounds the knell of parting day,
Some late arrivals through the dust clouds creep
And three hours after to have hit the hay
The noise calms down, so we can get to sleep

Save where, from yonder pennant-clad sedan,
The radio set emits its raucous squeal,
And underneath a nearby light, a man
Pounds until daylight on a busted wheel.

Beneath those tattered tops, those patent tents,
Where falls the dust into each sun-burned pore,
Each on his folding bed of slight expense
The rude explorers of the highway snore.

Let no ambition mock their creeky cars,
Their khaki clothes, of vintage obscure
Nor grandeur view, with hauteur like a czar's
The short and simple flivvers of the poor.

The boats of shiny paint, the pomp of power
And all that charms the motoristic fop,
Await alike the inevitable hour ----
The paths of touring led but to the shop.

Can streamline hoods or silver-plated hubs
Back to its mansion call the missing spark?
Can plush upholstery foil the clumsy dubs
Who bang into your fenders in the dark?

Fall many a boob of purest ray serene
Succumbs each summer to the touring itch;
Fall many a car is doomed to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in a western ditch.

------Author Unknown

Indians on the National Forests

For over 30 years, I have been interested in the condition of the California Indians living in and near the National Forests. Several other Forest Officers, particularly Supervisors Hall and Benedict shared this interest. Without their cooperation it would have been more difficult to have handled the numerous Indian Allotments applications which came mainly from the Klamath and Sierra Forests.

Due to long familiarity with the Indian lands in California, I prepared for the 1926 report of the Commonwealth Club, a description of Indian Allotments and Reservations which showed that although their holdings were large in acres, they were very low in value.

In 1935, I was requested by the Indian Service to pass upon certain proposed Indian projects. As a result I accompanied Mr. Roy Nash of the Indian Service on trips to the Inyo, Lassen, Mendocino, Modoc, Plumas, and Shasta National Forests, and to examine some proposed land acquisitions outside the forests.

It was a pleasure to cooperate in this effort to rehabilitate the Indian. In the early days it was a difficult matter to secure any help from most of the Indian Service field men.

Why Old Mountain Trails Follow Ridges

Many forest visitors wonder why the old mountain trails so frequently followed the steep, high ridges, instead of the more easy water grades. A very plausible reason for this is given by Stephen Powers in his book on the Indians of California written in 1877.

"Most people who have traveled in the frontier regions of California, especially if they were on foot, have probably been no little worried and exasperated at the perversity with which the road makers have run the trails and roads over the summits of the hills. Often have I said to myself in my hot impatience, "If there is one hill in all this land that is higher than another, these engineers and graders are never content until they have carried the road over the top of it". But the Indians are more responsible for this than our engineers. Time and time again I have wondered why the trails so laboriously climb over the highest part of the mountain, but I afterwards discovered that the reason is that the Indians needed these elevated points as lookout stations for observing the movements of their enemies. They ran the original trails thru the chapparral. The pioneers followed in their footsteps, and widened the path when need was, instead of going vigorously to work and cutting a new one on an easier grade, and in the process of time when a wagon road became necessary they often followed the line of the Ancient trail. When the whole face of the country is wooded alike, the old Indian trails will be found along the streams, but when it is somewhat

open they invariably run along the ridge, a rod or two below the crest on the south side of it, if the ridge trends east and west; on the east side if it trends north and south. This is for the reason, as botanical readers will understand, that the west or north side of a hill is most thickly wooded. The California Indians seek open ground for their trails that they may not be surprised either by their enemies or by cougars and grizzly bears, or which beasts they entertain a lively terror."

Policy on Advertising Signs

I can claim much of the credit for putting into effect the policy of eliminating advertising signs on National Forest land in Region Five.

Prior to 1922 the National Forest roads were liberally plastered with advertising signs of all sizes; and advertising all products.

It was not a difficult matter to get out the necessary instructions to the field men to eliminate signs on the lands owned by the United States. It was another matter to get these signs off the large areas of privately owned lands within National Forest boundaries. This required considerable diplomacy.

Finally through correspondence and personal solicitation many large land owners gave forest officers permission to remove such signs found on their lands.

One of the largest land owners in California refused to give written permission for removal of advertising signs from their lands, but did cooperate in another way.

It seems that some of the largest customers of this land owner posted signs on their lands without permission. Not wishing to offend such individuals or corporations this owner's representative said, "We won't give you permission to tear down signs posted on our land, but if you do tear them down it will be O.K. to us, and we just won't know anything about it if the sign posters kick."

When the new policy was given to the press, the Forest Service was largely commended for its action. It was several years before the general sign cleanup ended. I personally took a large interest in this work and either removed or helped to remove literally thousands of advertising signs that had been posted in trespass.

There were many amusing incidents connected with this work that space does not permit of recording here. Advertisers like to post signs but don't appreciate being caught illegally doing so.

Another feature of "advertising" that caused much trouble was the writing of names on road signs and in campground latrines. Lookout houses were also a popular target.

When an address was given it was fairly easy to run down the guilty party. Many of them were contacted. The excuses given were many and amusing perhaps the most amusing one in my experience was when I took down the name and address of a San Francisco man that I found in a public camp latrine at Feather River Meadows on the Lassen Forest some years ago.

Upon returning to the office I wrote this party, asking him to call and explain why his name had been written in such a public place. What was my surprise to receive a call the next day from a nice looking old gentleman. He admitted camping at this camp ground with his wife and grandchildren, but denied writing his name anywhere. I admitted that the handwriting looked like that of a boy or girl. Then the old gent "blew up". "I'll bet that one of my granddaughters wrote my name in that latrine" he said. "I'll go straight home and find out which one was the guilty party and sure lay down the law about writing my name in public toilets".

Place Names in the Mountains of California

During the 15 years that I personally handled all of the road and trail sign copy in Region 5, I discovered that the nomenclature of the mountain country of California was just as varied and remarkable as the scenic attractions. Hell for Sure Pass, Hambone, Holy Jim Canyon, Belly Ache Spring, Tanglefoot Canyon, Rag Dump and Witch Creek are a few of the many hundred unusual names of which note was made while checking over the sign copy requests.

The origin of some of the names is obscure. Others plainly proclaim their own origin. Hell for Sure Pass is a name that presents no puzzle to any one who ever crossed it. Belly Ache Spring perhaps contained bad water, maybe alkali; Tanglefoot Canyon is usually brushy. Such names refer to natural characteristics of effects.

Other names have an historical significance. Hambone and Holy Jim Canyon are of this class. The former was named for the sole article of food possessed by a Forest Service Party once snowbound there. And the latter took its name sarcastically from a prospector once resident, who was noted for his profanity.

I was always glad that I had a part in the perpetuation of such names thru providing the signs to mark them. Such names are a living part of the country to which they apply, and they are vastly preferable to the names of persons now forgotten, applied to places with which they had no vital connection.

The Building Program of 1933 to 1935

The last big job handled prior to retirement was the building program that was inaugurated soon after the "new deal" came into power.

Starting from scratch in May 1933, with no trained personnel and no building plans, it was not more than four months before bids were invited for the materials to build more administrative site buildings than had been constructed in all of the National Forests in California in the preceding 15 years.

For the first time in the Forest Service, partly prefabricated buildings were purchased. The specifications covered everything from mud sill to chimneys. Definite standards were laid down, and were enforced both on bidders and on constructing Forest Officers. The result was a vast improvement over the type of administrative buildings previously put up.

While mistakes were made in the work, I doubt if the field men of Region 5 have given proper credit to the untiring efforts of Norman M. Blanchard and E. J. Mayer, the young and poorly paid architects who bore the brunt of this big building program for three years. They worked day and night to make it a success. To Mr. Irving J. Morrow, the consulting architect for the Golden Gate Bridge, I am indebted for having suggested that I give these two young archetects a chance to show what they could do with our program. I never figures that they received exactly a square deal. It is mighty easy to pass the buck, and some of this was done but not by Blanchard, Mayer or the writer. Had there been better cooperation in some quarters some of the mistakes would never have occurred.

Purchase of sites for some of these new stations was another time killing job. Most of the bright, young, newly appointed attorneys in Washington somehow had the idea that land title transfers should still be made as they were in the days of Andrew Jackson. It was one thing for the President or a Cabinet member to say that the "Red Tape" was cut, and quite something else to get some Washington "desk sergeant" to realize there was an emergency on, and that in other matters than modes of transportation the world had progressed. From my experiences with "desk sergeants" a book could be written on why government costs are so excessive. There never was the slightest excuse for the scores of letters that were often written before some "four bit" ranger station site could be purchased, and the same red tape had to be gone thru when someone offered to give land to the United States. The attorneys in Washington who handle these matters apparently act on the supposition that every land owner is a crook and that his record from birth to old age must be exposed before a land deal can be consumated. I can cite cases where the time spent by employees of the United States in wrangling over the title to a piece of land largely exceeded the sum actually paid for the land.

Having bought land for myself and for various public bodies in Califoria I knew that modern business methods are followed almost everywhere in America in transferring land titles except by the United States.

If any fact finding body ever wants to ascertain why costs of Federal Government are so high, a good place to start would be in the offices in Washington where land titles are handled.

Ranger Meetings and Schools

Ranger meetings were one form of conference or convention where much was accomplished. Even if the Rangers absorbed little learning from the "desk sergeants" present, such meetings are a fine means of exchanging ideas.

Elsewhere in these chronicles I have mentioned a few of the many meetings this character attended. There were many others that deserved mention. Included in these are the ranger schools where I acted as instructor for short periods.

My principal criticism of many ranger meetings, particularly in the earlier days, was the inclination on the part of those in charge to hold too many hours of classroom session in a day. Forest Officers are largely outdoor men. The average forest officer has been out of school for years. It is trying on the pupils to call them into a school with long sessions without any preliminary breaking in process. Only so much knowledge can be crammed down an average adult in a given time.

Special Trips Out of the Region

During the 26 years in the Regional Office I made fewer trips out of the Region than did any man holding a similar position. I believed then, and still believe, that conferences and conventions are overdone insofar as accomplishing much of an official nature is concerned. They are a fine means of getting acquainted. Also a quick way of spending public money.

My one Washington trip was made between January 12 and March 2, 1916. Most of the time there was spent in a revision of the special use sections of the Forest Manual. Later trips there were sidestepped. I never appreciated the Washington atmosphere. People there take life too seriously. They are right under the gun and show it.

In March 1917, there was a meeting of Lands men in Salt Lake City. Forester Graves and L. F. Kneipp were there.

Lands men of the Western Regions held a meeting at Portland in March 1932. We got well acquainted and accomplished quite a bit, but little of it was put into practice.

General Inspection Trips

In this work as in other forest activities there has been a tremendous change in the past 25 years.

From 1902 to 1904 old Division R of the GLO had just three Inspectors, of whom I was one. During the five years that was spent on the Plumas, less than ten inspectors showed up on the job. Today the average Forest Supervisor is little better than a chauffeur for visiting Washington Office and Regional Office men a considerable part of the year. Many, many times I have had field men candidly tell me that the reason they did not get more forest work done was because they spent so much time showing "brass hats" around.

Having worked in the capacity of an inspector most of my Forest Service days I would be the last to suggest the elimination of inspection trips. But I do believe that it is badly overdone, and that many of the present day inspectors should be out on the forests where they could produce some real results. This is one point on which I am not open to conviction.

While I was in the Regional Office my record shows that I averaged 135 days a year on field trips, or in attending Ranger Meetings.

In the earlier days, before the use of the automobile became general, these field trips were fewer in number but longer in duration than they were during the last 15 years.

Some of my most interesting and instructive trips in the Region were made with L. F. Kneipp and E. A. Sherman. Frank A. Waugh of Massachusetts State College was also a most interesting man to travel with. On the last trip with Dr. Waugh, "Ole" Friedhoff and Lew Anderson were along. We covered a considerable portion of the Trinity, Klamath, Shasta, Lassen, Plumas, Tahoe, and Eldorado Forests inspecting special use and recreational projects.

Hunting public land survey corners was a hobby of mine. I enjoyed the opportunity to get out on some kind of Forest work where the location of land lines was necessary. Today, I could go back and point out the location of hundreds of section corners that I located or helped to locate 10 to 35 years ago.

An interesting trip was made in 1927 with a party which included the Assistant to the Director of the Budget. We were down near the Mexican line. Since this was during the days of prohibition, some thirsty soul in the party suggested crossing the line into Mexico. The crossing was

made from Calexico to Mexicali. What was the consternation to note that the doors of every Mexican saloon were locked. The fact had been over-looked that this was Cinco de Mayo (the fifth of May), a Mexican Holiday, and that all saloons in Mexico are closed on holidays.

In the earlier days Regional Office men had time to get out on the ground and work for a few days with individual rangers. Today this is largely changed. With few exceptions Inspectors today flit from District to District at high speed, like the humming bird from blossom to blossom. This does not give the Inspector opportunity to learn much except what field men want him to know. This does not make for efficient inspection.

The Efficiency Expert

Whenever I hark back to the subject of forest inspectors, and inspection work I am reminded of the story of the efficiency expert and how he endeavored to improve on nature.

An old miner was driving an efficiency expert thru a National Forest one cold and snowy day. Over their knees was spread a buffalo robe.

"You ought to turn the hair side inside", said the expert. "Don't you know it's a great deal warmer to have the hair next to one's body"?

The old man turned the robe over and began to chuckle. "What are you laughing at"? asked the passenger. "Are you laughing at me."

"Oh no," replied the old miner. "I was just thinkin about the buffalo. What a dern fool he was all his life not to know a simple thing like that."

Ranger Station Hospitality

I cannot close this chapter without reference to the many fine meals eaten, and the pleasant days and njghts spent at Ranger Stations when on a field trip. In the earlier days when travel was slow this was common practice. It gave the traveling forest officer the opportunity to learn first hand much about the difficulties under which some of these fine forest women were working and living. I am glad to have had the chance to dry the dishes for many of them while discussing with them some of their hopes and plans.

In the early days few stations had hot water, a bathtub, or any heating system except a fireplace. Yet the old timers took it as part of the job. In later years it amused me to hear the trivial complaints that were made about some of the fine new stations.

Forest Service Transportation - Then and Now

Every so often some forest officer questions whether under present day travel methods the average forest officer really travels over his forest as he should, the point being whether the routes followed of late years have not been confined too much to roads.

While "one swallow does not make a summer", and the record of one man is not conclusive, I cite my own case as an example of how travel "styles" have changed within the past 35 years.

I have some 52 diary notebooks covering my wanderings over the National Forests from 1902 to 1935. These diaries show the estimated distances traveled each day in the field, and whether the travel was by airplane, rail, automobile, horse, or on foot. They show that I traveled an estimated 252,000 miles on forest work in those 34 years, an average of about 7,500 miles a year. Some 1,300 miles of this travel was by airplane, 9,800 miles on foot, 24,340 miles by horse (mainly in the saddle), 57,885 miles by automobile, and 158,675 miles by rail.

But here is the interesting part of this story. In the first half of these 34 years, from 1902 to 1918, I traveled 24,270 miles by horse, 7,900 miles on foot, and only 6,530 miles by automobile, but in the last half I only traveled 70 miles by horse, and 1,900 miles on foot, but I did cover 51,385 miles by automobile. This means that over 95 percent of my forest travel the last 17 years was along roads. And I will wager that if any of the men in the service today, whether "old timer" or "tenderfoot", actually has the figures available, he will find that at least 90 percent of his travel the past 15 years has been along the beaten paths, which means that the "back country" is largely given "absent treatment".

Of course I know that there are many roads today where there were not even trails 20 years ago, but I also know that much of the 32,000 odd miles that I covered on a saddle horse or on foot in the first half of my Forest Service life was right across country where there was neither roads nor trails, and much of it is in that fix today.

These were the days when I really learned the mountains and had time to talk to the ranger and actually see how his work stacked up. In those days there were few or no schedules to follow. Of late years the average forest officer has a schedule that reads like that of the old time "barnstorming" one night traveling show. Here today, and gone tomorrow.

Now the automobile is a mighty fine means of transportation, but I have always been glad that I actually had the chance to see this western country from the Oklahoma Hills to the Sierra Madre, and from the Rio Grande to the Northern Rockies from the "hurricane deck" of a cayuse, or via "shanks mare." Until I had the time to check over my diaries

I did not realize how the forest officer of today (myself included) follow the routes of least resistance.

Inspection of the Files

I can honestly claim having inspected and overhauled more files in Supervisors and Rangers offices between 1910 and 1935 than did any other man from the Regional Office. As an early day Supervisor I had to be familiar with the filing system in use, and I endeavored to keep up to date on files after entering the Regional Office.

In the years of inspection work I spent many rainy days, or evenings, or Sundays in going thru the files at isolated ranger stations or at Supervisor Offices. Many were the files destroyed, always with the point in mind of preserving anything with real historical merit.

The boundary files of the Regional Office were personally overhauled. I learned much about how the various forests were created thru this means. In fact, it is time well spent for any administrative officer taking over a new assignment to spend sufficient time going over the old files to learn what had been done in the years gone by. Many a forest officer on new assignment starts in with the impression that not much of consequence had been done before he arrived on the scene. As a consequence much unnecessary work is done. Perusal of the files would have shown that much valuable data was already on hand.

Public Talks

Prior to 1920 I made few appearances as a public speaker on conservation and forestry subjects.

In 1922 came the first "barnstorming" trip. In April and May of that year Paul Fair accompanied me on a 20 day speaking trip over Southern California. In 20 days we appeared before many audiences, mainly at schools. "Paul J." handled the pictures. My record shows that we averaged 10 hours a day on this trip, Saturdays and Sundays included.

The record kept shows that between 1920 and 1935 inclusive, I made some 200 talks to approximately 30,000 people, largely high school pupils, women's clubs and men's luncheon clubs. In addition there was an occasional radio talk.

After retirement I appeared weekly on the radio in the Western Farm and Home Hour for some two years. I enjoyed those radio "chats" with Jennings Pierce and hope that they helped some to sell conservation to the radio public. There are still occasional requests for talks on conservation matters to schools and clubs, and I got in a lick for conservation whenever possible.

My Helpers in Lands

It would not be fair to conclude these chronicles without a tribute to the very fine men and women who contributed most to what little success I may have made of my job in the Regional Office. While I had numerous efficient helpers at one time or another the greatest assistance came from "Ole" Friedhoff, George Miller, Cary L. Hill, Mrs. Riddell and Mrs. Parmeley.

"Ole" was absolutely dependable under all conditions. He was never stampeded into rash decisions by bright ideas of inexperienced administrative officers. He also had the confidence of the field force to an unusual degree and picked up much information not obtainable otherwise.

One could not have wished for a more pleasant and more cooperative assistant than George Miller. He was always on the job and always busy.

Much credit is due Cary L. Hill for the good work he did in rounding up the land classification reports in the few years that he assisted me.

Mr. Riddell was a remarkable woman. Region 5 had the hardest status problem of any Region. Thru her wide experience in status work and large knowledge of land law she provided the Region with a mighty fine status record.

And finally, Mrs. Parmeley, the most efficient clerical help I had in my 33 years of Forest work. Mrs. Parmeley looked out for the interest of her chief and never had to be told but once how to do a piece of work.

Then and Now

Perhaps I may be prejudiced in the matter, if so it is not intentional, but it seems to me that there is not the same spirit of good fellowship in the Forest Service that there was 10 to 30 years ago. I find this same sentiment voiced by other "old timers", both in and out of the Service.

It may be that the organization has grown too fast the last few years. Maybe men and women have been taken in too rapidly. In the old days additions to the forest force were few annually, and were soon inoculated with the spirit of the organization by such men as Uncle Charley Shinn, and Bill Durbin and others. Or by women like Mrs. Shinn and Hallie Daggett.

Anyway, it seems to some of us that too many of the new men and women look at it like just another job. Not as a wonderful chance for public service as was so aptly described by Supervisor Benedict years ago.

"The other day I was 44 with over 18 years of service as a forester behind me. To a man who hasn't been such a rip roaring success, retrospection is always painful, self analysis, even if currently done, is less encouraging when it covers a longer period, so that I enter the future with no ill conceived notions about myself but I do want to reassert at least for my own well being my ideals of public service.

"Back in 1908 Court DuBois and I were camped at Long Meadow on the Plumas Forest. I will never forget how bright the stars shone down thru the timber as we sat around that little fire, and how I absorbed from him some of the spirit of service of which he was so rigidly endowed. To be a part in the work of making this nation a better, happier place to live and work in, to protect the underdog, to be fair to friend and foe alike, to so conduct yourself that the organization would not be injured by any act of yours, to be enthusiastic about your job and, above all else, to feel that the work you were doing was worthwhile and enjoy doing it, that you were going to be poor all your life, but what odds--weren't you happy and weren't you doing a worthwhile thing.

"As I look back on those 18 years, how they have gone and what friends I have made--none better; The future? Ye gods, I am only 44 and full of pep, but even if I have to look ahead to an old age with youth pushing me aside I will have had a "bully" time and contributed my small share to the public good."

If it is a fact time that the old time "big family" spirit of the Forest Service is changing, I am glad that my days in the organization came before that change made too much progress. For if this spirit is lost it will mean that before long the Forest Service will be just another Government Bureau, with nothing to distinguish it from all of the rest of them.

No doubt one reason for the change is that in these days of high speed automobiles and high speed highways forest officers do not find either the chance or the time to sit around the campfire as did "Benny" and Court in those days on the Plumas when the "Inspector" and the "Inspected" camped down where night overtook them, and had no "bright lights" to disturb their fireside talks.

Times Have Changed Elsewhere Too

One Sunday morning a few years ago I was driving into the town of Weed in Northern California with an old time logging engineer of the Forest Service. A few miles out of town we noted a bunch of lumberjacks that were playing an early morning round of golf on the links that lay near the highway. Our old time logging engineer watched them for a moment or two, and then turning to me said, "Barrett, don't it beat hell how the lumberjacks have degenerated of recent years? Now days they play golf and eat with a fork."

Altho the days of pack trips, fire fighting and arguing with Forest Homestead applicants are a thing of the past, I still look back with pleasure on my 33 years of work with the finest bunch of men and women in America. Nothing would please me better than to once more sit around the campfire with some of the "old timers" and spin the yarns of the days when the Forest Service was young.

We would hark back to the days when, as my fine old friend "G.P." said, the Forest Service was not the "fair haired" boy of the public as it is today; to the day when in many communities the Forest Ranger had about as much social standing as has a sheepherder in Arizona, and when we had to fight both in and out of Congress for everything we got.

Those were the days when every forest officer had to know how to throw the diamond hitch, cook over a campfire, fall in on a rock pile with a "tarp" and a few blankets, and go to sleep with the sound of the bells on his hobbled pack and saddle horses in his care.

While those days are largely gone forever this "old timer" hopes that the spirit of the Forest Service will not change, and that it will go marching on to do its share in making America a better country in which to live.

Did you ever watch the campfire
When the wood has fallen low,
And the ashes start to whiten
"Round the embers" crimson glow?
With the night sounds all about you
Making silence doubly sweet,
And a full moon high above you
That the spell may be complete;
Tell me, were you ever nearer
To the land of Heart's desire,
Than when you sat there thinking,
With your feet before the fire?

Author Unknown

(Signed) L. A. Barrett
9-1-40

Alkali Station, Plumas, 37, 38
Angeles N.F., 13, 21, 25, 47, 100, 102, 103, 112, 119
Angora Lookout, 111
Antelope Valley, 112
Arbelado Ranger Station, Los Padres, 64
Arizona, 18, 19, 21, 22, 100, 101, 134
Auberry, 87, 88

Bank of America, Tahoe N.F., 92
Banner Peak Lookout, 111
Basco Sheep, 87
Bautista Canyon, 29
Beckwith Hotel, Plumas N.F., 117
Beckwith, Plumas N.F., 38
Belden, Plumas N.F., 40, 42, 44
Belly Ache Springs, 125
Berry Creek, Plumas N.F., 38, 40, 41, 46
Big Bar, Plumas N.F., 40, 41, 42
Big Bar Hotel, Trinity N.F., 96
Big Bear District & Ranger Station, 77, 78, 79
Big Bear Valley, 79
Big Caliente Springs, 68
Big Meadows, - Plumas & Lassen (Lake Almanor), 46
Big Sur, Los Padres N.F., 64
Black Mesa Forest Reserve, 21
Black Mt. Lookout, 68
Blairsden, Plumas N.F., 43, 46
Blue River, Arizona, 100
Blue Lake, 72
Bluff Lake, 73
Bottle Peak, 53
Boulder Creek Station, Plumas, 37, 38
Box Springs, Angeles NF, 47
Box S Ranch, San Bernardino N.F., 78
Buck Green R.S., Angeles N.F., 47
Brush Creek, Plumas N.F., 43
Bright Angel, 21
Bucks Lake, Plumas, 40, 41
Buck Mt. Lookout, Modoc N.F., 70
Bucks Rock Lookout, Sequoia N.F., 84

Calexico, 129
Cajon Ranger Station, San Bernardino, 107, 110
Cannell Meadows Ranger Station, Sequoia, 81, 117
California N.F. (Mendocino) 68, 69, 123
Carls Inn, Stanislaus N.F., 89,90
Carter Ranch, Sequoia N.F., 116
Campo, 51, 52
Campbell Cow Camp, 51
Casey Sawmill, Tahoe N.F., 92
Canyon Copper Mining Co., 20

Cataract Canyon, 20
Caribou Butte Wilderness area, Lassen N.F., 63
Chris Flat Campground, Mono N.F., 73
Castle Lake, Shasta N.F., 86
Clover Valley Lumber Co., Plumas, 44
Cleveland N. F., 25, 30, 51, 101
Chuchupata Campground, 67
Coalinga, Los Padres N.F., 65
Chericahua Forest Reserve, 18
Cone Ranch, Red Bluff, 20
Colorado, Quray and Battlement Mesa, 1, 7, 101, 119
Coxey Ranger Station, San Bernardino N.F., 77
Costoci, Los Padres N.F., 64
Crane Flat, Stanislaus N.F., 89,90
Crescent Mills, Plumas N.F., 38
Crissy Field, 76
Crocker, Plumas NF, 38
Cushionbury Grade, San Bernardino NF, 78

Davis Station, Sequoia N.F., 80
Deadman Pass, 58
Descanso, Cleveland N.F., 51
Devils Post Pile National Monument, 88
Diamond Mt., Plumas N. F., 31
Doane Valley, 28
Doyle, Plumas N.F., 38

Early Day Fires, 100
Eddy Gulch Lookout, Klamath N.F., 111
El Carroto, Indian Legend, 103, 104
Eldorado N. F., 55, 56, 129
Emerald Bay, Tahoe National Forest, 90

Fairwell Gap, Sequoia N.F., 82
Fallen Leaf, 56
Fearsome Creature of the Lumber Woods (Curt DuBois)
Feather River Exp. Sta., Plumas N.F., 39
Feather River Meadows, Lassen N.F., 63, 125
Figueroa Mt. Lookout, 68
Florence Lake, 88
Forest Homestead Act, 98
Forest Fire History, 104
Forest Home, San Bernardino N.F., 77
Forest Glenn, Trinity N.F., 94
Frazier Mt., 67
Fort Modoc, 72

Gardnerville, 73
Gila Forest Reserve, 9
Glass Mountain, 71
Glenn Ranch, San Bernardino N.F., 77

Grand Canyon Forest Reserve, 20
Grays Meadow, Sequoia N.F., 89
Greenville, Plumas N. F., 46
Grizzly Mt., Trinity N.F., 93
Groveland, Stanislaus N.F., 89

Hacemdonta Creek, 66
Hamburg, Klamath N.F., 60
Hambone, 125
Hammon Place, Mono Lake, 107
Hammonds Place, 73
Hartman Bar, Plumas N. F., 40
Happy Camp, Klamath N.F., 60
Happy Camp Lookout, Modoc N. F., 72, 111
Heifer Point, Los Padres N.F., 64
Hearst Corp.(Piedmont Land and Cattle Co.), 120
Hell For Sure Pass, 125
Hobart Estate, Tahoe N.F., 92
Holy Jim Springs, 125
Hoppa Valley, Trinity N.F., 61
Hot Springs, 39, 83, 84
Hume Lake, Sequoia N.F., 83
Hot Springs Lookout, 39
Hearst Ranch, San Simeon, 66
Hyampom Valley, Trinity N.F., 93
Hyampom Hog Bear, Trinity N.F., 93
Huntington Lake, 88

Idaho, 11, 12, 101
Idyllwild, 51
Indian Falls, Plumas N.F., 38
Indian Hogs, 87
Indians of California, 123
Inyo N. F., 35, 58, 73, 123
Isabella, Sequoia N.F., 80
Isabella - Greenhorn Mine, Sequoia N.F., 80, 81, 117

Jawbone Ranger Station, Stanislaus N.F., 89

Kaiser Crest, 88
Kellog Ranger Station, Los Padres N.F., 64
Kern County Land Company, 68
Kern National Forest, 80
Kernville, Sequoia N.F., 81
King City, Los Padres N.F., 65
Klamath National Forest, 13, 60, 61, 111, 119, 123, 128

LaCumbra Lookout, 68, 111
Laguna Mountains, 54, 55
Lakes Basin, Plumas N.F., 76
Lake Tahoe, 56

Lassen National Forest, 13, 32, 34, 37, 62, 63, 101, 123,125,128
Lassen Park and Monument, 33
Laws, 5, 8
Letter Box, Plumas N.F., 40, 77
Lewiston Hotel, Trinity N.F., 92, 93, 96
Liabre Mt., 49
Lien Land Law, 97
Lights Creek Station, Plumas N.F., 37, 38
Lillebridge and Nomhoff Mineral Claims, Santa Barbara N.F., 79
Little Grizzly Station, Plumas NF, 37
Long Meadow, Plumas NF, 133
Lone Pine, 81
Longville - Plumas and Lassen, 37,40
Los Angeles, Big Pine State Park, 50
Los Padres N.F.(Santa Barbara For. Res.) 24,25,30,35,60,63,65,66,79 103,110,120

Mad River, Trinity NF, 93
Madera Sugar Pine Co., 87
Mammoth, 58, 59
Maxon Ranch, 86, 87
Mather Field, 77
McCloud - Bartle Road, Shasta N.F.,85
McCloud Lumber Co., 119
Meadow Valley, Plumas N.F., 41, 101
Meadow View Station, Plumas N.F., 38
Medicine Bow Forest Reserve, 17, 23
Medicine Lake, Shasta N.F., 85
Medicine Lake, Modoc N.F., 70, 71
Mendocino N. F., California N.F. Stoney Creek N.F., 68, 69, 123, 28
Merrimac, Plumas N.F., 40, 47
Mescal Place, 50
Mexicali, 129
Mexico, 129
Milford Ranger Station, Plumas, 75
Mill Creek, Lassen N.F., 63
Mineral King, Sequoia N.F., 82
Mineral Recreational Area, Lassen N.F., 63
Minden, Nevada, 74
Mojave Desert, 112
Mineral Ranger Station, Lassen N.F., 63
Mining Laws, 99
Modoc Lava Beds, 71
Modoc National Forest, 69, 70, 72, 98, 108, 111, 71
Mono, 73
Mono-Carters, 107
Mono Hills, 107
Mono Lake, 107
Mono Mills, 75
Montana, 12, 13, 101
Monterey District, Los Padres N.F., 60, 120
Montecito, Los Padres, N.F., 66
Mt. Hough Lookout, Plumas NF., 111

Mt. Gleason Lookout, Angeles N.F., 112
Mt. Graham Forest Reserve, 19
Mt. Pinos
Mt. Tallac, 56
Mt. Shasta, (Sisson) Shasta N.F., 84
Mt. Tamalpais, 102
Mt. Whitney Ranger Station (old) 82

Oak Grove, 29
Oklahoma, 1, 2, 3
Ojai, 24
Olanche Peak, 81
Old Women Springs, Angeles N.F., 47
Oregon, 15, 23
Orleans, Klamath N.F., 60
Ozena, Los Padres N.F., 64

Pecos Forest Reserve, 18
Palo Alto, 94
Palomar-Smith Mt., 28
Piedmont Land and Cattle Co.(Hearst Corp) 120
Piedmont Boy Scout Camp-Spanish Creek, Plumas N.F., 39
Pikes Peak Forest Reserve, 18
Pine City, 59
Pinecrest, 89, 90
Pine Knot, San Bernardino N.F., 77
Pfeiffers State Park, 66
Placerville, 56, 57
Plumas N.F. & Reserve, 13, 31, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42, 43,44, 46, 47, 75
101, 111, 120, 123, 128, 133
Prescott Forest Reserve, 20,22
Promontory Point, 71

Quaking Aspen, Modoc N.F., 70

Red Meadow, 88
Rifle Creek, Sequoia N.F., 82
Rim of World
Round Mt., Lassen N.F. 63
Round Mt., Modoc N.F., 70, 72
Round Mt., Shasta N.F., 85
Running Springs Ranger Station, San Bernardino N.F., 109

Salt Lake City, 125
San Bernardino N. F., 77, 78, 79, 107, 110, 111
San Benito Mt., 66
San Francisco Forest Reserve, 21
Sangus, Los Padres, 64
San Jacinto Forest Reserve, 27
San Jacinto State Park, 78, 79
San Joaquin and Eastern RR, 87

Santa Lucia Public Camp, 66
San Simeon Hearst Ranch, Los Padres N. F., 66, 120
Santa Barbara Forest Reserve & N.F., Los Padres, 24, 25, 30, 35, 79
Santa Rita Forest Reserve, 19
Seodic Mt., Sequoia N.F., 81
Sequoia National Forest, 39,56,80, 81, 82, 83, 84,86, 103, 116, 117
Shasta National Forest, 21, 70, 84, 85, 86, 119, 123, 128
Shuteye Lookout, Sierra N.F., 36, 101
Sheepherder's Funeral, 107
Sierra National Forest, 36, 56, 86, 87, 101, 109, 116, 119, 121, 123
Signs, advertising, 124
Silverado Canyon, 25, 27
Silver Lake, Lassen N.F., 63
Silver Lake, Mono N. F., 73
Silver Lake Powerhouse, 75
Sisson (Mt. Shasta) Shasta N.F., 84
Skaggs Ranch, 21
Smith Mt., 28, 29
Smith Peak, Stanislaus N.F., 89
Southern California Edison Co., 88
Snug Restaurant, 96
South Fork Mt., Trinity N.F., 93
Stanislaus National Forest, 31, 89, 90
State Motor Vehicle Dept., 94
Sterling City, Lassen N.F., 37, 44
Stick Game - Em-Sault-Wah, 61
Stoney Creek N. F., California NF, Mendocino NF, 68, 69, 123
Strawberry Flat Lookout, 111
Strawberry Peak, San Bernardino NF, 111
Sugar Loaf Lookout, 72
Sugar Pine Lumber Co., Sierra N.F., 119
Sweet Water Ranger Station, Mono N.F., 73
Sweet Water River, 55

Tahoe National Forest, 90, 91, 92, 120, 128
Tanglefoot Canyon, 125
Tassajara Springs, Los Padres NF, 65
Tejon Ranger Station, Los Padres, 110
Tejon Pass, Los Padres NF, 64
Telegraph Peak, San Bernardino NF, 77
Texas, 1, 8
Thamas Hunting Ground, San Bernardino NF, 77
Thousand Lakes, Lassen N. F., 63
Three Rivers, Sequoia N.F., 82
Timber-Stone Act, 97
Tioga Pass, 59
Toll House or Toll Gate, Plumas NF, 40, 47
Trebuco Ranger District, 25, 27
Trimmer, 86
Trinity N.F. 61, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 119
Truckee Telephone Co., Tahoe N.F., 91
Tule Indian Reservation, 103
Twin Lakes, 58

Utah, 7, 8, 29, 125
Utah Construction Co.-Plumas NF, 113, 116

Valyermo Ranger Station, Angeles N.F., 47

Warner Mountains, 72
Weaverville, Trinity N. F., 92, 94
Weed, 133
Weitchpec, Klamath N.F., 60, 61
Western Farm and Home Hour, 131
Willow Creek, Trinity N.F., 61, 94
Wyoming, Red Desert, 1, 6, 11, 12, 14, 15, 23, 45, 100, 101
Wyoming, Rock Springs
Wyoming, Rawlings, 45

Yellowstone Forest Reserve, 32
Yellowstone Park, 1, 3, 4
Yosemite National Park, 89
Yreka, Klamath N.F., 60

Abbey, Harvey Robt. 31,32,62, 106	Diamond Mt.-Plumas FR	Ranger-Guard
Adams, Capt., 34	Washington Office	Chief of Opera.
Adams, Brewster, 75, 121	Mono NF	Minister
Alden, 1	G.L.O.	
Allen, 11	Angeles Forest Res.	For. Supt.
Anderson, A.A., 11,13	Yellowstone For.Res.	Supt.
Anderson, Lou, 28, 77	San Bernardino NF	Ranger
Andrews, R.L., 32	Diamond Mt.-Plumas F.R.	Ranger
Applegate, Capt., 71	Modoc Indian Wars	Veteran
Armstrong, 92	Regional Office	
Atchenson, Henry, 75	Mono NF	Guard
Ayers, Burman, 90	Stanislaus	
Babbitt, 90	Tahoe NF	Ranger
Baker, 22	Black Mesa For.Res.	Ranger
Barker, 88	Sierra NF	"
Barrett, Arthur, 33, 75	Plumas-Diamond Mt. F.R.	Ranger
Barrett, L. A., 34,48,63	Plumas-Lassen Pk. D.Mt.	Forest Supvr.
Barrett, Louis Jr., 74		Son - LA Barrett
Beeman or Beaman, 1	Governm't Land Office	
Bell, 27,29,34	San Jacinto For. Res.	Forest Supvr.
Bell, Walker, 41	Berry Creek	Hotel Owner
Benedict, M.S.,36,44,87,88,109, 123,132	Plumas For. Res.	Guard-Ranger
	Sierra, Mendocino	For. Supvr.
Berry, Swift, 92	Regional Office	
Bigelow, 34		For. Supvr.
Bigelow, R.L.B., 90, 91	Tahoe NF	For. Supvr.
Bish, 53	Cleveland NF	Ranger
Blanchard, Norman, 126	Regional Office	Engineer
Bogus, 34		Forest Supvr.
Boyd, 13	Yellowstone Reserve	Ranger
Boulden, Nash,"Gus",54,55,66,68,77, 78	Cleveland NF	Forest Supvr.
Breen, Fred, 21,22	Black Mesa F. R. San Francisco	Forest Supvr.
Brenner, Carl, 51,52	Cleveland NF	Ranger
Brittan, Mary B.,86	Shasta NF	Land Donator
Bronson, D. D.,52,53	Washington Office	Inspector
Brown, 13	Yellowstone Reserve	Ranger
Brown, Billy, 71		
Bryan, Raleigh, 55,56,57,58	Eldorado NF	Ranger
Burns, 34	Washington Office	Secret Ser.Agent
Burnett, 71		
Burton, Billy, 84	Sequoia NF	Ass't For.Supvr.
Caldwell, 13	Yellowstone For.Res.	Ranger
Cameron, 20	Washington Office	Senator
Campbell, 21	San Francisco F.R.	Ranger
Cannon, 18	Washington Office	Senator
Chapin, 22	Black Mesa For. Res.	Ranger

Chamberlin, Geo., 31,32,37,39,42
Charlton, R.H., 47,48,77
Cheney, 22
Clark, 13
Clark, 107
Coffman, 68
Cody, Col.(Buffalo Bill), 12
Coleman, 34
Collins, 34
Cooke, J.R., 31,32
Copper, 35
Cox, W.T., 33
Crowshaw, 30
Cronemiller, Fred, 72
Crow, Ben, 21
Crow, Glen, 21
Curtis, 34

Dagget, Hallie M.(Miss) 111,132
Darby, Austin E., 31
Dale, Eli, 111, 72
Darling, Bill, 53
Dark, 18
Davis, Lou, 17
Davis, Plumas, 31
Davison, 30
Day, T. A., 38
Day, Percy L., 47,48,49
Dechant, 54
De Anza Father, 29
DeLapp, 67,68
Dilley, J.W., 36
Doane, 28
Donner, 94
Dorr, Lewis, 49
Douglas, 48
Drury, Newton,79
DuBois, Court, 35,49,56,91,93,133
Dunlop, Geo, 71
Dunn, 94
Durbin, Bill, 35,36,39,40,44,62,63
169,68,70,71,72,105,115,132
Durbin, Mrs. Bill, 70,71

Edmonds, Mark, 90
Edmonston, 18
Elliott, 24,55,79, 39
Ellis, 38
Ellis, G., 34
Emerick, 48
Erickson, 18
Exon, Guy, 51, 52
Ewing, 18

Diamond Mt.-Plumas F.R. Guard
Angeles NF For. Supvr.
Black Mesa For. Res. Ranger
Yellowstone For.Res. Ranger
Mono NF Ranger
Mendocino NF Forest Supvr.

Forest Supvr.
Lassen Peak For.Res. Timberman
Diamond Mt.-Plumas F.R. Guard
Washington Office Inspector
Inspector
Santa Barbara For.Res. Forest Supvr.
Modoc NF Forest Supvr.
San Francisco For.Res. Ranger
San Francisco For.Res. Ranger
Lassen Peak For. Res. Timberman

Klamath Lookout
Plumas-Diamond Mt.F.R. Guard
Modoc Lookout
Cleveland NF Ranger
Pikes Peak For. Res. Ranger
Medicine Bow For. Res. Forest Supvr.
Santa Barbara Ranger
Santa Barbara Ranger
Plumas NF Telephone Exp.
Angeles NF Surv.Bur.of Soil
Cleveland NF Ranger
San Jacinto For. Res. Priest
Los Padres NF Ranger
Plumas For. Res. Forest Clerk
San Jacinto For. Res. Settler
Regional Office R. Engineer
Angeles NF Ranger
" " Ranger
State of California Lands Comm.
Washington Office Inspector
Modoc NF Guard
Regional Office Soils Expert
Inyo, Sta.Barbara,Modoc Timber-Ranger
Plumas-Diamond Mt. Forest Supvr.
Modoc NF For.Sup.Wife

Cleveland NF Ranger
Pikes Peak For. Res. Act. For. Supvr.
Sequoia NF- Cleveland For. Supervisor
Plumas NF Sawmill Owner
Tahoe NF For. Supvr.
Angeles NF Ranger
Chericahua Ranger
Cleveland NF Ranger
Pecos For. Reserve Ranger

Farmer, 19	Mt. Graham For.Res.	Ranger
Fair, Paul, 71, 131	Regional Officer	Photographer
Fenton, Pat, 20	Grand Canyon For.Res.	Ranger
Flournoy, 35	Plumas For. Reserve	Contractor
Flournoy, R.W., 31	Lassen Peak For. Res.	Guard
Friedhoff, "Ole", 49,54,68,73,75 78,87,91,92,120,128,132	Regional Office	Mining Eng.
Front, Father Pedro, 29	San Jacinto For.Res.	Priest
Fulton, 14	Washington, D. C.	Senator
Gebhart, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
Goodman, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
Goodman, Mrs. 15	Cody, Wyoming	Hotel Keeper
Godwin, Dave, 68	Mendocino NF	Forest Supvr.
Goodwin, A.P., 32	Diamond Mt.-Plumas F.R.	Guard
Gowan, Geo. 63	Lassen NF - RO-Plumas	Ranger-F.C.-For. Supv.
Graham, Frank, 61, 92	Trinity NF	Ranger
Graves,56,127	Washington Office	Chief Forester
Gray, John, 93	Plumas - Trinity	Ass't For.Supvr.
Green, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
Green, 74	Mono NF	Ranger
Greeley, Horace, 90	Washington Office	Chief Forester
Greeley, W. B., 33		Inspector
Grigsby, 52,53	Cleveland NF	Settler
Grover, 13	Yellowstone For.Res.	Ranger
Haggerty,(Ragged), 34	Plumas-Tahoe For.Res.	Ass't Ranger
Hall, 22	Black Mesa For. Res.	Ranger
Hall, Geo.,31,32	Diamond Mt.-Plumas	Guard
Hall, J.R.,36,39,44,90,123	Plumas - Sierra NF	For.Supvr.
Hall, Jessie, 60,85,90	Klamath -Shasta NF's	Forest Supvr.
Hammett, 39	S.F. District Office	Inspector
Hanee, Capt.Jack, 21	Gr.Can. For.Res.	R.R. Employee
Hampton,Thos., 19	Mt. Graham For.Res.	For.Supvr.
Hanna, I.B.,18	Pecos For.Res.	Forest Supvr.
Harrison, Nathaniel, 28	San Jacinto For.Res.	
Hatton, John H., 33		Inspector
Headinger, 15	Big Horn For. Res.	Ranger
Hedrick, Orlando, 31,32	Lassen Peak For. Res.	Guard
Heileman, 49, 86,116	Angeles - Sierra NF's	Soils Expert
Hill, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
Hill, Carey, 132	Regional Office	Lands
Hinderei, 19	Prescott For. Res.	Ranger
Holbrook, 34	Plumas-Lassen For.Res.	Timberman
Holden, 21	San Francisco For.Res.	Ranger
Hogan, F.W., 32	Diamond Mt.-Plumas F.R.	Guard
Hoopengainer, 21	San Francisco For.Res.	Clerk
Hoover, 30	Santa Barbara For.Res.	Ranger
Hopper, 18,	Pikes Peak For. Res.	Ranger
Huestis, 93	Trinity NF	Forest Supvr.
Hunt, 109	San Bernardino	Ranger
Hunt, Henry, 49, 109, 79	Angeles NF	Ranger
Hunter, 13	Yellowstone For.Res.	Ranger
Huskinson, Ted, 31	Plumas For. Reserve	Store Owner

Impey, C.F., 79	Southern Pacific RR	Representative
Indians, general, 123		
Irish, Col. John P.	Modoc (not F.S.)	
Jackson, 15	Big Horn For. Res.	Forest Supvr.
Jackson, Andrew, 126	Washington, D.C.	President
Jacinto, 24	Santa Barbara	Rancher
Jenkins, 24	" "	Rancher
Jenkins, Fred, 48	Angeles NF	
Johnson, 1, 9, 8, 10, 11	Govt. Land Office	Chief of Party
Johnson, "Deadhorse", 107	San Bernardino NF	Ranger
Jones, 58	Inyo NF	Forest Supvr.
Jones, D., 55,56,57,58	Eldorado NF	Ranger
Judd, Chas., 44	Plumas NF - Hawaiian Is.	Terr.Forester
Kelley, Evan W. 33,55,56,57	Plumas NF-Eldorado	Ranger - F.S.
	Missoula	Inspector
Kent, Wm. 91	Tahoe NF	Land Donation
Kerr, John, 10	Gila For. Res.-RO R-3	D.R.-R.F. R-3
Kling, L.A.H., 35,36,40,44	Plumas-Lassen Pk. Dia.Mt.	Dep.Supervisor
Koch, Elers, 23	Bur.of Forestry	Examiner
Knapp, Geo., 66, 68	Los Padres (not F.S.)	
Kneipp, L.F., 18,19,78,86,89,127, 128	Washington Off. - Pecos	Ass't.Forester Forest Supvr.
Koenig, Joe, 75	Mono	Guard
Kotok, Eddie, 56,57	PSWF&RES - Director	
Kuney, Frank A., 15	Big Horn For.Res.	Ranger
Kurtz, 15	Big Horn For. Res.	Ranger
LaPlant, J.C., 13, 32	Yellowstone F.R.,Lassen	
	Plumas,Angeles, Klamath	Ranger
Liebes, Joe, 64	Los Padres NF	Ranger
Libieu, John, 114	Los Padres	Ranger
Lillibridge, 79	San Bernardino NF	Mining Claimant
Lillie, 25	Cleveland NF	Ranger
Linfesty, Eric, 113		Lookout
Long, E.B. (Betsy) 21	S.F. For.Res.Angeles	
	Shasta	Ranger
Loomis, F.N., 34	Plumas For. Res.	Homesteader
Lyons, Geo., 71, 72	Modoc NF	Forest Supvr.
Mackay, 21	S.F. Forest Res.	Ranger
Mainwaring, 34		For.Supervisor,D
Marbut, 47	Angeles N.F.	Chief,Bur.Soils
Martin, 22	Black Mesa For.Res.	Ranger
Martin, 30	Santa Barbara	Ranger
Mason, Chas, 25, 26	Cleveland N.F.	Homestead Ranche
Mather, 90	National Park Service	Director
Maule, Billy, 73,74,75	Mono - Sierra	For.Supervisor
Maxfield, John D, 105, 106	Cleveland	Ranger
Maxon, 86	Sierra NF	Rancher
Mayer, E.J., 126	Regional Office	Engineering
McCloud, Jerry, 19, 20	Prescott For. Res.	Ranger

McGlone, 18,19	Chiricahua For. Res.	For. Supervisor
McIntosh, D.B., 32	Plumas-Diamond Mt.	Guard
McLain, 21	San Francisco For.Res.	Ranger
McLaughlin, E.D., 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
Mead, Frank L., 32	Plumas-Diamond Mt.	Guard
Meinicke, Dr., 59		
Malhager, Pat, 42	Quincy	Justice of Peace
Mendenhall, Billy, 50, 66	Angeles NF	For. Supervisor
Miller, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	For. Supervisor
Miller, 24	Santa Barbara	Ranger
Miller, Geo., 79, 80, 132	Regional Office	Lands Assistant
Miller, J.W., 36	Plumas-Diamond Mt.	Forest Clerk
Miller, W.J., 35, 31	Plumas For. Res.	Home Contractor
Mitchell, 84	Cal.Hot Springs Resort	Manager
Morrow, Irving, 126	San Francisco	Architect
Mullison, 17	Medicine Bow For.Res.	Ranger
Muzzall, Henry, 30	Santa Barbara	Ranger
Nash, Roy, 59, 68, 123	Indian Service	
Nelson, Thomas, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
Nelson, Jesse W., 12, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
	Exper. Forest, Fresno	
Nicholson, 18	Pike Peak For. Res.	For. Supervisor
Nigger Nate, 28	San Jacinto For. Res.	Settler
Nodjoska, Mrs., 27	Cleveland	Homesteader
Nomhoff, 79	San Bernardino N.F.	Mining Claimant
Norris, C.C., 54		
Owens, Billy, 25	USGS-Santa Barbara	Party Member
Olmstead, Frederick L, 49,50,79		Landscape Eng.
Ozanne, Joe, 55		Ranger
Patterson, A.B., 83,84	Sequoia N. F.	Forest Supvr.
Parkinson, 81,82	Sequoia N. F.	Ranger
Parmeley, Mrs., 132	Regional Office	Lands
Pestoni, 89	Stanislaus N. F.	Ranger
Phelps, 21	San Francisco For.Res.	Ranger
Pierce, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	For. Supervisor
Pierce, Jenning, 13	San Francisco	Police Comm.
Pinchot, Gifford, 14,23,24,134	Washington Office	Chief, Forest Ser
Platten, 21	San Francisco For.Res.	Ranger
Pooler, F.C.W., 19, 20	Prescott For. Res.	Ranger - R.F.
Pomeroy, Hugh, 49		Landscape Eng.
Powers, 31, 36	Diamond Mt.-Plumas	Forest Ass't.
Price, 68	Mendocino N.F.	Forest Supvr.
Rocker, John, 69	Washington, D. C.	Congressman
Rackford, Chris, 65		
Raymond, B. J., 34	Washington Office	Secret Service
Recco, Geo., 3	Gov't. Land Office	
Reddington, 87,88, 94	R. O. - S. F.	Dist. Forester
Reed, Leonard R., 19	Chiricahua For. Res.	Settler

Reid, 22	Black Mesa For. Res.	Ranger
Reyes, Heraldo, 24	Santa Barbara	Ranger
Reyes, Jacinto, 105	Los Padres	Ranger
Richards, 18,23,24,29	Washington	U.S.Land Comm.
Richards, Ruth, 45	Plumas For. Res.	Wife of L.Barrett
Riddell, Mrs., 132	Regional Office	Lands
Robinson, 25	Cleveland For. Res.	Ranger
Riggs, 18	Chiricahua For. Res.	Ranger
Robinson, Douglas, 59	Inyo	Ranger
Robinson, Frank, 66,79	Los Padres	
Robinson, Walter,30,32,42	Diamond-Plumas For.Res.	Guard
Rogers, D.N.,39	Stanislaus - Plumas	For.Supervisor
Rogers, Harvey, 39	Plumas N. F.	Forest Clerk
Roosevelt, Theodore, 96	Washington	President
Rudd, Jr., 21	San Francisco For. Res.	Ranger
Ruff, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
Rushing, W.J., 39, 44	Plumas N.F.	Grazing Ass't.
Rutherford, G.E., 31, 32	Diamond-Plumas For.Res.	Guard
Schugman, 22	Black Mesa For.Res.	Ranger
Shadbolt, 38	Plumas N. F.	Sawmill Owner
Sherman, E.A., 39,54,56,68,72,79, 86,128	Sequoia - Mendocina	Ass.Forester Forest Supervisor
Sherwin, 18	Pikes Peak For. Res.	Ranger
Shinn, Mrs., 132		
Shinn, Chas., 34,86,132	Sierra For. Res.	For. Supervisor
Shook, Chas., 81, 117	Sequoia N. F.	Ranger
Shoup, 30	Santa Barbara For. Res.	Ranger
Show, Bevere, 66	R. O.	R. Forester
Simpson, H.H., 60	Inyo N. F.	
Sims, 27	San Jacinto For. Res.	Ranger
Sloane, Norman, 54, 64,65	Los Padres N. F.	Forest Supvr.
Sloan, Tom, 49	Angeles N. F.	Ranger
Slossom, Col. Willis, 24,25,31,34, 48	Santa Barbara	Forest Supvr.
Smith, 30	Santa Barbara N. F.	Ranger
Smith, 15	Big Horn For. Res.	Ranger
Smith, 76	U. S. Army	Captain
Smith, Frank, 43	Plumas N. F.	Ranger
Smith "Lassen", 51, 91	Eldorado & Tahoe NF	Ranger
Stark, W.T., 31	Diamond Mt.-Plumas F.R.	Guard
Stewart, 19,20	Pecos For. Res.	Ranger
Stephenson (Red), 53, 109	Cleveland N. F.	Ranger
Stewart, 19	Prescott For. Res.	Forest Supvr.
Stiles, 1	Gov't Land Office	
Stoddard, 30	Santa Barbara For. Res.	Ranger
Stoner, J.O., 47		
Stoner, Sydney, 25,47,56	Santa Barbara & Angeles	Bur.of Soils-USGS
Snyder, 15	Big Horn For. Res.	Ranger
Sweeley, 88	Sierra N. F.	Ranger

Index of Persons

Taft, 99	Washington	President
Taylor, W. W., 84	Shasta National F.	Settler
Thompson, Col., 71	Modoc Indian Wars	Veteran
Thompson, 92	Regional Office	
Trapp, C. E., 109	San Bernardino N. F.	Ranger
Van Winkle, 104	Los Padres N. F.	Ranger
Wade, 9, 10	Gila For. Res.	Ranger
Wallace, 22	San Francisco For.Res.	Ranger
Wallace, 21	San Francisco For.Res.	Ranger
Warden, 9, 10	Gila For. Res.	Ranger
Watson, 19	Santa Rita For.Res.	Forest Supvr.
Waugh, Frank A, 128, 54	Professor	Massachusets Coll.
Weber, Fred, 36	Plumas N. F.	Forest Clerk
West, 50	Los Angeles Co.	
West, Tom, 60, 61	Klamath N. F.	Forest Supvr.
Wheeler, H. N. 53	Cleveland N. F.	Forest Supvr.
White, 34		" "
Willbanks, Margaret, 109	San Bernardino N. F.	Wife of C.E. Trapp
Wilson, 21	San Francisco For.Res.	Ranger
Wolff, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
Woodbury, T.D., 39, 65	S. F. District Office	Inspector
Woods, 13	R. O. - Region 3	R. F. - Ogden
Wulff, 90	Stanislaus N. F.	Forest Supvr.
Wynne, S. W., 53	Cleveland N. F.	Forest Supvr.
Yeaman, 13	Yellowstone For. Res.	Ranger
Zull, 35	State of California	State Forester